This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURT OF ENGLAND

DURING THE

REIGN OF THE STUARTS,

INCLUDING

THE PROTECTORATE.

BY JOHN HENEAGE JESSE.

VOL. II.

3073

PHILADELPHIA:

LEA AND BLANCHARD.

1840.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
474000
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1909

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHARLES I.

CHAPTER I.

Public character of Charles the First. His domestic virtues. Political features of the period. Infancy and baptism of Charles. Pageant on his being created Duke of York. His physical infirmities. Placed under the tuition of Murray. Anecdotes of Charles and Prince Henry. Juvenile Letters of Charles. Created Prince of Wales. His progress in theological knowledge. His general accomplishments, and prowess in tilting. Projected match between Charles and Mary of Spain. Intended journey of Charles to Madrid. His father's feelings on the subject, and Buckingham's haughty violence. Interview between the king and Sir Francis Cottington. Advice of the latter as to Charles's journey to Spain. Buckingham's anger. 11

CHAPTER II.

Charles and Buckingham, in disguise, set out on the journey to Spain. Arrival at Boulogne. Court ball at Paris. The prince in anger of being arrested at Bayonne. Arrival at Madrid. Reception of Charles by the king. Rejoicings at Madrid. Magnificent conduct of Philip the Fourth. Reception of Charles by the queen. Scene on the Prado, when Charles first saw the infanta. Restricted ntercourse between Charles and the infanta. Charles's romantic affection for her. Magnificent presents to the Spanish ladies. Letters from King James to his son and Buckingham. Their prodigality. Hopes entertained by the Spaniards of the prince's conversion to the Spanish faith. Letters from the Pope to Charles.

Transfer from Cli

Aversion of the people of England to the Spanish match. The Spanish treaty. James's meanness in allowing the Spanish king to dictate to him. 22

CHAPTER III.

King James the dupe of Spanish policy. Duplicity of Philip the Third. Arrival from Rome of the dispensation respecting the infanta's projected marriage with Charles. New difficulties. Concessions on the part of James and the prince. Charles's departure from Spain, and narrow escape at sea. His arrival at Portsmouth, and enthusiastic reception in London. The infanta's attachment to Charles, and her feelings on his departure. The match finally broken off. 39

CHAPTER IV.

Charles proclaimed king. Base accusations against Charles. Curious omens. Private vows made by Charles. The Sortes Virgilianæ. Treaty of marriage between Charles and Henrietta Maria of France. Deed of dispensation. Solemnization of the marriage. Arrival of the queen. Influence of Henrietta over her husband. The queen subjected to humiliating penances. Ecclesiastical retinue of the queen. Insulting conduct of the foreign priests. The French retinue ordered by Charles to quit the kingdom. Interview between the king and Marshal de Bassompierre. Presumption of Madame St. George. Henrietta's passionate conduct on the departure of her favourites. Contumacy of the foreigners. Their expulsion from Somerset House, and embarkation at Dover. . 48

CHAPTER V.

Charles's liberality to the queen's French attendants. Their attempt at extortion. Misunderstandings between Charles and his queen. Accusations against the conjugal faith of Charles. Letter from him to the Duke of Buckingham. The White King. Strict decorum of Charles's court. Magnificent entertainments. Patrician actors. Charles's exaction of Court Etiquette. His unconciliating manners. His learning and accomplishments. His respect for literature. His love of the arts. Sale of his magnificent collection. 65

CHAPTER VI.

Charles at the Battle of Naseby. His flight from Oxford. His arrival at Newark, and ungracious reception by the Scottish army. Treachery of the Scots. Imprisonment of Charles at Holmby.

His amusements there. Charles and Major Bosville. The king is denied all intercourse with the ministers of his own church, and deprived of his attendants. His health and diet. Insolence of Cornet Joyce. Removal of the king from Holmby. His reception at Childerly. Professions of fidelity by Cromwell and Fairfax. Charles's arrival at his Palace at Newmarket. Freed from the annoying attentions of Joyce. The king's interview with his children. The bowling-green at Whitchurch. Arrival of Charles at Hampton Court. His court there. Secret compact between him and Cromwell. Morrice's story of the letter in the saddle. Interview at Sion House between Charles and his children. His advice to them. 81

CHAPTER VII.

The king's flight from Hampton Court. Ashburnham's "fatal mistake." Charles proceeds in custody to the Isle of Wight. Colonel Whaley's account of the discovery of the king's escape from Hampton Court. The king's arrival at Cowes. Singular omen. Arrival at Carisbrook. Dismissal of the King's chaplains and servants. Captain Burley's rash attempt. His barbarous execution. The king's removal to Newport. Anecdotes. Melancholy change in the appearance of Charles. Projects for his escape from Carisbrook. Fruitless attempts. 98

CHAPTER VIII.

Charles's observation on parting with the Commissioners. The king's refusal to break his parole. His departure from Newport. Hurst Castle and its grim captain. The king's confinement there. Midnight visit of Major Harrison. Removal of the king. Loyalty of the people of Winchester. Lord Newburgh's scheme for the king's escape. Treatment of Charles at Windsor. Announcement to him of a public trial. His departure from Windsor. Military cavalcade conducting the king to London. His arrival at St. James's. His treatment there. Discontinuance of all state ceremony. The king's sufferings at this period. Ashburnham's futile project for the king's escape. Proclamation of his approaching trial. He is conveyed to Cotton House, and summoned to attend his trial. Appearance of Westminster Hall on that occasion. Bradshaw, the president, in danger of assassination. Demeanour of Charles when conducted to the Bar. Daring conduct of Lady Fairfax. Charles's denial of the authority of the court. Bradshaw's brutal behaviour. Indignities heaped on Charles. An evil omen.

Bradshaw and his wife on the morning of the last day of the king's trial. Sentence of death pronounced. Its effect on Charles. Bradshaw prohibits the king from speaking. Insulting conduct of the soldiers. Public sympathy. Removal of Charles to St. James's. 113

CHAPTER IX.

Charles's dignity and fortitude in his last hours. His preparation for death. Herbert's mission to Lady Wheeler. The king's farewell interview with his children. The fatal morning. The king's bequests. His devotions. His progress from St. James's to the scaffold. His arrival at Whitehall. The summons to execution. 127

CHAPTER X.

The exact spot where Charles was beheaded. Last moments of the monarch. The execution. Horror of the spectators. Cromwell gazing on the king's corpse. General sorrow on the death of Charles. Homage paid to his memory by his enemies. Lines by the Marquis of Montrose. The king's executioner. The body taken to Windsor. The royal obsequies in St. George's Chapel. Doubts formerly existing respecting the real burial-place of Charles. Sir Henry Halford's account of the opening of King Charles's coffin, in 1813. The king's children. 134

HENRIETTA MARIA.

Character of this princess. Lord Kensington's mission to Paris. Henrietta's prepossession in favour of Charles. Pretensions of Count Soissons to the hand of the princess. He is challenged by the Earl of Holland. Description of Henrietta by that nobleman. Splendid marriage ceremony of Henrietta and Charles (by Proxy). Public rejoicings at Paris. Departure of Henrietta. Her arrival at Dover. First interview with her husband at Dover. The royal couple at Canterbury. Their enthusiastic reception in London. Feelings of the Puritans on the birth of the queen's first child. Reputed loveliness of Henrietta. Anecdote. Henrietta's embarkation for Holland, and exertions in her husband's cause. Return to

England. Her dangerous situation at Burlington. Her courage. Imputations against her conjugal fidelity. Her union, after the death of Charles, to Henry Jermyn. Her extreme distress in Paris. Manner in which she received the news of Charles's death. Her return to England, and residence in Somerset House. Her death and burial. 144

HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Character of this young prince. Treatment of him by the Parliament. His tutor. He is permitted by Cromwell to join his family in France. His mother's ineffectual attempts to convert him to the Romish faith. Remarkable letter to him from his brother, Charles II. The Marquis of Ormond despatched to remove Henry from Paris to Cologne. His mother's indignation at the interference of Charles. Henry accompanies his brother, the Duke of York, to the Spanish campaign. His valour at the battle of Dunkirk. His arrival in England at the Restoration. His death. Charles's grief at this event. Respect paid to his memory. His funeral. . . 167

MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Birth of this princess. She is contracted in marriage to William, Prince of Orange. The ceremony. Her affectionate conduct to her family in their misfortunes. Scandal respecting her and the Duke of Buckingham. Her intimacy with Henry Jermyn. Scheme of Henrietta Maria to unite the princess to Louis XIV. Mary's return to England. Her death at Whitehall. Her brother James's tribute to her memory. Her burial. 173

ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Birth and character of this princess. Her interview with her father the day before his execution. Her relation of this solemn scene. She is committed by the Parliament to the care of Mild-

may. Her rumoured apprenticeship to a glover at Newport. Her sickness and death during her captivity in the Isle of Wight. Her funeral. 176

ANNE, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Birth of this princess. Affecting Anecdote connected with her last moments. Her death. 180

HENRIETTA MARIA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

Character of this princess. She is consigned to the care of the Countess of Morton. Escape of the countess with her young charge to Paris. Joy of the queen in meeting her daughter. Sir John Reresby's account of the latter. The young princess at the French court. Deceptive conduct of Louis. Henrietta's lovers. Her return to England at the Restoration. Description of her by Pepys. Her marriage to the Duke of Orleans. Her success in confirming her brother James in the Romish faith. Her second visit to England, and reception at Dover by Charles the Second. Scandalous reports. Suspicions connected with the duchess's last illness. Her dying interview with Montagu. Her death. Its effect on Charles. Inquiry into the circumstances of the duchess's decease. Her children by the Duke of Orleans. . . 181

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Summary of Buckingham's character. His parents. His mother's presage of his future greatness. His first appearance at court. James's admiration. Indignity offered to Somerset's picture. Effect of the king's partiality. The queen's prediction. Buckingham insulted by one of Somerset's retainers. Project to assassinate Buckingham. Commencement of James's favours to

Buckingham. Archbishop Abbot's advice to him. Dazzling rapidity of Buckingham's rise. His magnificence. The entertainments of York House. Buckingham's cabinet of pictures. His patronage of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Origin of Buckingham's *sobriquet*, "Steenie." His person and character, sketched by Bishop Goodman and Sir Symonds D'Ewes. Buckingham's marriage. Scandal relating to him. Letter from his wife during his absence in Spain. Mutual affection. 188

CHAPTER II.

Buckingham's indomitable pride. Implacable enmity between him and Olivarez. Story respecting Buckingham and the Countess Olivarez. Correspondence between King James, Charles, and Buckingham. Jewels lavished on the Spanish ladies by the two latter. Buckingham's unpopular conduct in Spain. Specimens of the style of correspondence between James and Buckingham. Letters from the Duchess of Buckingham to her husband. Plot against Buckingham. Change in the king's treatment of him. Buckingham's distress. Erroneous opinion that the duke was declining in the royal favour. Buckingham's resentment towards Iniosa. 201

CHAPTER III.

Buckingham confirmed in his exalted fortunes by the accession of Charles to the throne. Jealousy in early life between Charles and the duke. Steadiness of Charles's subsequent affection for Buckingham. Mission of the latter to Paris. His splendid appearance there. His intrigue with the queen. Anecdotes. Curious letter from the Earl of Holland. Buckingham frustrated in his wish to return to Paris. Enmity between him and Richelieu. Anecdote. Charges brought against Buckingham. His conduct in the expedition to Rochelle. Lady Davies's prophecy. Pasquinade. Buckingham insulted in the king's presence. Charles's unabated affection for the duke. Anticipations of Buckingham's fall. Trial of Lady Davies. Anagrams. 213

CHAPTER IV.

Buckingham's presentiment that his end was approaching. His solemn parting with Charles. His farewell conversation with Archbishop Laud. Remarkable ghost story of Sir George Villiers. Incidents during the duke's fatal journey to Portsmouth. His assas-

sination by Felton. Apprehension of Felton. Charges against Alexander Gill. Felton's trial. His condemnation, repentance, and execution. Charles's grief on the death of Buckingham. Intended magnificence of the duke's funeral. Its actual meanness and obscurity. Particulars concerning his widow. . . . 225

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Remarkable party at the council-table of Charles I. Wretched fate of all who composed it. Early life of Thomas Wentworth. His marriage. He is created a baronet by James I. His second marriage. Death of his second wife. Wentworth's love for his children. His violent opposition to the court. His sudden leap from a patriot to a courtier. His elevation to the peerage. Pym's animosity. Wentworth's illustrious ancestry. His further advancement in honours and high offices. His third marriage. He is created Earl of Strafford. He becomes unpopular. He is impeached of high treason. His apprehension. His trial in Westminster Hall. Memorable letter to him from Charles. His confidence in the king's promise. Terrible dilemma in which Charles was placed. The king's agony in signing Strafford's death-warrant. His subsequent remorse. Strafford's letter to Charles. Interview of the former with Secretary Carleton. Detection of Strafford's plan of escape from the Tower. His preparation for death. His secretary, Slingsby. Strafford's progress to the scaffold. His last address. His execution. 240

WILLIAM LAUD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Summary of Laud's character. His education and preferments in the Church. Scurrilous attacks on his birth and parentage. His personal appearance. Curious parallel between Wolsey and Laud. Laud's abhorrence of Puritanism. Anecdote. His belief in prognostics. His visions. His supposed inclination to the Church of Rome. Anecdotes. His private virtues and munificent benefactions. His unpopularity. Scurrilous libels. Attack on Lambeth Palace defeated. Impeachment of Laud. He is voted guilty of high treason and sent to the Tower. His papers destroyed by

Bishop Warner. The original Magna Charta. Seizure of Laud's private diary. Anecdotes of his imprisonment. Last and affecting interview between Laud and Strafford. Laud's reception of the fatal sentence against him. His passage to the scaffold. His execution. His character by Judge Whitelock. Insight of James into Laud's character. Burial of Laud's remains. 259

HENRY RICH, EARL OF HOLLAND.

Holland's character and despicable apostacy. His lineage. His service in the Dutch wars. His rapid advance in honours. His subserviency to Buckingham. Carlisle's friendship for Holland. Marriage of the latter. Holland House, Kensington. Holland's wealth and beauty. His influence with women. His conduct in the expedition against the Scots. His scandalous defection. The queen's anger against and contempt for him. His time-serving conduct to Charles at the siege of Gloucester. His reception by the king at Oxford. His second desertion to the Parliament. He is distrusted and held in contempt by both parties. His flight into Huntingdonshire, and apprehension by the Parliamentary horse. His trial and condemnation. His last moments. His execution, and that of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel. . . 271

LUCIUS CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

Summary of the character of this nobleman. His early life. Large property bequeathed to him by his grandmother. His imprudent marriage, and the implacable resentment of his father. His retirement to a country life, and devotion to literature. His hospitality at Burford to men of letters. His reasoning powers. Compliment paid him by Suckling. Panegyrics by Cowley and Waller. Falkland's connexion with the popular party. His appointment as secretary of state. His personal appearance. Anecdotes of his wife. His sons. His mental distress at the breaking out of the civil war. His attachment to a military life. His magnanimity at Edgehill. Voluntary sacrifice of his life at Newbury. Aubrey's account of Falkland's motives for his rash act. Clarendon's explanation. Manner of Falkland's death. Clarendon's eulogy. 281

LUCY, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

Summary of this lady's character. Her marriage to James Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle. Her intimacy with Strafford. Death of her husband. Homage to her charms by Waller, Davenant, and Voiture. Character of her by Sir Toby Matthews. Suckling's Poem "On the Lady Carlisle's walking in Hampton Court Gardens." Her desertion of the court and betrayal of its secrets to the republicans. Her second change of politics at the Restoration. Her sudden death. 292

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Inconsistencies in the character of this personage. His father, Sir Everard Digby. Sir Kenelm's inheritance. He proceeds on his travels. Is knighted by King James. Sir Kenelm's courtly qualities. Venetia Stanley. Scandal against her. Sir Kenelm's autobiography. His singular narrative of his love for, and marriage to, Venetia. His expedition against the Algerines. His gallant exploit at Scanderoon. His marvellous stories. His combat with Monsieur Mount le Ros. His jealousy of Venetia. Numerous portraits of that lady. Her husband's strange expedients to increase the lustre of her charms. Her death. Report that Digby had poisoned her. Destruction of her tomb. Ben Jonson's poems on her death. Sir Kenelm's grief at the loss of his wife. He is imprisoned by the long Parliament. His release and sojourn in France. His quarrel with the Pope. His return to England and connexion with Cromwell. Pursuits of his latter years. His interview with Des Cartes. His character by Lord Clarendon. His death and burial. 298

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Summary of Sir John's character. His precocity. His military service under Gustavus Adolphus. His wit and showy person. Costliness of his entertainments. His conduct as a gambler. His fondness for the game of bowls. The goodness of his poetry. Affray between Suckling and Sir John Digby. Suckling's cow-

ardice. One of his frolics in company with D'Avenant and Jacob Young. Suckling's merit as a poet. His prose. His splendid troopers. Their dastardly flight from the enemy. Lampoons on the occasion. Suckling accused of treason. His flight into France. Singular circumstance attending his death. . . . 322

SIR JEFFERY HUDSON.

Parentage of this dwarf. He is presented by his father to the Duchess of Buckingham, who commends him to the service of Queen Henrietta. His absurd pride. He is sent by the queen on an errand to Paris. His reception by the ladies of the French court. He is seized by the Dunkirkers on his return to England. Sir Jeffery's irritability. His challenge to Mr. Crofts, and its fatal results. Sir Jeffery taken prisoner and sold as a slave. He is implicated in the Popish Plot. His death in prison. . . 335

3079-v.2 c
942.06
J58

MEMOIRS

942.06
J

CONCERNING THE

REIGN OF THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

CHAPTER I.

No MONARCH could be more disqualified to stem a great political torrent than was the unfortunate Charles. Had he been born in a private station he would have adorned it by the purity of his morals, and the refinement of his taste. Had he inherited unlimited power, he might have converted even despotism into a golden age; or, indeed, had he lived at any other period of our history, he would at least have been regarded as an amiable and accomplished, if not an illustrious prince. But it was his misfortune to live in troubled and extraordinary times. A people had been roused to a sense of their wrongs. The spirit of freedom was abroad, and a watchword was merely wanting to arm a nation in favour of those privileges, which, in times of darkness and slavery, had been wrested from it. Under such circumstances, the errors or oppressions of a long line of kings were easily associated with their reigning representative; and Charles became the sacrifice to a long established system of misrule, rather than to individual offence.

The hero and the martyr of one faction, and the re-

puted tyrant of another, few monarchs have been more exalted by their friends, or execrated by their enemies. Let us, however, in discussing the character of Charles, divest ourselves as much as possible from the curse of party prejudice. Let us separate the monarch from the man, the pious Christian from the wavering politician; ever bearing in mind that the faults of the prince were the dictates of conscience; that his failings were the result of education; but that all his virtues were his own.

On the one hand, then, we discover a weak and vacillating monarch, submitting to the narrow counsels of inferior minds, neither compromising with grace, nor refusing with dignity; enforcing religious intolerance; and contending with the energies of a great people, and the genius of a remarkable period, by unmeaning promises and paltry intrigues. Unfortunately in the political, and most contemptible school of his father, he had early been initiated in kingcraft and insincerity; and the same prince whose high sense of honour was so remarkable in private life, proved himself the most deficient in political integrity. It was this great moral failing which rendered his war with his subjects a war to the knife. Where truth was made subservient to policy on the one hand, submission was rendered impracticable on the other; for how could his subjects restore to him a power, which they imagined, however solemn in the compact, would be turned against themselves? Were any reliance to be placed in the assurances of that arch-hypocrite Cromwell, it was this trait in the political character of his victim, which signed the death-warrant of Charles.

Notwithstanding the ingenious defence of Hume and other writers, such, it is to be feared, is the public character of Charles the First. It might be argued in his favour, that political dishonesty is not always inconsistent with private integrity; but would not such an apology be an insult to a virtuous monarch? Is it not more charitable,—more compatible with his acts of private goodness, and his high sense of religious duty, to suppose that he acted according to the dictates of his con-

science; and that his errors were those of judgment, rather than of the heart! Surely his domestic virtues were at least equal to his public incapacity! Brave, chaste, temperate, and humane; a pious Christian, an affectionate husband, and an indulgent father; how few men are there whose secret thoughts and actions would bear the same scrutiny as those of the unhappy Charles! Let us follow him through his many misfortunes. Let us regard him through the gratings of his prison, or amidst the dark solemnity of the scaffold. Let us recall his many griefs; a king deprived of his inheritance; the husband torn from his wife, and the father from his children; reviled and spit upon by the meanest of his subjects; dragged to a public trial, and trusting only to a still more public execution for release from his miseries; he yet endured all with a meekness and a dignity so beautiful, as to be unequalled, perhaps, in the history of human suffering, or of human fortitude.

One word respecting the political features of the period. The true philosopher will regard the great contention between Charles and his subjects, as a justifiable struggle for liberty on the one hand; and, on the part of the king, as a conscientious defence of those prescriptive privileges which had descended to him from his forefathers, and which his education led him to regard as sacred. He will admit that on each side were exhibited many great and good qualities, on which the moralist may reflect with satisfaction, and an Englishman with pride. He will remember also, that in all political convulsions the faults on both sides have been generally equal; and he will conclude, that in the present instance such a deduction is not only the most charitable, but probably not far removed from the truth.

Charles the First was born at Dumfermling, in Scotland, the 19th of November, 1600. So weak was he at his birth, that it was hardly expected he could survive his infancy, and consequently, on the 23d of December following, he was hastily christened, without any of those ceremonies which usually attend the baptism of

royal infants.* When only four years old he was created Duke of York, as well as Knight of the Bath, with ridiculous solemnity: a sword was girded on his side, a coronet of gold placed on his head, and a golden verge in his hand.†

A pageant, which followed the ceremony, is described by Sir Dudley Carleton in a letter to Mr. Winwood, dated January, 1604, and affords a very curious picture of the manners of the time. "There was a public dinner in the great chamber, where there was one table for the duke and his earls assistants, another for his fellow Knights of the Bath. At night we had the Queen's Mask in the Banqueting House, or rather her pageant. There was a great engine at the lower end of the room which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors. The indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water. At the further end was a great shell, in the form of a skallop, wherein were four seats. In the lowest sat the queen with my Lady Bedford; in the rest were placed my Ladies Suffolk, Derby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtezan-like for such great ones. Instead of vizards, their faces and arms, up to the elbows, were painted black, which was disguise sufficient, for they were hard to be known: but it became them nothing so well as their red and white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors. The Spanish and Venitian ambassadors were both present, and sat by the king in state; at which Monsieur Beaumont quarrels so extremely, that he saith the whole court is Spanish. But, by his favour, he should fall out with none but himself, for they were all indifferently invited to come as private men to a private sport; which he refusing, the Spanish ambassador willingly accepted,

* Spotswood, p. 461. Perinchief's Life of Charles I. p. 2.
† Sanderson, p. 322.

and being there, seeing no cause to the contrary, he put off Don Taxis, and took upon him El Señor Embaxadour, wherein he outstripped our little Monsieur. He was privately at the first mask, and sat amongst his men disguised; at this he was taken out to dance, and footed it like a lusty old gallant, with his countrywoman. He took out the queen, and forgot not to kiss her hand, though there was danger it would have left a mark on his lips. The night's work was concluded with a banquet in the great chamber, which was so furiously assaulted, that down went table and tressels before one bit was touched. They say the Duke of Holst will come upon us with an after reckoning, and that we shall see him on Candlemas night in a mask, as he hath showed himself a lusty reveller all this Christmas."*

Previous to the young prince having been brought from Scotland on the accession of his father to the English throne, many of the court ladies had been anxious suitors for the keeping of the child. No sooner, however, were they made acquainted with his sickly condition, and the apparent probability of his dying in their charge, than all this anxiety vanished.† Charles was eventually intrusted to the lady of Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth; a man ever on the watch for preferment, and who, as appears by his own Memoirs, had eagerly solicited the honour notwithstanding the risk.

The chief infirmity of Charles was a weakness in his legs, by which, in his infancy, he was so much distressed, that till his seventh year he had been compelled to crawl upon his hands and knees. Cary himself informs us, that the prince was so weak in the ankles that he could not even stand alone, and that it was much feared there was a dislocation of the joints. The king was anxious to make the experiment of iron boots, but Lady Cary so strenuously protested against their being adopted, that his majesty eventually submitted to her judgment.

Charles had also remained so long a period before he

* Winwood's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 43.
† Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, p. 644.

acquired the faculty of speech, that it was more than apprehended he had been born dumb. James proposed that the string under his tongue should be cut, but this remedy was also successfully opposed by Lady Cary. Probably it was these infantine infirmities that rendered Charles the especial favourite of his mother, Anne of Denmark. She used to say, observes Weldon, that she loved him as dearly as her own soul.

In his sixth year, one Thomas Murray, a layman, was appointed his tutor. Little more can be collected respecting this person than the brief notice of Perinchief, who describes him as well qualified for the office though a favourer of Presbyterianism.* Under the tuition of Murray he made a creditable progress in learning. Prince Henry often jested with his young brother on the diligence with which he applied himself to his studies. On one occasion, when they were waiting with the rest of the court for the king to make his appearance, Henry caught up the cap of Archbishop Abbot and put it on his brother's head. If he continued a good boy, he said, and attended to his book, he would one day make him Archbishop of Canterbury.† Henry used to say at other times, that he would hereafter make his brother a bishop in order that he might wear a gown *to hide his legs.* This piece of pleasantry had of course allusion to Charles's weakness in those parts of his person, and is the least amiable trait which has been related of Henry. Osborne tells us that he would occasionally taunt his brother Charles till he wept; and yet, throughout the several childish epistles which passed between the duke and his elder brother, there is not the remotest trace of any unkindly feeling. The following juvenile letters are pleasing specimens of their good understanding, and especially of the affectionate disposition of Charles. They were severally addressed by Prince Charles to his brother Henry.

* See also Harris's Lives, vol. ii. p. 6. Murray was afterwards rewarded with the provostship of Eton by James I.

† Perinchief, p. 5.

"SWEET, SWEET BROTHER,

"I thank you for your letter. I will keep it better than all my graith; and I will send my pistols by Master Newton.* I will give any thing that I have to you; both my horses, and my books, and my pieces, and my cross-bows, or any thing that you would have. Good brother, love me, and I shall ever love and serve you.

"Your loving brother to be commanded,

"YORK."

"GOOD BROTHER,

"I hope you are in good health and merry, as I am, God be thanked. In your absence I visit sometimes your stable, and ride your great horses, that at your return I may wait on you in that noble exercise. So committing you to God, I rest your loving and dutiful brother,

"YORK.

"To my brother the prince."

"SIR,

"Please your highness: I do keep your hares in breath, and I have very good sport; I do wish the king and you might see it. So longing to see you, I kiss your hands, and rest. Yours to be commanded,

"YORK.

"My maid's service to you.

"To his highness."†

Among the letters, addressed to King James by his family, which are preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, are several juvenile compositions, in Latin, French, and English, from Prince Charles, then Duke of York. The following is a specimen:

"SWEETE,

"Sweet father, I learn to decline substantives and adjectives, give me your blessing: I thank you for my best man. Your loving son,

"YORK.

"To my father the King."

* Probably Adam Newton, Prince Henry's tutor.

† Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. pp. 92, 94.

In his eleventh year, Charles was made a Knight of the Garter. At the death of his brother in 1612, he succeeded to the Dukedom of Cornwall, and in 1616 was created Prince of Wales. His progress in learning, and especially in theological knowledge, afforded great pleasure to his father King James. "Charles," said the king to his chaplains, "shall manage a point in controversy with the best studied divine of you all."* Still, however, the prince neither despised, nor lost sight of, the amusements and elegances of life. He was perfect, says Perinchief, "in vaulting, riding the great horse, running at the ring, shooting in cross-bows,† muskets, and sometimes great pieces of ordnance." This account of his accomplishments is borne out by the testimony of other writers. He is mentioned by Sir Symonds D'Ewes as a successful tilter; and at a tournament which took place in 1619, his prowess and activity are specially mentioned.

The Count de Brienne, also mentions his breaking some lances with laudable dexterity, and Howell writes from Madrid that the prince was fortunate enough to be successful at the ring, before the eyes of his mistress

* Perinchief, p. 10.

† The cross-bow was made use of for purposes of sport to a much later period than is generally supposed. About this time, Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, when on a visit at Bramshall, the seat of Edward Lord Zouch, had the misfortune to shoot a keeper with this instrument, instead of striking the deer at which he had aimed. It is a curious fact, that by this mischance, it was rendered very doubtful whether the common law of England did not necessarily suspend the Archbishop from all ecclesiastical function, and render the see vacant. The question was referred to sundry bishops, (rather interested judges) and others, among whom there arose a great diversity of opinion. The decision appears to have been principally influenced by the question,—whether a bishop or archbishop could lawfully hunt in his own or any other park? This difficulty was cleared away by Sir Edward Coke, who produced a law by which it was enacted that at the demise of a bishop, the king had the disposal of his hounds; from whence it was inferred that the bishop could lawfully make use of the animals in his life-time. *Heylin, Life of Laud*, p. 80.—The method at this time, in sporting, was for the keeper to wound the deer with his cross-bow, when two or three well-disciplined dogs were let loose, and pursued him till he fell. *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, p. 29.—On the 28th July, 1620, Thomas Norreys, Earl of Berkshire, put a period to his existence with a cross-bow.

the Infanta. His taste for the fine arts was early displayed, and has never been disputed.

The match between Charles and Mary, second daughter of Philip the Third of Spain, was first set on foot in 1617, and was protracted, with various hopes of success, till 1622. The accomplishment of this matrimonial project was the darling object of King James. The immense fortune which it was expected would accompany the hand of the princess; the king's ambition to unite his son with a daughter of one of the great powers of France or Spain; and especially the restitution of the Palatinate to his son-in-law, which he hoped would attend a marriage with the Infanta, rendered the scheme, however obnoxious to his subjects, irresistibly tempting to himself.

A delay of five years, if it was displeasing to an old king, was no less so to a young and romantic prince; and Charles, naturally fond of adventure, and enamoured with charms he had never seen, was induced to enter eagerly into that chivalrous project of visiting the Spanish capital, which even in the annals of knight-errantry has hardly been overmatched.

The journey of Charles to Madrid is believed to have been originally suggested by Buckingham. This fact, indeed, is not only asserted by more than one contemporary writer, but Buckingham himself imparted to his confidant Gerbier, that he was the author of the project. The wily favourite, jealous lest the Earl of Bristol, the king's ambassador to Spain, should obtain all the credit of conducting the match, and anxious to effect an absorbing interest in the prince's affections, by associating himself with his most private feelings, made use of every argument in his power in order to engage the prince in his designs. He was not without supporters. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, endeavoured to soften all difficulties, and Bristol himself wrote from Madrid, that the personal accomplishments of Charles would be sure to carry the day.

Every thing having been duly concerted between the prince and Buckingham, the next step was to obtain the consent of the king. This, however, was no easy

matter, for though a very wild enterprise might appear extremely smooth to two chivalrous young men, the monarch who was anxious for his heir, and answerable to his subjects for his safety, was likely to think very differently on such a question. A moment, however, was selected when the king was in an excellent humour, and Charles taking advantage of it, threw himself on his knees before his father, and earnestly entreated him to give his consent to the expedition. Buckingham was the only bystander, and anxiously awaited the reply. James, after listening with great calmness to his son's proposition, turned imploringly towards Buckingham, as if desirous to ascertain his opinion in so grave a matter. The duke, on his part, naturally made use of every persuasion in his power, and eventually enforced his arguments with so much vigour and ingenuity, that, added to the warmth of the prince's entreaties, the king at length reluctantly consented to the undertaking, and promised to keep it a secret from the world.

James, however, was no sooner alone, than he began to reflect more seriously on the wild folly of the scheme. The many dangers which might befall his son, and the responsibility which would accrue to himself, presented themselves so forcibly to his mind, that when the adventurers came to him at the last moment for their despatches, he told them, with tears in his eyes, how deeply he had repented of his former consent, and added, that if they renewed the subject it would go far towards breaking his heart. Buckingham retorted with the greatest insolence, that after having broken a promise so solemnly pledged, nobody hereafter would believe a word he said. He told the old king, moreover, that he must already have been guilty of an untruth, for unquestionably he had communicated their project to some *rascal*, whose pitiful arguments had induced him to retract his promise, adding, that he had little doubt but that he should by some means discover who his counsellor had been, and that such an interference would neither be forgotten nor forgiven by the prince.*

* Clarendon, vol. i. pp. 23 to 29.

The haughty violence of Buckingham, and the renewed entreaties of Charles, had once more their desired effect. The weak monarch again yielded,—the day was named for their departure,—their two attendants were fixed upon, and Sir Francis Cottington,* who was nominated as one of their train, and who had heretofore been long a resident in Spain, was even sent for before they parted. As Cottington entered the apartment, the duke whispered in the prince's ear, that the new comer would show himself averse to the expedition: Charles retorted in the same low tone that he durst not.

The king commenced by informing Cottington, that he believed him to be an honest man, and would therefore entrust him with a secret which he must disclose to no person living: "Cottington," he added, "here is Baby Charles and Stenny, who have a great mind to go by post into Spain, and fetch home the Infanta, and will have but two in their company, and have chosen you for one;—what think you of the journey?" Cottington afterwards repeatedly mentioned, that when this important question was put to him, he trembled so violently, he could with difficulty give utterance to his words. But the king peremptorily demanding his reply, Cottington told him fairly and openly, that he believed such a step would be a deathblow to the completion of the match. He was convinced, he said, that when the Spaniards had the prince once in their hands, they would immediately make new overtures, and greatly increase their demands; and that, more especially as regarded the advancement of the Romish faith in England. On hearing this candid opinion, in the agony of his grief, James actually threw himself on his bed, and breaking out into the most pitiable lamentations, exclaimed passionately that he was undone, and that he should lose Baby Charles for ever.

* Created Lord Cottington of Hanworth, 10th July, 1631, by Charles the First. In 1617 he had accompanied the ambassador to Spain, and in 1649 was again sent there as ambassador by Charles the Second. He died at Valladolid in 1653, when the Barony of Cottington became extinct. Arthur Wilson says, that "he always looked like a merchant, and had the least mien of a gentleman."

The prince and Buckingham were both extremely disconcerted. The latter turned to Cottington, and told him, in an angry tone, that the king had merely asked his advice as to the best mode of travelling in Spain, of which he was competent to give some opinion, but that he had presumed to offer his advice on matters of state; adding, that he should repent the impertinence as long as he lived. "Nay, by God, Stenny," said the king, "you are very much to blame to use him so. He answered me directly to the question I asked him, and very honestly and wisely; and yet you know he said no more than I told you, before he was called in." On this occasion, however, notwithstanding Cottington's opposition, the king kept his word, and the journey was definitively settled.*

CHAPTER II.

On the 17th of February, 1623, the prince retired privately from court, and came to Buckingham's house, at Newhall, in Essex. From thence they set out on the following day, (accompanied only by Sir Richard Graham, Master of the Horse to the duke,) and arrived though not without adventures, by way of Gravesend, at Dover. They had previously disguised themselves with false beards and adopted fictitious names; the prince passing as *Mr. John Smith*, and the duke as *Mr. Thomas Smith*.†

The first accident which happened to them, was encountering with the French ambassador, (who was, of course, well acquainted with their persons,) on the brow of the hill, beyond Rochester. Their horses, however, though merely hired at the last post, were fortunately able to leap the hedge by the roadside, and thus enabled

* Clarendon, vol. i. p. 32. † Wilson, 225.

them to escape observation. This circumstance was the more fortunate, as the ambassador, (as was then usual,) was travelling in one of the king's coaches; and their recognition by some of the royal servants would certainly have been the consequence of a personal encounter.

But a more important incident had nearly arrested their progress. In crossing the river at Gravesend, for want of silver, they had given the ferryman a gold piece. The man was equally astonished and grateful for such liberality, and supposing that his benefactors were proceeding across the channel for the purpose of fighting a duel, he thought it the kindest step he could take, to hint his suspicions to the authorities of the nearest town. Accordingly information was instantly despatched to the Mayor of Canterbury; and just as the prince and Buckingham were about to mount fresh horses, they were summoned to the presence of that important personage. The duke, finding concealment impracticable, divested himself of his beard, and privately informed the mayor who he really was:—he was going, he said, in his capacity of lord high admiral, to acquaint himself secretly with the condition and discipline of the fleet. His identity was easily proved, and the adventurers were allowed to depart. A boy, who rode post with their baggage, had also recognised their persons, but the silence of this individual was not very difficult to be bought.*

At Dover they were joined by Sir Francis Cottington and Endymion Porter, who had been despatched beforehand, to provide a vessel for their conveyance across the channel. Both of these persons, from their long residence in the country, were well acquainted with the Spanish language and customs. The party, which was now increased to five, arrived safely at Boulogne, whence they rode post to Paris.† On their way they fell in with two German gentlemen, who had recently seen the

* Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, p. 212.
† Wilson, p. 226. Rel. Wot. p. 214.

prince at Newmarket, and who fancied they remembered his person. The improbability, however, of their being right in their conjectures, and the apparent astonishment, and cool denial of Sir Richard Graham, when they hinted to him their suspicion, had the effect of convincing them they were mistaken.

At Paris, where the travellers remained a whole day, the prince and Buckingham, in order to disguise their features still more, provided themselves with periwigs. Trusting to this further disfigurement, they contrived, through French politeness, and the fact of their being strangers, to obtain a sight of the queen-mother at dinner. The same evening they were spectators of a masked ball at court, where all the beauty of Paris was present, and at which Charles first beheld the princess whom he afterwards married; and Buckingham, that young and light-hearted queen whom at a later period he dared to address as a lover.*

The famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury happened to be ambassador at the French court, during the short sojourn of Charles. The prince, however, fearing lest the visits or attention of the ambassador might draw upon him some suspicion of his real rank, neither communicated to Lord Herbert his arrival nor his intentions, at which the latter in his memoirs discovers some slight pique. Lord Herbert tells us, that the only person in Paris who recognised the features of Charles, was a maid-servant, who had formerly sold linen in London, and who insisted to every one that she had seen the Prince of Wales.

Nothing of importance occurred from this period, till the travellers had almost set foot on Spanish ground, when their progress was again on the point of being arrested. Howell writes from Madrid,—"The prince's journey was like to be spoiled in France, for if he had stayed but a little longer at Bayonne, the last town of that kingdom hitherwards, he had been discovered; for Monsieur Grammont, the governor, had notice of him

* Rel. Wot. p. 215; Wilson, p. 226.

not long after he had taken post."* Charles was certainly subjected to an examination before he quitted Bayonne. Grammont, the governor, told Lord Herbert, that, till the adventurers had quitted the place, he was ignorant of the prince's rank. Charles and his suite are described at this period as wearing "fine riding-coats, all of one colour and fashion, in a kind of noble simplicity."

Another escape was from the hospitality of the Duke D'Epernon, who, as strangers, kindly invited the party to his chateau. Cottington, however, informed him they were persons of such low degree as to be unfit for such splendid society, and thus eluded the invitation.†

The arrival of Charles and Buckingham at Madrid was altogether a surprise, even to the English ambassador, the Earl of Bristol, who, on the 10th of March, 1623, thus announces their safety to King James: "Upon Friday, which was the 7th of this month, about eight of the clock at night, the prince and my lord of Buckingham, without any other company but their postilion, arrived at my house; where my lord marquis meeting at the door with Henry Jermyn, a son of Sir Thomas Jermyn's, told him that his name was Smith, and that he had met my servant Gresly by the way, who had fallen into thieves' hands, by whom he had been very ill-used, and had all his letters taken away; he said he had got a fall, and hurt one of his legs, so that he could not come up stairs but with great pain. Whilst Henry Jermyn was making this relation unto me, Sim. Digby went to see who it was, and knew my lord of Buckingham; but dissembled it so well, that before I could come to him, he had got him up to his chamber, and went presently down to the prince, (who stood all this while in the street with his postilion,) and brought him likewise so handsomely up to his chamber, that there I found them both together, and we carried the business so dexterously, that that night they were undiscovered by any, till the next morning, by the coming of

* Howell's Letters, p. 133. † Rel. Wot. p. 216.

Mr. Secretary Cottington and Endymion Porter, the secret was revealed."*

"The prince," writes Howell, "and the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at this court on Friday last, upon the close of the evening: they alighted at my lord of Bristol's house, and, the marquis, *Mr. Thomas Smith*, came in first, with a portmanteau under his arm; then *Mr. John Smith*, the prince, was sent for, who stayed awhile on t'other side of the street, in the dark." Having written to announce his arrival to his father, the prince retired to rest.

The next day Buckingham waited on the Spanish king, and formally acquainted him with the arrival of the prince. The duke was introduced through a secret passage to his majesty's private apartment. Bristol was present, and describes the interview. "I never," he says, "saw the Spanish gravity laid aside before, nor any man more overtaken with joy than the king was, for he secretly understood of the prince's being here."† His majesty instantly despatched his prime minister Olivarez to do honour to his illustrious visiter. Olivarez threw himself on his knees to Charles, and in the course of the day the king himself waited on the prince. Nothing could be more cordial than their strange interview, and after many "salutations and divers embraces," it was not till a late hour that they separated.

From this period Madrid was a constant scene of magnificence and rejoicing. Nothing was omitted that could make the prince's stay agreeable to himself, or that might banish from his mind any apprehension of being detained as a captive; a consummation, however, of this wild adventure, which was much dreaded at home, and which, to all appearance, was not unlikely to happen. In order fully to appreciate the generous forbearance of the Spanish court, we must advert to an inhospitable practice of former times; that of treating as a captive any prince who might set his foot uninvited in the dominions of another. Richard the First, of

* Dalrymple's Memorials, p. 151. † Ibid. p. 153.

England, passing in disguise through the territories of the Archduke of Austria,—Philip the First of Spain, having been cast by a tempest on the coast of England,—James the First of Scotland, whose vessel was seized by the English;—and lastly, Mary Queen of Scots, trusting herself into the hands of Elizabeth,—were alike detained as prisoners. But this dishonourable practice, of which so many examples had been set by the English themselves, was so far from being followed by the high-minded Spaniards, that they refrained even from imposing a single fresh condition in the marriage treaty.

The people of Madrid were much struck with the romance and gallantry of the visit. The famous Lopez de Vega aroused his rapid muse on the occasion, and his verses were every where chanted in the streets.

Carlos Estuardo soy
Que, siendo Amor mi guia,
Al cielo d' Espana voy
Per ver mi estrella Maria.

Charles Stuart I am,
Love has guided me far;
To the heaven of Spain
To Maria my star.

Only a short time before, the Spaniards are said to have pictured the English as a nation little removed from savages. This notion had been fostered by the priests, who even described Sir Francis Drake to their congregations as a monster, half dragon and half man.* These ridiculous prejudices had been dissipated in a great degree by the recent embassy of the Earl of Nottingham; on which occasion the Spaniards had been much astonished at the splendour of his train, and the beauty of the heretical English. But when they beheld the heir of a great monarchy risking liberty and life in furtherance of a romantic enterprise;—when they became eye-witnesses of an act of gallantry, which, even in theirown chivalrous annals, had scarcely been sur-

* Weldon, p. 39.

passed;—and when there arrived at Madrid that brilliant band of courtiers, who had hastened from England as soon as the prince's departure was publicly known, the astonishment and enthusiasm of the Spaniards knew no bounds.

But the conduct of the Spanish king, Philip the Fourth, is beyond all praise. He insisted on Charles taking precedency of himself; he set apart a principal quarter of the royal palace for his accommodation; he appointed a guard of one hundred men to attend his person; and he presented him with a golden key, which, at any hour, would give him access to the royal bed-chamber. The prisons, moreover, were every where opened; hundreds of captives were set at liberty, and a recent proclamation against excessive costliness in dress was suspended in honour of the occasion. A day was appointed for the ceremony of a public entrance into Madrid; on which occasion the prince was attended by Gondomar and the ministers of state to St. Jerome's Monastery; the place from whence, on the days of their coronation, the Spanish monarchs make their entry into the capital. Here he was magnificently feasted, the officers of state waiting on him bareheaded. As soon as the banquet was over, the king came in person to escort him into Madrid. Placing the prince on his right hand, they rode together under a rich canopy, followed by a brilliant train; the houses hung with pictures and tapestry, and the people shouting enthusiastically as they passed. The reception of Charles by the queen was no less gratifying. She presented him with several rich presents, among which were perfumes and fine linen.*

Charles, for the first time, beheld the infanta on the Sunday after his arrival. The occasion was on the

* Rushworth, vol. i. pp. 76 and 77. "These presents consisted of a great basin of massy gold, which was borne by two men; a curiously embroidered nightgown was folded in it. Two trunks bound with bands of pure gold, and studded with nails of gold, with locks and keys of gold; the coverings and linings of amber leather, and filled with fine linen and perfumes. These were accompanied by a rich writing-desk, every drawer of which was full of varieties and curiosities."—*D'Israeli's Commentaries on Charles I.* vol. i. p. 65.

Prado at Madrid. "The king, (writes Howell from the spot,) with the queen, his two brothers, and the infanta, were all in one coach, but the infanta sat in the boot with a blue riband about her arm, on purpose that the prince might distinguish her; there were above twenty coaches besides of grandees, noblemen, and ladies, that attended them. As soon as the infanta saw the prince, her colour rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes the true index of the heart. The people here do mightily magnify the gallantry of the journey, and cry out that the prince deserved to have the infanta thrown into his arms the first night he came."*

According to a curious tract, published at the period, the meeting on the Prado was a preconcerted measure. The prince being extremely anxious to obtain a sight of the mistress† for whom he had adventured so much, and the strictness of Spanish etiquette unfortunately precluding a formal introduction till a dispensation had been received from the Pope, the King of Spain kindly hit upon the expedient of the blue riband and the Prado. The following passage is from the little work above alluded to:—"In conformity to the prince's desire, his majesty being that night acquainted with it by the Conde, resolved to give his highness all satisfaction. And so he went abroad next day, at the hour appointed, which was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and to the Prado, being the certain place agreed upon between them, his majesty conducting with him the queen, his sister the infanta, the infantes Don Carlos and the Cardinal Don Fernando, his brethren; the Conde de Olivarez, and the

* Howell's Letters, p. 133.

† The fact is corroborated by the Earl of Bristol in a letter to King James. "My lord marquis," he says, "having intimated the great desire the prince had, as soon as might be, to see his mistress, they acquainted the king therewith, who was so forward therein, that, notwithstanding the next day was Sunday, and in Lent, yet he dispensed with his gravity so far as to go in a coach abroad, to a place called the Prado,—which is a hole without the town, where men do take the air,—with his sister with him, and all the court, where the prince was to stand disguised in a coach to see them."—*Dalrymple's Memorials*, p. 154.

Conde de Gondomar, following him with much of the nobility of that court, both of ladies and lords. The prince, on the other side went disguised in the Duke of Cea's coach, and was attended in the same coach by the lord marquis, [Buckingham,] the Earl of Bristol, and the Conde de Gondomar, and Sir Walter Aston; and both the king and the prince made diverse turns and returns in their several coaches, and in several parts of the town and Prado, (which is a place of recreation where the nobility is often wont to take the air,) and every one of them saw each other in a clear light, not being able to sustain from saluting each other with the hat as they passed by, though they had agreed to take no notice of one another; and this was all they did for that time. The king and all the royal company returned by night by a world of torch-light, which made a most glorious show."* Howell describes the infanta as a "very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair haired, and carries a most pure mixture of red and white in her face."†

The personal appearance of Charles at Madrid produced, however, but little effect in hastening the marriage. He was constantly refused a private interview with the infanta; her family giving as their reason the non-arrival of the dispensation.‡ Still a certain cold intercourse was subsequently allowed in public, on which occasion the Earl of Bristol acted as interpreter; the king, however, always took care to be at hand, in order that he might overhear the conversation.§ Charles really appears to have admired the infanta's person. Howell tells us that he has seen him in a thoughtful mood, with his eyes immovably fixed on his mistress for half an hour at a time; and that he has known him

* "A true relation and journal of the manner of the arrival and magnificent entertainment given to the high and mighty Prince Charles, Prince of Great Britain, by the King of Spain, in his court at Madrid." London, 1623.

† Howell's Letters, p. 125. Like a true courtier, Howell afterwards changed his opinion as to the personal charms of the infanta. The star of Henrietta Maria was then in the ascendant.

‡ Wilson, p. 230.

§ Howell's Letters, p. 136.

to remain an hour in a close coach, in a particular street, watching for the infanta to come abroad. Olivarez, the Spanish minister, remarked pointedly that the prince watched the infanta as a cat does a mouse.

But Charles was far from being so languid a lover as to content himself with the mere language of the eyes; while the infanta, on her part, appears to have been dazzled by his accomplishments and gratified by so chivalrous a courtship. Sir Francis Cottington writes to King James from Madrid, in a letter dated the 8th of April, 1623,—"I was interpreter for my lord marquis when he spoke with the Infanta Donna Maria. She inquired for your majesty's health before she would hear any thing else. But when my lord came to speak of the prince, she blushed extremely; and his highness hath since spoken with her himself (having often seen her) and likes her so well, as, without all doubt, she will be with child before she get into England."*

It was not his own fault that Charles did not address his mistress with all the passion of nature and romance. The princess was in the habit of spending the summer mornings at a suburban residence of her brother, the *Casa de Campo.* Here she used to wander by the river side, gathering may-dew, and perhaps musing on the gallantry and accomplishments of her chivalrous lover. Charles, hearing of these visits, rose purposely one morning very early, and with only one companion, found his way into the garden of the Casa. The infanta, however, was in the orchard, and the door between them was double locked. Charles, determined not to be baffled, climbed the wall, and though the height was considerable, sprang to the ground. The infanta was the first to perceive him, and gave a loud scream. An old marquis, who was her guardian, immediately approached the prince, and falling on his knees, conjured him to retire; adding that he should probably lose his head should he allow him to remain. The door conse-

* Dalrymple's Memorials, p. 160.

quently was unlocked and the prince reluctantly departed.*

Jewels, the value of which is said to have amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, were forwarded from London to Madrid, and lavished by Charles and Buckingham on the Spanish ladies. "The prince," says Arthur Wilson, "presented his mistress with a necklace which all Spain could not parallel; pearls that had not been long plucked from their watery bed and had left there but few fellows." The infanta, however, declined receiving them for the present, and they were deposited in the hands of the ministers of the crown till her marriage day. It was much to the honour of the Spanish court, that when the match was broken off, and a war threatened, these jewels were returned.

James was himself very desirous that the prince and Buckingham should appear with unusual splendour at the Spanish court. In a letter to Charles, dated 17th March, 1623, he writes;—"I send you the robes of the Order [of the Garter], which you must not forget to wear upon St. George's Day, and dine together in them, which I hope in Heaven you may; for it will be a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my two boys dine in them. I send you also the jewels I promised, with some of mine, and such of yours, I mean *both* of you, as are worthy the sending, for my Baby's presenting his mistress." The king concludes,—"God bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you, after a successful journey, a joyful and happy return to the arms of your dear dad.

"JAMES REX."

Another extract from one of King James's letters (in reply to the requisition of the prince and Buckingham for fresh supplies of jewels) will show how ready he was to grace his son and favourite, and to gratify their exorbitant demands:—"For my Baby's presenting his mistress, I send him an old double cross of Lorrain, not

* Dalrymple's Memorials, p. 135.

so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value;—a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, which ye must tell her ye have caused so to be enchanted by art magic, as whenever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest lady that her brother or your father's dominions can afford: ye shall present her with two pair of long diamonds set like an anchor, and a fair pendant diamond hanging at them; ye shall give her a goodly rope of pearls; ye shall give her a carcanet or collar; thirteen great ball rubies, and thirteen knots or conques of pearls; and ye shall give her three goodly peak pendants diamonds, whereof the biggest to be worn at a needle on the midst of her forehead, and one in every ear. As for thee, my sweet gossip, I send thee a fair table diamond, which I would once have given thee before, if thou would have taken it, for wearing in thy hat, or where thou pleasest; and if my Baby will spare thee the two long diamonds in form of an anchor, with the pendant diamond, it were fit for an admiral to wear, and he hath enough better jewels for his mistress, though he has of thine own, thy good old jewel, thy three Pindars diamonds, thy picture-case I gave Kate,* and the great diamond chain I gave her, who would have sent thee the last pin she had, if I had not staid her."†

The Lord Treasurer Middlesex made great complaints of the prodigality of Charles and Buckingham. The following is a MS. note of Sir William Musgrave to one of the tracts in the British Museum respecting the prince's journey:—"It appears by the enrolment book in the office for auditing the public accounts (vol. iii. fol. 175), that the prince's expenses for his journey into Spain, during his abode there, and for his return from thence, amounted unto £50,027, which was paid in part out of the King's Exchequer, and in part out of the Prince's Treasury." It is even asserted in a letter from Mr. Meade to Sir Martin Stuteville, that £600,000

* The Duchess of Buckingham.
† Hardwicke's State Papers, vol. i. p. 406.

worth of jewels had been sent from the Tower into Spain, to be at the disposal of Charles and Buckingham.

That the Spaniards entertained strong hopes of the prince's conversion to the Romish faith, and of the consequent re-establishment of the Pope's ascendancy in England, there can be but little doubt; indeed, it was generally believed by the Spanish court, that the prince had made up his mind to become a Catholic before he left his own country, a fact acknowledged by Bristol himself.* The Pope wrote to the Bishop of Couchen, conjuring him not to let slip so glorious an opportunity of advancing the interests of their church. He addressed letters of expostulation also to Charles and Buckingham. To the latter he writes on the 19th of May, 1623,—exhorting him not only to become a Roman Catholic himself, but to use his utmost endeavour to bring over the court and kingdom of England to that persuasion.† His holiness's letter to Charles is dated the day following:—"We have commanded," he writes, "to make continually most humble prayers to the Father of Lights, that he would be pleased to put you as a fair flower of Christendom, and the only hope of Great Britain, in possession of that most noble heritage, that your ancestors have purchased for you, to defend the authority of the sovereign high priest, and to fight against the monsters of heresy." He speaks also of the projected marriage, as "having elevated him to the hope of an extraordinary advantage." Charles returned an answer which he should never have written, and in which, if he does not actually profess himself a papist, he at least intimates that he is well inclined to the Pope's authority, and that he may eventually become a proselyte to the Romish faith.‡ Hume, alluding to this correspondence, merely observes, that the prince having received a very civil letter from the Pope, was induced to return a very civil answer.

The Court of Madrid was far from discovering any

* Wilson, p. 230; Rushworth, vol. i. p. 78.
† Cabala, p. 345. ‡ Wilson, p. 235.

backwardness in supporting the views of the holy father. Olivarez, and others about the prince's person, were entrusted with arguments by the heads of the church, which they constantly and ingeniously enforced. It was intimated to Charles, how much his conversion would smooth the path to his marriage; and when this inducement appeared insufficient, Archbishop Spotswood says, that it was even hinted to him, that unless he embraced their religion, he could scarcely think of winning the infanta. It was objected by the prince, among other arguments, that his apostacy would, in all probability, produce a rebellion in England. To this it was coolly replied by the Spanish court, that they would gladly assist him with an army *against such a rebellious people.**

Among other incentives to conversion, all the splendours of religious pageantry were brought into action. The architectural magnificence of their churches,—the inspiration of their music,—and the solemn sacrifice of the mass, would instil, it was hoped, into the heart of Charles an exalted notion of the Catholic mode of worship, and an equal contempt of his own. The most pompous processions were exhibited before him; he was carried to such persons as were famous for pretended miracles; popish books were dedicated, and popish pictures presented to him; nor was any thing omitted that could either fire the imagination, or awe the heart into reverence. Nothing, however, could allure Charles from the religion of his country and his conscience. Indeed, his visit was very far from infecting him with a more favourable opinion of Romish tenets. On the 5th of April, 1623, the Earl of Carlisle writes to King James, from Madrid:—"I dare boldly assure your majesty, that his highness's well-grounded piety, and knowledge of the religion wherein he was bred, is infinitely confirmed and corroborated by the spectacles which he hath seen of their devotions here."†

* Wilson, p. 233; Rushworth, vol. i. p. 83.
† Dalrymple's Memorials, p. 158.

After the decease of Archbishop Usher, the following memorandum was discovered in the handwriting of that prelate:—"The king (Charles I.) once at Whitehall, in the presence of George Duke of Buckingham, of his own accord, said to me, that he never loved Popery in all his life, but that he never detested it before his going into Spain."*

The wishes of King James, and the prejudices of the people of England, were greatly at variance as regarded the Spanish match. The latter had been long murmuring at the increase of the Roman Catholics and the encouragement they received; but when the heir to the throne was actually engaged to a Catholic princess; when articles were being drawn up, which permitted the children of the Prince of Wales to be educated among Papists, and by which compact their being members of that faith would be no bar to their succession to the crown, we cannot wonder that the Protestants were greatly incensed at the conduct of James. But the king was alike deaf to the murmurs of his people and the strong remonstrances of the House of Commons. His only feeling was anger at their interference; and while the latter were drawing up their protest, he withdrew himself discontentedly to Newmarket, nominally on the plea of impaired health, though in reality to escape from their unwelcome importunities.

It would be impertinent to detail the many objections which preclude a union between the heir to the throne of England and a daughter of the Romish persuasion. The general fact of inexpediency is sufficiently proved by the misfortunes which the union of Charles and Henrietta Maria eventually entailed upon their posterity, and the people of England at large. Strange indeed as it may appear, no one better understood than James himself, the miseries that would probably result from such a step. In his Basilicon Doron, written expressly for the benefit of his son, Prince Henry, he had published, but a few years previously, the following sensible remarks

* Harris, vol. ii. p. 238.

on the subject,—"I would rather have you marry one that was fully of your own religion, her rank and other qualities being agreeable to your estate; for although to my great regret, the number of any princes of power and accounts, professing our religion, be but very small, and that therefore this advice seems to be the more strait and difficult; yet ye have deeply to weigh, and consider upon these doubts, how ye and your wife can be of one flesh, and keep unity betwixt you, being members of two opposite churches: disagreement in religion bringeth ever with it disagreement in manners; and the dissension betwixt your preacher and hers will breed and foster dissension among your subjects, taking their example from your family; besides the peril of the evil education of your children."*

But the prospect of a splendid alliance, and a no less splendid marriage portion, was too tempting to be resisted. The articles of the Spanish Treaty are still extant, and exhibit singular proofs of the indifference of James to the interests of the Protestant religion. Indeed, when we discover the degrading terms which are there insisted upon; when we find the King of England, and the head of the Reformed Church, affixing his name and approval to a document, in which a sect so hostile to the interests of his people is styled officially the *Holy Roman Church*;† when it is approved that the infanta shall not only have a private chapel for the exercise of the Romish faith, but also a public church in the metropolis; when the King of England is content to be dictated to by the King of Spain, as to the manner in which he shall govern his own subjects; when a foreign prince is allowed to alter the laws of his country; and finally, when a Protestant king consents that every separate stipulation shall be allowed and approved by the Pope, we cannot view

* King James's Works, p. 172.

† Sully tells us that James once reproved him for giving the Pope the title of Holiness, telling him that it was an offence against God, to whom alone this title could belong. There is also a letter extant from James to Pope Gregory the Fifteenth, dated 30th September, 1622, relative to the most expedient method of settling the differences, which commences formally, *Most Holy Father*.—See Cabala, p. 412.

the conduct of James in any other light than that of wonder and disgust. As the Treaty itself is a curious document, and as it may be useful to compare it hereafter with the no less disgraceful compact between Charles and Henrietta Maria, we will transcribe the most important of the articles.

"3d.—That the gracious Infanta shall take with her such servants and family as are convenient for her service; which family, and all her servants to her belonging, shall be chosen and nominated by the Catholic King, so as he nominate no servant which is vassal to the King of England without his will and consent."

"5th.—That she shall have an oratory and decent chapel at her palace, where, at the pleasure of the most gracious Infanta, masses may be celebrated; which oratory or chapel shall be adorned with such decency as shall seem convenient for the most gracious Infanta, with a public church in London," &c.

"6th.—That the men-servants and maid-servants of the most gracious Infanta, and their servants, children and descendants, and all their families, of what sort soever, serving her Highness, may be freely Catholics."

"9th.—That the chapel, church, and oratory, may be beautified with decent ornaments, of altar and other things necessary for divine service, which is to be celebrated in them according to the custom of the Holy Roman Church; and that it shall be lawful for the said servants, and others, to go to the said chapel and church at all hours, as to them shall seem expedient."

"11th.—That to the administration of the Sacraments, and to serve in chapel and church aforesaid, there shall be so many priests, and assistants, as to the Infanta shall seem fit, and the election of them shall belong to the Lady Infanta, and the Catholic King her brother; provided that they be none of the vassals of the King of Great Britain; and if they be, his will and consent is to be first obtained."

"15th.—That the servants of the family of the Lady Infanta, who shall come into England, shall take the oath

of allegiance to the King of Great Britain, provided that there be no clause therein which shall be contrary to their consciences and the Roman Catholic religion, and if they happen to be vassals of the King of Great Britain, they shall take the same oath that the Spaniard doth."

"17th.—That the laws made against Catholics in England, or any other kingdom of the King of Great Britain, shall not extend to the children of this marriage, and though they be Catholics, they shall not lose the right of succession to the kingdom and dominions of Great Britain."

"18th.—That the nurses which shall give suck to the children of the Lady Infanta (whether they be of the kingdom of Great Britain or of any other nation whatsoever), shall be chosen by the Lady Infanta as she pleaseth, and shall be accounted of her family, and enjoy the privileges thereof."

"19th.—That the bishop, ecclesiastical persons, &c. of the family of the Lady Infanta, shall wear the vestment and habit of his dignity, profession, and religion, after the custom of Rome."

"21st.—That the sons and daughters which shall be born of this marriage, shall be brought up in the company of the most excellent Infanta, at least until the age of ten years, and shall freely enjoy the right of succession as aforesaid."

"24th.—That conformably to this treaty, all these things proposed are to be allowed and approved of by the Pope, that he may give an apostolical benediction, and a dispensation necessary to effect the marriage."

CHAPTER III.

It has been doubted whether the Spanish match could ever have been accomplished, even if Charles had become a convert to the Church of Rome; or indeed

whether the Spanish court ever sincerely intended its fulfilment. Certainly, in the early stages of its discussion, James was the mere dupe of Spanish policy.* But the negotiation was protracted during the reigns of two successive monarchs, whose opinions on the subject appear to have been widely different. Philip the Third, the father of the infanta, who died during the progress of the discussion, had certainly not the remotest intention that the treaty should ever terminate in marriage. This fact is sufficiently apparent from the following letter addressed by his son, Philip the Fourth, to his minister Olivarez: it is dated 5th November 1622.

"The king, my father, declared at his death that his intent never was to marry my sister, the Infanta Donna Maria, with the Prince of Wales, which your uncle Don Balthazer understood, and so treated this match, ever with intention to delay it, notwithstanding it is now so far advanced, that (considering all the averseness of the infanta to it),† it is time to seek some means to divert the treaty, which I would have you find out, and I will make it good, whatsoever it be. But in all other things, procure the satisfaction of the King of Great Britain (who hath deserved much), and it shall content me, so it be not in the match."‡

It appears by this curious document, that Philip the Fourth was originally as much averse to the fulfilment of the treaty as had been his father, Philip the Third. The hope, however, of converting Charles from heresy; the latter's great popularity in Spain, and the personal interest which he had acquired in the heart of the infanta, probably turned the scale in his favour. Certainly, Bristol, the English ambassador, was fully satis-

* Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, perfectly succeeded in convincing James of the sincerity of his court. In a letter to the Duke of Lerma, he boasts that he has lulled King James so fast asleep, that he flatters himself that neither the cries of his daughter, the Queen of Bohemia, nor of her children, nor the repeated solicitations of his Parliament and his subjects in their behalf, will have the effect of arousing him from his lethargy.—*Acta Regia*, p. 549.

† She had not then seen the prince.

‡ Cabala, p. 341; Wilson, p. 225.

fied with the sincerity of the court of Madrid. He writes to the Bishop of Lincoln,—"It may be, your lordship will hear many complaints, that the match never was, nor yet is intended: I beseech your lordship to give little belief in that kind, and the effects will now speedily declare the truth, if the fault be not on our side."* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a man of strong sense, and who, from his situation as ambassador at Paris, had much intercourse with the elder sister of the Infanta, the Queen of France, was fully satisfied with the sincerity of the Spanish court at this period; the queen, moreover, candidly confessed to him, that her sister was very well inclined towards the prince.†

At last, about six months after the arrival of Charles at Madrid, the dispensation was received from Rome. The affair, to all appearance, was now concluded, and all anxiety at an end. But whether this important document was accompanied by secret instructions from the Pope, or whether the court of Spain was willing to take advantage of the prince's undisguised anxiety to make the infanta his bride, new difficulties unexpectedly arose. The Spaniards insisted on some fresh articles, as regarded religion, being inserted in the marriage treaty, and the correspondence between the courts of London and Madrid was again renewed.

Among other articles to be imposed, it was required, and eventually agreed to on the part of Charles, that he should be open at all times to the arguments and exhortations of such of the adversaries of his faith as might be inclined to enlighten him on the subject: while, on the other hand, no one should presume to tamper, either directly or indirectly, with the religious principles of his bride.‡ An oath was also privately taken by James, that the Papists should have free exercise of their religion throughout his dominions. These additional articles having been at length duly subscribed to, so satisfied was James once more of the successful ter-

* Cabala, p. 99. † Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Life of Himself, p. 167.
‡ Wilson, p. 247.

mination of the treaty, that he was heard to exclaim in the fulness of his satisfaction,—"Now all the devils in hell cannot hinder it." A bystander wittily observed, that there were no devils left in hell, for they had all gone to Spain to assist in the match.

But again new difficulties arose. When apparently on the eve of fulfilment, the demise of Pope Gregory the Fifteenth proved the final hindrance to the marriage. The Spaniards insisted that a fresh dispensation was necessary from the new Pope; Charles naturally became annoyed by the frequent delays, and Buckingham, having quarrelled with Olivarez, was no less disgusted with the Spanish court, and made use of every argument to persuade the prince to return to his own country. Even James himself, sanguine as he had so lately been, began to entertain doubts of the sincerity of the Spaniards. He wrote to Buckingham, that the court of Madrid could hardly entertain any cordial intention to complete the treaty, and conjured him to bring back the prince with all speed; or, if the latter should be still unwise enough to remain, he charges his beloved favourite, on his allegiance, to come away, and to leave the prince to the prosecution of his own affairs.*

On the 12th of September, 1623, after a magnificent audience with the queen and the infanta, Charles, leaving the marriage to be performed by proxy, at length turned his back upon Madrid. Some suspicions there certainly were, that the Spanish court intended to detain him, and it was even whispered that his departure would be a secret one. When Olivarez mentioned the latter suspicion to Buckingham, the reply of the duke did him great credit; he retorted haughtily, "That if love had induced the prince to steal out of his own country, fear should never make him run out of Spain; and that he would depart with an equipage such as became the Prince of Wales." The Earl of Rutland was at the time cruising along the Spanish coast, ready to support the vaunt of Buckingham with a powerful fleet.† The prince's

* Wilson, p. 249. † Howell, p. 147.

attendants were overjoyed at their expected departure. They had long complained that they had nothing to do but to play at cards.

The King of Spain and his two brothers accompanied Charles as far as the Escurial, about twenty miles from Madrid, and would even have attended him to the place of embarkation, had not the queen been fast approaching the period of her confinement. At the spot where they parted, writes Howell, "there passed wonderful great endearments and embraces in divers postures between them a long time; and in that place there is a pillar to be erected as a monument to posterity. There are some grandees, and Count Gondomar, with a great train besides, gone with him to the Marine, to the sea-side, which will be many days' journey, and must needs put the King of Spain to a great expense, besides his seven months' entertainment here. We hear that when he passed through Valladolid, the Duke of Lerma was retired thence for a time by special command from the king, lest he might have discourse with the prince, whom he extremely desired to see: this sunk deep into the old duke, insomuch that he said, that of all the acts of malice which Olivarez had ever done him, he resented this more than any. He bears up yet under the cardinal's habit, which hath kept him from many a foul storm, that might have fallen upon him else from the temporal power."* The name of this personage carries back our recollection to the part assigned to him in Gil Blas; and the narrative of the prince's visit to Valladolid is not rendered less interesting, from its having taken place during the period when Le Sage sketched the manners of the Spanish grandees. This same Duke of Lerma was in fact the patron of Gil Blas. It was for Philip the Fourth, the brother of the infanta, that Gil Blas is represented as procuring the frail Catalina, and as suffering his memorable imprisonment in the Tower of Segovia.

At St. Andero, where the English fleet awaited him,

* Howell, p. 147.

Charles narrowly escaped being drowned. He had been entertaining the Spanish grandees on board his own ship, and was courteously conducting them to the shore in his barge, when the wind suddenly arose. The darkness of the night, and the fury of the storm, prevented them alike from reaching the land, or regaining the ship. The rowers becoming faint from their exertion, nothing appeared left but to trust to the mercy of the ocean, when fortunately they observed a light from one of the vessels of the fleet. It was, however, with extreme difficulty and hazard that they fetched the ship, and were safely assisted on board, not without encountering some risk of being dashed to pieces in the attempt.* Waller celebrated the prince's escape in a juvenile poem, remarkable, to the curious in poetical anecdote, as having been written only twenty-five years after the death of Spenser.†

> Now had his highness bid farewell to Spain,
> And reached the sphere of his own power, the main;
> With British bounty in his ship he feasts
> The Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,
> To find that watery wilderness exceed
> The entertainments of their great Madrid.

Charles was no sooner in safety on the bosom of that element upon which an Englishman seldom knows fear, than his first remark was on the "great weakness and folly of the Spaniards," in having allowed him to depart out of their dominions.‡ It was the highest compliment he could have paid to their generosity. Charles arrived at Portsmouth on the 5th of October, 1623. The event is recorded by a bust of the prince, which, with a suitable inscription, is affixed to the walls of that town, where it may still be seen. How this interesting memorial escaped the fury of the civil wars does not appear.

The return of Charles was hailed by the populace of London with a warmth of enthusiasm which has seldom been exceeded on similar occasions. Tables were

* Rushworth, vol. i. p. 104.
† Fenton's Waller, Notes, p. 4.
‡ Rushworth, vol. i. p. 104.

spread in the streets, and wine and sack flowed every where abundantly: bonfires and the joyous peal of bells enlivened the night. In relation to his future destinies it might be likened to a scene in a *ballet* introduced into a tragedy; how different an appearance was presented by the streets of the capital, when Charles for the last time beheld them from the fatal scaffold! Having passed directly through London, Charles and Buckingham hastened to Royston to pay their respects to the king. Apprised of their arrival, James met them on the staircsae, and throwing his arms around their necks, wept like a child.

The infanta is the person most to be pitied throughout the whole of this memorable affair, and we cannot but regret that she should have been rendered the victim of mere political expediency. She appears to have become really attached to Charles, and is said to have feelingly observed, that had he really loved her, he would never have quitted her.* At his departure she caused mass to be sung daily for his prosperous voyage; she had applied herself to learn the English language; and even went down on her knees to the king to persuade him to the restitution of the Palatinate.† Bristol, the English ambassador, dwells almost with enthusiasm on the infanta's feelings and her constancy. In a letter from Madrid dated 21st of September, 1623, after alluding to the prevalence of a report that Charles had no intention to fulfil his engagement, he thus writes to the prince: "I dare assure your highness, it hath not been possible for any to raise in her the least shadow of mistrust or doubt of want of your highness's affection, but she hath with show of displeasure reproved those that have presumed to speak that kind of language; and herself never speaketh of your highness, but with that respect and show of affection, that all about her tell me of it with a little wonder. There was of late in some a desire here, that, before your highness's embarking, the princess ought to have sent unto your highness some token, whereunto

* Wilson, p. 251. † Cabala, p. 216.

I assure your highness that the Countess of Olivarez was not backward, nor, as I am assured, the princess herself; but this was not to be done without the allowance of the Junta; and they, for a main reason, alleged that, in case your highness should fail in what had been agreed, she would by these further engagements be made unfit for any other match; which coming to her knowledge, I hear that she was infinitely much offended, and said, that those of the Junta were *maxaderos*, to think her a woman for a second wooing, or to receive the *parabien* twice for several husbands. The truth is, that now, in your highness's absence, she much more avowedly declareth her affection to your highness, than ever she did at your being here; and your highness cannot believe how much the king, and she, and all the court, are taken with your highness's daily letters to the king and her."*

In the mean time, it was believed, both at London and Madrid, that the match was progressing in the most prosperous manner, and that the second dispensation was only wanting to render it definitive. At St. James's a Catholic chapel was in the progress of being built, of which the Spanish ambassador had laid the foundation-stone. The infanta's portrait was to be seen in every street in London, and her arrival was almost daily expected. At Madrid also, she was already styled the Princess of England; her suite had not only been selected, but had even provided themselves with their liveries; and the English ambassadors, the Earl of Bristol and Sir Walter Aston, refused, as Princess of England, to stand covered before her. "The infanta," writes Howell, "is providing divers suits of rich cloaths for his highness of perfumed amber leather; some embroidered

* Clarendon State Papers, Appendix, p. 19. Archbishop Spotswood writes, that the prince left Madrid because he saw nothing was *really intended*. He adds, that it was intimated to Charles, that "if the match should be further pressed, the infanta, to eschew the same, should presently into the house of *los Discalceatos*, a monastery of barefooted nuns." The Archbishop was certainly in a situation to acquire the best information, and his book is even dedicated to Charles, but his account is so different from that of other writers (some of whom were as likely to be as well informed as himself) that it is impossible to regard his version as correct.—*Spotswood*, p. 545.

with pearl, some with gold, some with silver. Her family is a settling apace, and most of her officers and ladies are known already: we want nothing now but one despatch more from Rome, and then the marriage will be solemnized, and all things consummated."* The admiration which the prince's gallantry had excited in Madrid, by no means subsided after his departure, and even to this period is not quite forgotten. "Never," they said, "was princess so bravely wooed." In the collection of royal letters in the British Museum there is an interesting one in Spanish from the Infanta to James. The neglected Infanta afterwards formed a splendid alliance with the Emperor Ferdinand the Third. She died in 1646.

At last, the second dispensation actually arrived from Rome. A day was fixed by the Spanish court for the performance of the marriage by proxy; cannons were fired off as soon as the tidings became publicly known; a church was covered with tapestry for the occasion; and bonfires were lighted throughout the whole of Spain. But whether the sincerity of the Spaniards was still doubted, or whether, as is generally supposed, the arguments and personal prejudices of Buckingham induced Charles to secede from his engagement, it is now impossible to ascertain: certain it is, however, that from the court of England emanated the final interruption of the match. A message was despatched by James to Madrid, insisting that, unless the restitution of the Palatinate was positively conceded, the treaty must be considered as at an end. It was replied by the Spanish monarch, that the concession did not rest in himself, but that he was ready to assist England with an army. His word was either really doubted, or was affected to be disbelieved, and Philip, observing the English court to be determined on a breach, refused to admit the Earl of Bristol to any further audience. He insisted, also, that all correspondence with the infanta should instantly cease, and that she should no longer be regarded or addressed

* Howell's Letters, p. 148.

as Princess of England.* Such was the termination of the famous Spanish match, in which the duplicity manifested by the court of Madrid at the commencement of the negotiations, was met, it would appear, by a similar line of conduct on the part of the court of England at their close.

CHAPTER IV.

On the 27th day of March, 1625, died King James. Within a quarter of an hour Charles was solemnly proclaimed at the court-gate of Theobald's, where his father had breathed his last. It was considered as rather ominous that Sir Edward Zouch, the Knight Marshal, instead of styling the new king the "rightful and indubitable heir," proclaimed him as the rightful and *dubitable* one: he was corrected in his error by the secretary.*

Such is the malignity of human nature, that Charles was actually accused of having been a participator in the murder of his father. Peyton, in his Divine Catastrophe, and Lilly, in his Life of Charles, speak openly of the charge; but Milton goes farther, and is base enough to lend the credit of his name to an infamous and otherwise contemptible slander, which he could not but have known to be false. Addressing Salmasius, he writes:— "I will let you see how like Charles was to Nero; Nero, you say, put to death his own mother; but Charles murdered both his prince and his father, by poison. For to omit other evidences, he that would not suffer a duke that was accused of it, to come to his trial, must needs have been guilty of it himself." Whatever the *other evidences*, alluded to by Milton may have been, they have certainly not descended to posterity: doubtless

* Wilson, p. 257. † Howell, p. 174.

they owed their fanciful birth to the acrimonious republicanism of the great poet. The insinuations of Peyton and Lilly are scarcely worth recurring to, and appear solely to have originated in Charles having dissolved the Parliament which accused Buckingham of having poisoned his father. Charles undoubtedly believed his favourite to be innocent, and though the line of conduct which he pursued on this occasion may be considered blameable, or at least unwise, yet the whole tenor of Charles's life must defend him from so iniquitous a charge. It must not be omitted, that, on the 24th of February, 1648, the absurd and wicked charge was revived, in the most impudent and cowardly manner, by the republican party in the House of Commons.* As the attack was idle, it fell harmless, and alone reflected discredit on the paltry maligners.

Notwithstanding that it was altogether in opposition to the practice of his predecessors, Charles affectionately insisted on presiding as chief mourner at the funeral of his father. Young as he was, it was the third time he had performed the same melancholy office, having previously attended his mother, and his brother Prince Henry, to their last home. The superstitious argued from the circumstance, that a career of sorrow was in store for the survivor.†

Many, indeed, were the circumstances on which, even when in the very height of his prosperity, his contemporaries founded a similar belief; and when we remember the subsequent misfortunes which befel the unhappy Charles, we cannot but regard them as curious; at the same time they are instructive as showing the temper of

* Walker's Hist. of Independence, part i. p. 74.

† *Heylin's Life of Laud*, p. 128. The fact that the plague was raging at the time of his accession, was considered to be a prognostic of future evil: the same disease, however, was committing its havoc when his father commenced his prosperous reign. It is said that these two plagues were both generated in one parish, Whitechapel; that they broke out in the same house, and on the same day of the month. *Kennett*, vol. iii. p. 4.—The story of the blood of a wounded falcon falling on the neck of the famous bust of Charles, by Bernini, when on its way to Whitehall, is a singular and well-known coincidence.

the times. Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, who had been his chaplain when Prince of Wales, was selected to deliver his coronation sermon. The Bishop took for his text: Rev. ii. 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of Life," &c.; a passage which was considered by the superstitious as far more suitable for his funeral sermon, than as adapted to the brilliant occasion on which it was delivered: moreover, during the ceremony it was discovered that the wing of the gold dove had been completely broken off.

Charles himself, contrary to the custom of his ancestors, probably to denote the purity of his intentions, had selected a robe of white, instead of purple, as his coronation dress. Purple having been ever considered the badge of sovereignty, as white was the emblem of innocence, it was inferred that hereafter he would have to rely upon his own virtues and integrity, rather than upon the greatness of regal power. His neglecting to ride through the city, attended with that state which had graced his forefathers on the days of their coronation, was also deemed equally portentous and ill-advised.*

Even the melancholy expression of his countenance was held to be ominous of future ill. When his picture was conveyed to Rome, to afford the design of a bust, the artist turned to the gentleman who brought it:—he hoped he said, it was not the face of a near relation, for it was one of the most unfortunate he had ever seen, and, "according to all the rules of art, the person whose it was must die a violent death."†

Charles himself was singularly superstitious even for the age in which he lived. It was a strange infirmity in an otherwise strong mind and religious disposition. We are assured by Lilly the astrologer, that he sent, on more than one occasion, to consult him during his misfortunes, and the fact of his having done so is supported by other authority. Charles himself mentioned to the Bishop of London a remarkable shock which he experienced at his trial. As he was leaning on his staff, the

* Heylin, p. 148; Weldon, p. 177. † Welwood, p. 80.

gold head broke off and fell to the ground, which he considered, as it certainly was, a singular omen.*

Another weakness of Charles was to bind himself to a particular line of conduct by secret obligations. On one occasion, when on a visit at Latimas, a seat of the Earl of Devonshire, he drew Dr. Sheldon aside, and placed in his hands a paper, which he desired him to copy, and having done so, to return it to him. This document detailed the measures which he proposed to adopt for the glory of God, and for the advancement of the church; and intimated that he had privately bound himself by the most awful vow, for the purpose of insuring their accomplishment. A particular obligation was to perform public penance for the injustice he had been guilty of to Lord Strafford in consenting to his death. In delivering this paper to Sheldon, Charles solemnly conjured him, (as if he feared the penalty would fall on his own soul,) to remind him of his contract, should he hereafter ever find him in a condition to perform any one of the articles which it contained.†

A similar instance of moral infirmity is recorded in the king's own language, and bears the following attestation of Sheldon.

"This is a true copy of the king's vow, which was preserved thirteen years underground, by me,

"GILB. SHELDON."

The document itself is dated Oxford, 13th April, 1646, and runs as follows:

"I do hereby promise and solemnly vow, in the presence and for the service of Almighty God, that if it shall please the Divine Majesty, of his infinite goodness, to restore me to my just kingly rights, and to re-establish me in my throne, I will wholly give back to his church all those impropriations which are now held by the crown; and what lands soever I do now, or should now, or do enjoy, which have been taken either away from any episcopal see, or any cathedral or collegiate church, from any abbey, or other religious house. I likewise

* Sir P. Warwick's Memoirs, p. 339. † Perinchief, p. 233.

promise for hereafter to hold them for the church, under such reasonable fines and rents as shall be set down by some conscientious persons whom I propose to choose, with all uprightness of heart, to direct me in this particular. And I most humbly beseech God to accept of this my vow, and to bless me in the design I have now in hand, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

"CHARLES REX."*

Charles was once sauntering with Lord Falkland in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, when a splendid copy of Virgil was brought, among other books, for his inspection. Lord Falkland proposed to his majesty to try his fortune by the Sortes Virgilianæ;—that is, to open the volume, and from the passage on which the eye first falls, to glean a fanciful prognostication of future events. Charles accordingly dipped into the book, and hit ominously enough, on the following passage:—it forms part of the imprecation which Dido pours forth against Æneas, and is thus translated by Dryden:

Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discouraged, and himself expelled;
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace!
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace,
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And be unburied on the barren sand.†

Lord Falkland, observing by the king's countenance

* Lives of the Archbishops, from Harris, vol. ii. p. 63.

† Æneid, lib. iv. v. 615.

At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iŭli,
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera: nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur;
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ.

that he was concerned at the circumstance, and imagining that, should he himself open the book, he might fall upon some indifferent passage, which would naturally rob the preceding incident of its importance, instantly proposed to try his own fortune. The lines which he chanced to select were still more applicable to *his* future fate. It was the beautiful lament of Evander at the untimely death of his son Pallas:

> O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word;
> To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:
> I warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew
> What perils youthful ardour will pursue:
> That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
> Young as thou wert to dangers, raw to war!
> O curst assay of arms, disastrous doom,
> Preludes of bloody fields, and fights to come.*

In 1624, during the lifetime of King James, the Earl of Holland had been sent into France, to sound the feelings of the French court regarding a match between Charles and Henrietta Maria. This princess was the third daughter of the deceased Henry the Great, and sister of Louis the Thirteenth, the reigning King of France. After a complicated and rather lengthy negotiation, a treaty of marriage was definitely signed at Paris, on the 10th of November, 1624. It consists of articles scarcely less disgraceful to the English court, or disadvantageous to the English nation, than those of the celebrated Spanish treaty which had preceded it. Indeed so similar are the two instruments, as well in terms as in spirit, that the one would appear almost to

* Æneid, lib. xi. v. 152.

> Non hæc, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti:
> Cautiùs ut sævo velles te credere Marti.
> Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
> Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset.
> Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui
> Dura rudimenta.

The story of Charles and Lord Falkland dipping into the Sortes Virgilianæ has been often related: the author, however, has been able to trace it no further than to Dr. Welwood's Memoirs of the last hundred years which preceded the Revolution of 1688, p. 90.—Welwood, unfortunately, omits to mention his authority for the narration.

be a transcript of the other. The only really important alteration is in the nineteenth article of the French treaty, in which it is provided that the children born of the marriage shall be brought up by their mother, not merely to the age of ten years, as had been agreed upon in the Spanish compact, but till they should attain their thirteenth year; a dangerous concession, considering the unwearying vigilance of the Romish priests, and that it comprehended a period of life when the heart is most open to impressions whether good or evil. Some secret articles were also sworn to by James and Louis. By these it was provided that, throughout England, all Catholic prisoners should be set at liberty; that they should no longer be liable to be searched, or otherwise molested on account of their religion, and that the goods of which they had been despoiled should be restored.

The deed of dispensation, in which Louis the Thirteenth guaranteed to the See of Rome that the King of England should faithfully fulfil the articles of the treaty, is another curious document. D'Israeli, in his ingenious work, the "Curiosities of Literature," speaks of a "remarkable and unnoticed document," namely, "A most solemn obligation contracted with the Pope and the queen's brother, the King of France, to educate her children as Catholics, and only to choose Catholics to attend them." "Had this been known," he adds, "either to Charles, or to the English nation, Henrietta could never have been permitted to ascend the English throne."* It is a pity to disturb this justification of Charles, but unfortunately for that monarch, there can be little doubt but that he was perfectly well acquainted with all the circumstances of the affair; indeed, the articles mentioned by Mr. D'Israeli as most objectionable in the deed of dispensation, are inserted, at least in spirit, in the treaty itself; a document which, as a matter of course, had not only been seen, but had been solemnly sworn to, by Charles. The subject is rendered of considerable importance, when we remember that the two children

* Cur. of Lit. vol. v. p. 243.

of Henrietta Maria,—Charles the Second and his brother James,—who afterwards successively inherited the crown, lived and died Roman Catholics; and that it was owing to a defect in his education that the latter died an exile, and that England became the scene of revolution in 1688. With this view of the importance of the subject, it may not be uninteresting to transcribe the particular passages in the deed of dispensation, which have been referred to by D'Israeli, in order that we may compare them with the parallel ones in the actual treaty.

EXTRACT FROM THE DEED OF DISPENSATION.

"Art. 3.—Conveniunt, ut serenissima Madama Henrietta Maria, omnesque ejus domestici, familiares, servi, necnon domi forisque ministri, et familia universa familiarium eidem pro tempore servientium, eorumque filii et descendentes, liberè profiteri et exercere possint religionem apostolicam Catholicam Romanam; ac propterea non solùm Londini, sed etiam in omnibus locis et regnis ipsi Regi Magnæ Britanniæ subjectis, in cunctis regis ipsius palatiis, et ubicunque prædicta Madama habitaverit aut extiterit, habeat unam ecclesiasm," &c.

"Art. 7.—Conveniunt, ut liberorum qui, ex regio hoc matrimonio nascentur, cura et educatio, omni modo, ex eorum ortu usque ad annum ætatis decimum tertium completum, ad Madamam illorum matrem pertineant; ac omnes personæ proli ministerium quodcumque prestituræ usque ad annum tertium decimum completum, ut supra, a prædictâ Madamâ liberè eligantur, atque ejusdem familiæ annumerentur, juribusque et privilegiis aliorum familiarium gaudeant et potiantur."

EXTRACT FROM THE MARRIAGE TREATY.

"Art. 7.—The free exercise of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion shall be granted to Madame, as likewise to all the children that shall be born of this marriage."

"Art. 14.—All the domestics Madame shall bring into England shall be French Catholics, chosen by the

Most Christian King; and in the room of those that shall die, she shall take other French Catholics, with the consent, however, of the King of Great Britain."

"Art. 19.—The children which shall be born of this marriage shall be brought up by Madame, their mother, till the age of thirteen years."

The marriage of Charles and Henrietta was solemnized at Paris with great splendour; the Duke de Chevreuse performing the office of proxy for Charles. The ceremony took place on a theatre, erected for the purpose before the Cathedral of Notre Dame. On the 12th of June, 1625, Henrietta arrived at Dover, and on the following night the marriage was consummated at Canterbury. The private account of these events I have deferred to the Memoir of the Queen.

Considerable pains have been taken to prove that Henrietta exercised an undue influence, both domestic and political, over her husband. One writer, without even hinting at his authority, speaks of her *peremptorily insisting* upon having charge of the Prince of Wales.* Another writer, Horace Walpole, solely I believe, on the suspicious authority of Peyton, informs us that when Charles, on some jealousy, restrained the Earl of Holland to his house, Henrietta refused to cohabit with the king till the restraint was taken off.† Such and similar instances are frequently brought forward as proofs of the uxoriousness of Charles, and many passages have been quoted, from his letters to his queen, as proofs of his spiritless submission. Certainly these memorials evince a very great respect both for her opinion and advice; but, after all, the utmost that can really be adduced is,—a too favourable opinion of her capacity, a strong attachment to a beautiful woman, and a proper gratitude for the many sufferings which she had undergone for his sake. It was Charles's great misfortune, that he was too easily wrought upon to follow the advice of others, and frequently of persons less gifted than himself. Milton

* Harris, vol. iv. p. 25. † Life of Essex, in Royal and Noble Authors.

says of him, in his panegyric on Cromwell,—"Whether with his enemies or his friends, in the court or in the camp, he was always in the hands of another; now of his wife, then of the bishops; now of the peers, then of the soldiery; and last, of his enemies; that for the most part he followed the worser counsels, and, almost always, of the worser men." There is as much justice as acrimony in this remark.

But the private history of the dismissal of the queen's French servants is alone sufficient to redeem the character of Charles from all suspicion of connubial subserviency. The insufferable insolence of these people is scarcely to be conceived. Nothing could be more degrading, than that the Queen of England should have been compelled by a foreign priesthood, to walk barefooted to Tyburn; and that, not merely in the common exercise of her faith, but to glorify the memory of the detestable contrivers of the Gunpowder Conspiracy. But it appears by a letter of the period, that the indignity did not stop here. "Had they not also," says a writer of the time, "made her dabble in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach! Yea, they have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (wooden) dishes, to wait at the table and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances."*

The priests, French as well as English, had flocked in such numbers to the queen's private apartments, as to cause great disquietude to Charles. He told them, on one occasion, that he had already granted them so much liberty in public, that he had at least a right to expect exemption from domestic intrusion. But the following is the most remarkable instance of priestly interference. The king and queen were banqueting in public, and, as usual, the chaplain was proceeding to say grace, when the queen's confessor actually struck up with a Latin benediction. The king's chaplain, (of

* Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 238.

course a Protestant,) naturally provoked at the interruption, gave the confessor a zealous push, and then continued the grace. On this the latter went over to the queen's side, and commenced with renewed energy his benediction. The king, however, very sensibly cut the matter short by drawing one of the dishes towards him, when the carvers instantly began their office. As soon as dinner was over, the confessor proceeded, in like manner, to return thanks; the chaplain, however, had obtained the start, when each endeavoured to drown the other by the loudness of his voice. Charles very properly took the queen by the hand, and hastily withdrew her from the disgraceful scene.*

The queen's ecclesiastical retinue consisted of a young bishop, whose age was actually under thirty, and twenty-nine priests. Fifteen of these were scholars, and the remainder Theatines—an order of friars whose principal occupation was singing of psalms.† Besides this promising party, there were a number of male and female attendants, who, it is asserted, swelled the French train from the original number of sixty, to as many as four hundred and forty persons.‡ These people lost no opportunity of fomenting a quarrel between Charles and his queen; while the priests on their part, naturally enough, used every exertion to restore the Pope's authority in England. Seminaries were formed for educating children in the Romish faith; the houses of the French attendants became a rendezvous for the discontented Papists; the Catholic members of Parliament were secretly tampered with; and no opportunity was neglected of obtaining proselytes to the ancient faith. Fortunately, however, these persons overreached themselves, for they were totally mistaken in the character of Charles.

The perpetual discords and captious discontent of this foreign establishment, are alluded to in most of the letters of the period. Not satisfied with the numberless

* Letter from Meade to Sir M. Stuteville, Cur. of Lit. vol. v. p. 249.
† Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 201. ‡ Ibid. p. 201.

immunities which had been provided for by the marriage contract, and with putting the King of England to the charge of 240*l.* a day for their subsistence, they persisted in the most frivolous and harassing complaints of ill usage and discomfort. The French, observes a letter of the period,*—"Seem to be discontented, because they have not allowance to keep themselves, their wives, and children; though they have more by 7000*l.* a year, than ever Queen Anne had." Charles was not by nature inclined to be petulant, but his temper was at length entirely overcome by the continual broils of his wife's domestics, and the manner in which they insulted the prejudices of his people. When the priests sent to complain to him that the Chapel at St. James's, which had been provided for their use by the marriage treaty, was progressing but slowly towards completion, he answered, "That if the queen's closet, where they then said mass, were not large enough, they might use the great chamber; and if the great chamber were not wide enough, they might make use of the garden; and if the garden would not suit their purpose, they might go to the park, which was the fittest place of all."† This last remark, it would seem, did not so much apply to the number of the French Catholics in general, as to the concourse of English priests, who seized every opportunity of attending the celebration of mass in the queen's apartments. This assemblage, illegal as far as the English ecclesiastics were concerned, became eventually so numerous, that even the queen herself, on one occasion, rose from her seat, and rebuking the latter for their indelicate zeal, commanded them peremptorily to retire.‡ Their numbers, however, still increasing, the proper officers of the court were at length stationed at the entrance of the queen's chapel, in order forcibly to prevent their ingress. Some indecent scenes were the consequence, the French Catholics drawing their swords in defence of their English brethren, and resisting the interference of the guard.

* Letter from Sir John North to the Earl of Leicester, Collins's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 364.

† Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 202. ‡ Ibid. p. 204.

On one occasion, in the royal chapel, a popish nobleman is described as "prating on purpose louder when the chaplain prayed." Charles sent him a message to be silent:—"Either," he said, "let him come and do as we do, or else I will make him prate further off." One of these squabbles nearly cost James the Second, then a baby, his life. His nurse, being a Roman Catholic, refused to take the oath of allegiance. The court endeavoured to convert her, but in their zeal they frightened the poor woman, and spoiled her milk, so that the health of the infant suffered. It was proposed to send her away, but the queen took her dismissal so much to heart, that the oath was dispensed with, and her milk probably recovered its virtue.*

The anger of Charles and his subjects had been roused to its highest pitch by a long succession of insults, and the dismissal of the whole party, whether by pacific or forcible means, became at length the resolute determination of the king. Naturally willing, however, to obtain their departure, if possible, without resorting to violent measures, and anxious also to avert an unnecessary rupture with the court of France, he wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, who was then in Paris, desiring him to communicate with the queen-mother on the subject.

"You must advertise my mother-in-law," writes Charles, "that I must remove all those instruments that are causes of unkindness between her daughter and me, few or none of her servants being free of this fault in one kind or other; therefore, I would be glad that she might find a means to make themselves suitors to be gone. If this be not, I hope there can be no exceptions taken at me to follow the example of Spain and Savoy in this particular.† So requiring of thee a speedy

* Strafford's Letters, vol. i. 141.

† The servants of a Spanish princess, who had misbehaved themselves under similar circumstances, had been expelled from France some years before. See Howell's Letters, 15th March, 1626.

answer of this business, (for the longer it is delayed the worse it will grow,) I rest,

"Your loving, faithful, constant friend,

"Hampton Court, "CHARLES REX.
the 20th of November, 1625."*

In consequence of this and other remonstrances, as well as the domestic infelicity which continued to increase between Charles and his queen, and the distinct orders which had been issued by the king, that the French retinue should forthwith quit his dominions, the Marshal de Bassompierre (perhaps the fittest person in Europe to conduct so delicate a negotiation) was despatched to England by the court of France, with the object of effecting a compromise. It was not without difficulty that Charles could be persuaded to receive the ambassador, and consequently when the subject came actually to be discussed, the meeting, as might have been expected, proved a stormy one. The king, in the heat of argument, inquired of Bassompierre why he did not at once execute his commission, and declare war? "I am not a herald," replied the other, "to declare war, but a marshal of France to make it when declared." Bassompierre has himself described the meeting: "The king," he says, "put himself into a great passion, and I, without losing my respect to him, replied to him in such wise, that, at last, yielding something, he conceded a great deal to me." He adds: "I witnessed there an instance of great boldness, not to say impudence, of the Duke of Buckingham, which was, that when he saw us the most warmed, he ran up suddenly, and threw himself between the king and me, saying, I am come to keep the peace between you two."† However, not all the art of the accomplished Bassompierre; not even the fear of incurring a war with France, nor the tears and entreaties of Henrietta, could induce Charles to grant any important concession, and the negotiation concluded by the foreigners receiving renewed orders to depart.

* Harl. MSS. 6988. † Embassy to England, p. 51.

Not till the very last moment, however, when the carriages and vessels were in actual readiness for their removal, had the French been acquainted with the final determination of Charles. Having fully made up his mind, he unexpectedly entered the queen's apartments for the purpose of announcing it. There, to his great indignation, he beheld a number of the queen's domestics *irreverently dancing and curvetting* in her presence. Taking Henrietta by the hand, he led her to a private chamber, and locked himself up with her alone. In the mean time Lord Conway had invited the French bishop, and others of the ecclesiastics, to accompany him into St. James's Park. Here, in a straightforward manner, he laid before them the king's unquestionable causes for complaint, and told them plainly that every one of the party, priests as well as laymen, young and old, male and female, must instantly depart the kingdom. The bishop replied that, as regarded himself, he stood in the light of an ambassador, and therefore could not possibly think of quitting the English court, unless by express directions of the king his master. However, Lord Conway informed him openly, that if he did not make up his mind to depart peacefully, there would not be the least scruple in getting rid of him by force.

Having thus communicated with the priests, Lord Conway, attended by the Treasurer and Comptroller of the Household, suddenly made his appearance among the rest of the establishment. Acquainting them in like manner with the king's resolution, he told them that it was his majesty's pleasure that they should instantly depart for Somerset House, and there await his majesty's further instructions. The women, we are informed, commenced howling and lamenting as if they were going to execution; and, evincing the most dogged determination to remain where they were, were eventually thrust out by the yeomen of the guard, and the doors of their apartments locked behind them.*

The same evening, when they were all assembled at

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 238.

Somerset House, the king appeared in person among them. He hoped, he said, that what he had done would not be taken amiss by his brother, the King of France; —that particular persons among them, for he would not mention names, had fostered discontent between the queen and himself, and had so embittered his domestic happiness that further endurance would be impossible. He asked their pardon, he said, if, by thus seeking his own safety and peace of mind, he interfered with their views; and concluded by adding, that his treasurer had received orders to remunerate every one of them for their year's service.* Madame St. George, a handsome and flippant French lady, was spokeswoman on the occasion, and endeavoured to expostulate with Charles, but his reply was even more peremptory than at first. This lady was personally obnoxious to Charles, having bred more mischief between himself and the queen than all the rest of the colony put together. She had even had the impudence to intrude herself in the coach with the king and queen, at a period, too, when that honour was never on any occasion allowed to a subject.†

But the bitterest task for Charles to perform was to encounter the sobs and remonstrances of Henrietta. That she might not behold the departure of her favourites from Whitehall, Charles, when he parted from her, had locked the door of her apartment. Her furious conduct on this occasion exceeded all bounds; she actually tore the hair from her head, and cut her hands severely by dashing them through the glass windows in the violence of her rage.‡

* In a little work, published at this time, entitled "The Life and Death of that matchless mirror of magnanimity, Henrietta Maria de Bourbon," the king's speech is as follows:—

"Gentlemen and Ladies,

"I am driven to that necessity as that I am personally come to acquaint you, that I very earnestly desire your departure into France. True it is, the deportment of some amongst you hath been very offensive to me, but others again have so dallied with my patience, and so highly affronted me, as I cannot, I will not, longer endure it." p. 14.

† Life of Henrietta Maria, pp. 14 and 17.

‡ Howell; Peyton; Ellis's Orig. Letters.

These events took place in the early part of July 1626; and yet, notwithstanding the king's firmness and extreme anxiety on the subject, we find the French still domiciled at Somerset House after more than a month had elapsed. The patience of Charles being now entirely worn out, he dictated the following note,—evidently in hearty anger,—to the Duke of Buckingham:

"STEENIE,

"I have received your letter by Dic Græme; this is my answer:—I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town, if you can by fair means (but stick not long in disputing), otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me have no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest,

"Your faithful, constant, loving friend,

"CHARLES REX."

"Oaking, the 7th of August, 1626,"

(Superscribed) "The Duke of Buckingham."

Four days afterwards, appears the following passage in a letter of the period, dated 11th August, 1626. "On Monday last was the peremptory day for the departure of the French; what time the king's officers attending with coaches, carts, and barges, they contumaciously refused to go, saying they would not depart till they had order from their king; and above all, the bishop stood upon his punctilios. This news being sent in post to the king, on Tuesday morning his Majesty despatched away to London the captain of the guard, attended with a competent number of his yeomen, as likewise with heralds, messengers, and trumpeters, first, to proclaim his majesty's pleasure at Somerset House gate; which, if it were not speedily obeyed, the yeomen of the guard were to put it in execution, by turning all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them. Which news, as soon as the

French heard, their courage came down, and they yielded to be gone the next tide."*

The appointed hour having arrived, Lord Conway, together with the treasurer and comptroller, proceeded to Somerset House, to witness the departure of the malcontents. Lord Conway, with his colleagues, first attended the bishop to the door of his coach, where this captious gentleman again made a stand, praying, as a last favour, that he might be allowed to wait for the midnight tide, and thus escape the observation and ridicule of the crowd. The request was a natural one, and was civilly granted.

It required four days, and nearly forty carriages, to transport the expelled Catholics to Dover. At first they appeared extremely dogged and sullen, but the good fare, and kind entertainment, which every where awaited them on the road, and the natural vivacity of their country, gradually dispelled their feelings of disgust: still, the derision of the mob must have been any thing but agreeable. As Madame St. George was stepping into the boat at Dover, a bystander took an aim at her strange head-dress with a stone. An English gentleman, who was escorting her, instantly quitted her side, and running his sword through the offender's body, killed him on the spot.†

CHAPTER V.

The liberality of Charles, when he found it imperative on him to dismiss the queen's French attendants, had been kingly and munificent in the extreme. The list of donations is preserved among the Harleian MSS., and

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 245.
† Cur. of Lit. vol. v. p. 256; Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 248.

amounts to 22,672*l.* Not content, however, with this profuse generosity, the women commenced such a disgraceful and sweeping attack on the queen's wardrobe, that they actually left but one gown and "two smocks to her back." Probably jewels and other articles of value were likewise purloined, for even the lords of the council interfered, and it was attempted to enforce a restitution: we are informed, however, that an old satin gown was all they could be prevailed on to return.* The same roguery was also attempted in the queen's stables, her Master of the Horse, the Count de Scipieres, laying claim to all the horses and furniture under his charge.

But the most ingenious attempt was one of extortion, in which the queen herself, from a weak regard for her favourites, consented to be a party concerned. They drew up a long list of various sums, for which they asserted Henrietta to be their debtor, amounting in all to 19,000*l.* The queen at first took the debt upon her, but on being earnestly questioned by Charles, eventually acknowledged the imposture.†

Surely there is no part of the foregoing narrative which does not tend to exonerate Charles from the sweeping accusation of matrimonial tameness, which has been so often and so sedulously brought against him. He has himself left us an account of what he endured at this period. Naturally anxious to justify his conduct to his brother-in-law, the French king, he despatched Lord Carlton as his ambassador to Paris, and, in his instructions to that nobleman, enters into a full detail of the queen's behaviour, and of his own feelings. This curious document was originally published by order of the Parliament in the "King's Cabinet Opened," in which interesting collection it may be consulted by the curious.

That Charles, at this period, had frequent misunderstandings with his queen there can be no question; the fault, however, was most decidedly on the part of Henrietta; indeed, if we are to consider as authentic the

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 238. † Ibid. p. 245.

instrument just alluded to, and it certainly bears all the features of truth, there can be little doubt but that, at this period, she constantly behaved herself towards him with the most insufferable insolence. Their quarrels were doubtless fomented by Buckingham, who trembled lest the queen should obtain an undue influence over her husband. "The Queen of England," says Madame de Motteville, "related to me, that quickly after her marriage with King Charles the First, she had some dislike to the king her husband, and that Buckingham fomented it; that gentleman saying to her face, that he would set her and her husband at variance, if he could." It is evident, from the account given by Bassompierre of his embassy into England, and also from the letters of the time, that Henrietta was almost daily either in tears or in a passion. Bassompierre mentions the circumstance of the king entering an apartment in which he was conversing with Henrietta, when, it appears, she instantly "picked a quarrel" with her husband;—"the king," he adds, "took me to his chamber, and talked a great deal with me, making me complaints of the queen, his wife."* With the dismissal of the French train, peace and comfort seem for the first time to have visited the domestic privacy of Charles.

The accusation which has been brought against Charles, of having been unfaithful to the marriage-bed, rests almost entirely on the assertions of the republican triumvirate, Milton, Peyton, and Lilly, whose charges are as vague as their minds were prejudiced. Lilly remarks, that "the king *rarely* frequented illicit beds, and that he had not heard of *above one or two* natural children whom he had, or left behind him."† Peyton enters rather more into detail: "The queen," he says, "was very jealous of the king, insomuch as he loving a very great lady now alive, whom he had for a mistress, to the intent he might have more freedom with her, sent her lord into the Low Countries; in the mean while daily courts her at Oxford, in her husband's

* Embassy to England, p. 64. † Lilly's Life of Charles I. p. 11.

and the queen's absence: but the lord returning, the king diverted his affectionate thoughts to another married lady, of whom the queen was jealous on her return from France, so that on a time this lady being in Queen Mary's presence and dressed *à-la-mode*, the queen, viewing her round, told the lady she would be a better mistress for a king than a wife for a knight. The lady, replied, 'Madam, I had rather be a mistress to a king, than any man's wife in the world.' For which answer she was constrained to absent herself from court a long time." The same writer alludes to the jealousy and indignation of Charles, on seeing a certain nobleman handing through the court at Whitehall, a lady whom he "dearly loved."*

But the most unfair attack is that of Milton. "Have you the impudence," he writes to Salmasius, "to commend his chastity and sobriety who is known to have committed all manner of lewdness in company with his confidant the Duke of Buckingham? It were to no purpose to inquire into the private actions of his life who publicly at plays would embrace and kiss the ladies lasciviously, not to mention the rest." All this the republican and "holy poet" must have well known to be false. It is to be observed that no authority whatever is adduced for any one of these charges; that the name of no lady is even so much as hinted at; and that the writers of this wretched scandal, especially Milton and Peyton, were rancorous and bigoted to the last degree, and we shall have little difficulty in rescuing the character of Charles from their impudent and malignant aspersions.

So little ground is there, indeed, for accusing Charles of adultery, that it may be questioned whether any single instance can be brought forward of his having, even before marriage, been engaged in an intrigue. Peyton of course comes forward with one of his unsupported scandals, and informs us that, when unmarried, he "had for his mistress a great married lady by whom he had

* Divine Catastrophe of the House of Stuart.

a boy," and that at the christening he presented the child with 8000*l.* There is, however, a letter extant from Charles, when he was Prince of Wales, addressed to the Duke of Buckingham, which may, perhaps, lead to a doubt of his immaculacy. It has certainly reference to some intrigue in which Charles was engaged, but whether that intrigue was of an amorous or of a political nature, the reader must judge for himself.

"STEENIE,

"I have nothing now to write to you, but to give you thanks both for the good counsel you gave me, and for the event of it. The king gave me a good sharp position; but you took away the working of it, by the well-relished comfites ye sent after it. I have met with the party, that must not be named, once already; and the culler of writing this letter, 'shall make me meet with her on Saturday, although it is written to-day, being Thursday. So assuring you that the business goes safely on, I rest your constant friend. CHARLES.

"I hope you will not show the king this letter; but put it in the safe custody of Mr. Vulcan."*

With half a nation for his enemies, including numbers too willing to blacken his character, on little or no foundation, and filling an exalted situation, where the most unimportant action was eagerly watched and noted down, it is impossible not to believe, that if Charles had been an immoral character, it would have descended trumpet-tongued to posterity. The few clumsy charges which have been brought forward may be considered, perhaps, as the strongest evidence of his unsullied virtue.

Indeed, the unimpeachable morality of Charles procured for him from his contemporaries the expressive title of the *White King*. The name appears to have had some allusion to the dress which he wore at his coronation, and partly perhaps, to an absurd construction of an ancient prophecy, published by the astrologer,

* Harris, vol. ii. p. 46.

Lilly, with which he endeavoured to identify Charles.* At the funeral of the king, the snow fell thick upon the black velvet pall which covered his coffin. "It was all white," says his faithful follower, Sir Thomas Herbert, "the colour of innocency. So went the *White King* to his grave."† Osborne gives him the same title, but of course introduces it in derision.

The court of Charles was scarcely less strict than that of his puritanical successor, Oliver Cromwell. Every species of immorality was regarded with horror, and even levity was confined within proper bounds. The king set the example of decency, and his courtiers followed it. In the Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, a valuable compliment is paid by his republican lady to the well-regulated propriety of the court of Charles. "The face of the court," she says, "was much changed in the change of the king; for King Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious, so that the fools and bawds, mimics, and catamites, of the former court, grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debaucheries, had yet that reverence to the king, to retire into corners to practise them."

The amusements of Charles were such as conferred honour on genius, and gave encouragement to virtue and the arts. There is no writer of the period whose productions are not more decent than those of either the preceding or subsequent reigns. Walpole, who hated equally the king and his politics, in a passage not unworthy of the occasion, has at least done justice to his taste, and the high refinement of his court. "During the prosperous state of the king's affairs, the pleasures of the court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music, and architecture, were all called in to make them rational amusements; and I have no doubt but the celebrated festivals of Louis the Fourteenth, were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in its time the most polite court in Europe.

* See Lilly's Life of himself. † Herbert's Memoirs, p. 206.

Ben Jonson was the laureat; Inigo Jones, the inventor of the decorations; Laniere and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; the king, the queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes."* To the names given by Walpole, we may add those of Milton and Selden. The "Masque of Comus," written by the former, and the scenic contrivances of the latter, may afford some conception of the rational amusements of the court of Charles. Marshal Bassompierre mentions his state introduction to Charles and Henrietta: "I found the king," he says, "on a stage raised two steps, the queen and he in two chairs, who rose at the first bow I made them on coming in. *The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite.*" This was a high compliment from the most elegant man in Europe, and perhaps, the best judge of his time as to the merits of such a scene.

Among the Strafford Letters we find numerous allusions to the amusements of the court of Charles, as described to the Earl of Strafford by his amusing correspondent Mr. Garrard. On the 9th of January, 1633, the latter writes:—"I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at court this year, but one play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The queen had some little infirmity, the bile, or some such thing, which made her keep in; only on Twelfth Night she feasted the king at Somerset House, and presented him with a play, newly studied, "The Faithful Shepherdess,"† which the king's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your lordship, that the dicing night the king carried away in James Palmer's hat, 1850*l.* The queen was his half, and brought him that luck; she shared presently 900*l.* There are two masques in hand, the first

* Walpole's Works, vol. iii. 271.

† The Faithful Shepherdess: a Dramatic Pastoral, by J. Fletcher. The epilogue was spoken by Lady Mary Mordaunt, probably a daughter of Lewis, third Baron Mordaunt. The Faithful Shepherdess had previously met with an unfavourable reception on the public stage.—*Biog. Dram.* vol. ii. p. 216.

of the Inns of Court, which is to be presented on Candlemas day, the other the king presents the queen with on Shrove Tuesday, at night. High expenses; they speak of 20,000*l.* that it will cost the men of the law.".

Again, Mr. Garrard writes to the earl on the 27th of February following:—"On Monday after Candlemas day, the gentlemen of the Inns of Court presented their masque at court: there were sixteen in number, who rode through the streets in four chariots, and two others to carry their pages and musicians, attended by an hundred gentlemen on great horses, as well clad as I ever saw any: they far exceeded in beauty any masque that had formerly been presented by those societies, and performed the dancing part with much applause. In their company there was one Mr. Read, of Gray's Inn, whom all the women and some men cried up for as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham."†

It may be interesting to insert the dramatis personæ of one of those celebrated masques, once the glory of Whitehall. The following is the court "play bill," at the performance of the Cœlum Britannicum, of which Carew, one of the most elegant of love poets, was the author, and Inigo Jones the inventor and director of the machinery.

THE NAMES OF THE MASQUES.

THE KING'S MAJESTY.

DUKE OF LENNOX,	LORD FIELDING,
EARL OF DEVONSHIRE,	LORD DIGBY,
EARL OF HOLLAND,	LORD DUNGARVON,
EARL OF NEWPORT,	LORD DUNCLUE,
EARL OF ELGIN,	LORD WHARTON,
VISCOUNT GRANDISON,	LORD PAGET,
LORD RICH,	LORD SALTOUN.

* Stafford's Letters, vol. i. p. 177 and 207.

THE NAMES OF THE YOUNG LORDS AND NOBLEMEN'S SONS.

LORD WALDEN,	MR. THOMAS HOWARD,
LORD CRANBORN,	MR. THOMAS EGERTON,
LORD BRACKLEY,	MR. CHAS. CAVENDISH,
LORD CHANDOS,	MR. ROBERT HOWARD,
MR. WILLIAM HERBERT,	MR. HENRY SPENCER.*

Even the political misfortunes, which began to press upon Charles, could not altogether destroy his interest in the fine arts; and though their splendour had certainly somewhat faded, his favourite masques continued still to be a source of enjoyment. Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, in a letter to his sister, the Countess of Leicester, dated 5th December, 1639, thus writes: "The king and queen have begun to practise their masque: a company of worse faces did I never see assembled than the queen hath gotten together upon this occasion, not one new woman amongst them. My Lady Carnarvon conditioned, before she would promise to be of the masques, that it should not be danced upon a Sunday, for she is grown so devout by conversing with my Lord Powis and the Doctor, that now she will neither dance nor see a play upon the Sabbath. I assure you their majesties are not less busy now than formerly you have seen them at the like exercise."†

* Carew's Works, p. 269.

† Collins's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 621. In a letter of the time it is said, "The Masking House is nearly ready, and 1400*l.* is appointed for the charge of a masque at Twelfth Night." *Collins's Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 531.—Mr. D'Israeli says, "The fullest account I have found of one of these entertainments, which at once show the curiosity of the scenical machinery and the fancy of the poet, the richness of the crimson habits of the gentlemen, and the white dresses, with white herons' plumes and jewelled head-dresses and ropes of pearls, of the ladies, was in a manuscript letter of the time, with which I supplied the editor of Jonson, who has preserved the narrative in his memoirs of that poet." "Such were the magnificent entertainments," says Mr. Gifford, in his introduction to Massinger, "which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached, even in thought."—*Cur. of Lit.* vol. v. p. 223.

Charles was not only well-informed in all matters of court etiquette, and in the particular duties of each individual of his household, but enjoined their performance with remarkable strictness. Ferdinando Masham, one of the esquires of his body, has recorded a curious anecdote relative to the king's nice exaction of such observances: "I remember," he says, "that coming to the king's bed-chamber door, which was bolted on the inside, the late Earl of Bristol, then being in waiting and lying there, he unbolted the door upon my knocking, and asked me, 'What news?'—I told him I had a letter for the king. The earl then demanded the letter of me, which I told him I could deliver to none but the king himself: upon which the king said,—'The esquire is in the right; for he ought not to deliver any letter or message to any but myself, he being at this time the chief officer of my house; and if he had delivered the letter to any other, I should not have thought him fit for his place.'" It seems that, after a certain hour, when the guard was set, and the "All-night" served up, the royal household was considered under the sole command of the esquire in waiting.* "The king," says Lord Clarendon, "kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be."

Although Charles formed many friendships from among his own subjects, he never lost sight of the dignity of his own station, and was peculiarly tenacious of

* Pegges's Curialia, vol. i. part 1, p. 23. Charles was probably well aware, of what modern wisdom seems inclined to forget, that the vulgar are easily caught by appearances, and that the *trappings* of monarchy are in no slight degree its supporters. We naturally call to mind an anecdote, related by Walpole, of the conduct of a certain Spanish ambassador who abandoned a Congress because he was unable to obtain precedence over the French deputy. On his return to his own court, he waited on the king and explained his conduct. "What!" said the indignant monarch, "could you think of abandoning such an important business for the sake of a ceremony!" The ambassador piqued at the reflection, answered with great spirit: "A ceremony! What is your majesty yourself but a ceremony!" It may be remarked that Sir Henry Wotton used wittily to define an ambassador, as "a man sent abroad to tell lies for the good of his country."

any undue familiarity when the license emanated not from himself. When in the west of England, during the civil troubles, Dr. Thomas Wykes, Dean of Burien in Cornwall, an inveterate punster, happening to be riding near him, extremely well mounted,—"Doctor," said the king, "you have a pretty nag under you; pray how old is he?" Wykes, unable to repress, even in the presence of majesty, the indifferent conceit which presented itself; —"If it please your majesty," he said, "he is in the second year of his reign" (rein). Charles discovered some displeasure at this unlicensed ribaldry. "Go," he replied, "you are a fool."*

Though kind and considerate to those about him, the manners of Charles, unfortunately for himself, were by nature far from either graceful or conciliating; and considering the peculiar period in which he lived, and how influential is the well-timed civility of a king, the deficiency was a real misfortune. It was afterwards said of his son, Charles the Second, that he denied favours with more grace than his father bestowed them.

The unfavourable impression conveyed by the manners of Charles, was owing, in a great degree, to a natural impediment in his speech. At times he stammered so painfully that it was with difficulty he could bring out a word. This infirmity would seem to have been hereditary, for his father's tongue is described as being too large for his mouth, and Charles himself was unable to speak till he was four years old. It is remarkable that this imperfection left him at his trial, and that he addressed his inhuman judges on that memorable occasion with extraordinary fluency and ease. Lilly, who heard him, authenticates the fact.

There was undoubtedly, however, in Charles, a want of tact in his general address, as well as an impediment in his speech. This defect of manner will, perhaps, be best exemplified by the following lively passage, which occurs in a letter from the Countess Leicester to her husband, when the latter was ambassador at Paris: it is

* Pope's Life of Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, p. 59.

dated 14th March, 1636;—"Since my coming to town, I have been twice at the court, because I did not see the king the first time, but from the queen I received then expectations of her favour to you: the elector also made me some compliments concerning you, much handsomer than I expected from him. In his majesty, I found an inclination to show me some kindness, but he could not find the way; at last he told me, that he perceived I was too kind to my husband when he was with me, which kept me lean, for he thought me much fatter than I used to be. This short speech was worse to me than an absolute silence, for I blushed, and was so extremely out of countenance, that all the company laughed at me."*

The learning and accomplishments of Charles were of no ordinary kind. He was an excellent mathematician; well read in the history and laws of his country, and had studied divinity as deeply as any of his contemporaries. He perfectly understood the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, and was conversant with, and appreciated the classics. He had studied carefully the arts and manufactures, and himself observed, that he believed he could earn his livelihood by any one of them except "weaving in tapestry." He said at another time, that, were he compelled to make choice of a profession, he would not be a lawyer:—"I could not," he added, "defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one." His conference with Henderson, and especially his negotiation with the parliamentary commissioners, on which latter occasion he combated, unaided, the arguments of some of the wisest men in England, afford high proof of the vigour of his intellect and the depth of his scholastic knowledge. The highest compliment ever paid to the mental powers of Charles, proceeds from his adversary Henderson himself. This famous disputant and theologian,—this gifted Presbyterian, on whose controversial genius the hopes of thousands of enthusiasts were fixed,—who was to have annihilated the arguments of his sovereign, and to have made him a convert to Presbyterianism,—thus

* Collins's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 472.

speaks of the illustrious antagonist, over whose arguments and principles he had anticipated an easy conquest:—"I do declare before God and the world, whether in relation to Kirk or State, I found his majesty the most intelligent man that ever I spoke with; as far beyond my expression as expectation. I profess that I was oftentimes astonished with the solidity and quickness of his reasons and replies, wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess, that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction; yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatsoever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that such resolution and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of the Divine grace. I dare say, if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that is committed, should have been prevented."* Charles, like his father, held literature in great respect. On one occasion, when with the army at Oxford, he sent to the Bodleian Library to borrow a book. He was told that by the rules of the institution, no book was permitted to be lent out of the library. Instead of persisting in his request, he went instantly to the Bodleian, and examined personally the volume he required.

Charles, among his other accomplishments, is said to have been a painter; and it has even been affirmed that Rubens corrected some of his drawings.† That great artist, in one of his letters, mentions as one of his chief inducements to visit England, that he has been credibly informed the prince of that country is the best judge of art in Europe.‡

Few of our kings have had the least perception of the beautiful. Charles the First is undoubtedly the only

* Echard, vol. ii. p. 557.
† Anecdotes of Painting; Walpole's Works, vol. iii. p. 182.
‡ Seaward's Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 168.

monarch of this country to whom the arts may be considered as under an obligation. His collection of statues, paintings, models, and antiquities, must have been superb in the extreme; and but for the interruption of the civil troubles, and the tasteless devastation which followed, the cabinet of the court of England would still have been the envy of the polite world. Besides objects of taste, such as had descended to him from former monarchs, he had himself collected for many years with vast labour and expense. He had added to his gallery of pictures the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, considered the most splendid in Europe.* The price of paintings on the Continent rose, it is affirmed, to double their value, in consequence of a competition between Charles and Philip the Fourth of Spain, another royal collector. It has even been asserted, that Charles was once on the point of an agreement with Vandyke, that, for the immense sum of eighty thousand pounds, he should adorn the walls of the Banqueting House at Whitehall with the ceremonies of the Order of the Garter. Such a building, embellished by such an artist, would indeed have been the glory of Europe.† The Banqueting House, however, in the reign of Charles, was decorated with some of his choicest pictures; and we find him refusing to permit one of the queen's favourite masques to be performed in it, lest the lights should damage the collection: the incident, however trifling, is a proof of his care for the arts.‡

We have several other evidences of the taste and refinement of Charles. At Mortlake he patronised a manufacture of tapestry, which, but for the age of barbarism which followed, might have rivalled the boasted Gobelins of Paris. He delighted in the company of learned men, and in their society is said to have been more social and at his ease than on any other oc-

* Some of these pictures were unfortunately spoiled by the quicksilver on their frames.—*Anecdotes of Painting; Walpole's Works*, vol. iii. p. 183.

† Fenton's Waller, Notes, p. 37; Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 235.

‡ Strafford Letters, vol. ii. p. 140.

casion. He loved and understood music, and was himself a pupil of Cooper's, and performed on the viol di Gamba. He was a friend of the poets, especially of Ben Jonson, and of May, the translator of Lucan. Milton speaks of Shakspeare as the "closet companion of his solitudes."

To the patriots and avengers of 1648 we are indebted for the loss of the magnificent collection of Charles. It is to be regretted that the conductors of popular convulsions have been rarely men of refinement. The year before the death of Charles, his splendid effects, his unique cabinet, the delight of his leisure hours, were directed by the Parliament to be sold. Some ignorant individuals, who styled themselves commissioners, were appointed the appraisers. The inventory took a year in drawing up, and the collection three years in selling. The catalogue is preserved among the Harleian MSS., and is entitled, "An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, &c. belonging to King Charles I. sold by order of the Council of State from the year 1649 to 1652."

Each article or lot had its price previously fixed, and nothing could exceed the gross barbarity and want of taste in the valuation. This Gothic insensibility and ignorance, however mattered little; for except a slight occasional competition, the price given seldom exceeded the appraisement. It is curious to discover what in those days was considered the value of pictures, which are now deservedly regarded as beyond price. The celebrated cartoons of Raphael were valued at only £300, and what is more remarkable were "knocked down" without a purchaser. The six following pictures alone brought a price which could be considered as equivalent to their worth.

A Sleeping Venus, by Corregio, sold for 1,000*l.*
A Madonna, by Raphael, 2,000*l.*
A Picture, by Julio Romano, 500*l.*
A Madonna and Christ, by Raphael, 800*l.*
A Venus and Pard, by Titian, 600*l.*

The following have been mentioned as remarkable

for the insignificant sums at which they were purchased.

The Woman taken in Adultery, by Rubens, 20*l.*
Peace and Plenty, by Rubens, 100*l.*
Venus attired by the Graces, by Guido, 200*l.**

The Duke of Buckingham and his brother, one of the finest efforts of Vandyke, was valued at 30*l.* and sold for 50*l.* Christ, the Virgin, and "many Angels dancing," by Vandyke, was also only valued at 40*l.* Walpole informs us, that his father afterwards gave 700*l.* for this picture, and that it had been previously twice sold for upwards of 1,000*l.* Titian's pictures were generally appraised at 100*l.* But the valuation of the following list is really ludicrous.

King Edward III. with a great curtain before it, 4*l.*
A Portrait of Buchanan, 3*l.* 10*s.*
Queen Elizabeth, in her robes, 1*l.*
The Queen Mother, in mourning, 3*l.*
The King, when a Boy, 2*l.*
Picture of the Queen, when with child, 5*s.*

The valuable collection of coins sold, on the average, at about a shilling apiece. The pictures, together with the furniture of *nineteen*† palaces which had belonged to

* The following account of various sums, paid by Charles I. to Vandyke and Rubens, will, doubtless, be considered as curious.

"To Sir Anthony Vandyck, for divers pictures, viz. our own royal portraiture; another of Monsieur, the French King's brother; and particular of the Archduchess, at length, at 25*l.* apiece. One of our royal consort; another of the Prince of Orange; and another of their son, at half-length, at 20*l.* apiece. One great piece of our royal self, consort, and children, 100*l.* One of the Emperor Vetellius, 20*l.*; and for mending the picture of the Emperor Galbus, 5*l.*

"To Sir Anthony Vandyck, 444*l.* for nine pictures of our royal self, and most dearest consort the queen; 40*l.* for the picture of our dearest consort the queen, by him made, and by our command delivered unto our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, the Lord Viscount Wentworth, our Deputy of Ireland.

"To Sir Peter Rubens, Knight, 3,000*l.* for certain pictures from him sold unto us."—*Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham. Introduction. London*, 1835.

† Granger incidentally mentions the number of the king's palaces as *twenty-four*. Including the old Scotch palaces, they probably amounted to even more than this number.

Charles, and the remains of the jewels and plate which had not already been sold for the maintenance of the royal cause, fetched the comparatively trifling sum of one hundred and eighteen thousand and eighty pounds, ten shillings, and sixpence.*

It has been remarked as a singular circumstance, that a sale so magnificent, and so extensive as to occupy three years in its accomplishment, should have failed in exciting a greater degree of attention in foreign princes. This apathy, however, may in some degree have originated in feelings of delicacy. Lord Clarendon mentions incidentally, that some of the king's pictures, as well as the rich furniture of his palaces, were *privately* purchased by the Spanish envoys for their master. The unsettled state of the public mind in England may account for the want of taste displayed in our own country upon this melancholy occasion. Those who had alike the mind to appreciate and the power to purchase, had been displaced by those who had neither. It may here be remarked, that some idle toys, obtained probably for the amusement of Henrietta, or the decoration of her apartments, were purchased at large prices, while, as we have already seen, the works of the first artists were valued at sums which, in these days, would scarcely exceed the annual interest of their purchase-money.

CHAPTER VI.

THE history of the civil wars has been recounted in more than one painfully interesting narrative, and is so familiar to the reader, that repetition would be but tedious and unprofitable. Nevertheless, in a work pro-

* See Walpole's Works, vol. iii. p. 201; and Curiosities of Literature, vol. v. p. 22; for further particulars respecting the Cabinet of Charles and its remarkable disposal.

fessedly devoted to private history, it is impossible to pass over in silence so remarkable a period in the personal history of Charles as his captivity and his death.

The battle of Naseby was decisive to the fortunes of Charles, and from henceforward he virtually ceased to be a king. It was at the close of this action that he is said to have ridden along the ranks, animating his men with his voice and hand, and imploring them not to desert him in his need: "one charge more," he exclaimed, "and we recover the day." His courage, indeed, has never been called in question, even by his most furious maligners, and on more than one occasion elicited the admiration of even his enemies. During the course of the civil struggles, that courage had ever appeared as eminent on the field of battle, as it afterwards shone illustrious on the scaffold. But now, surrounded by enemies on all sides, he retired to Oxford, which had been faithful to him during every change, and where, for the last time, he was regarded and respected as a free monarch. But Fairfax was fast approaching with a victorious army. The prospect of being led away captive by his own subjects; the thought of their triumphant shouts; of becoming the dependent of absurd enthusiasts and ruined projectors, was too humiliating to endure. Accordingly, though not till Fairfax was within three days' march of Oxford, the king decided on flight. But even at the moment of departure he had scarcely made up his mind which way to turn, or in what friend to trust;—whether to proceed to London, or to throw himself on the generosity of the Scottish army. About a month before he quitted Oxford, he addressed a letter to Lord Digby, in which is the following characteristic passage: "I desire you," says the high-minded monarch, "to assure all my friends, that *if I cannot live as a king I shall die like a gentleman*, without doing that which may make honest men blush for me."*

Charles selected but two individuals as the com-

* Carte; Life of the Duke of Ormond, vol. iii. Appendix, No. 433.

panions of his flight. These were his faithful follower Ashburnham, and Dr. Hudson, a clergyman, who was intimately acquainted with the features and by-parts of the country through which the fugitives must necessarily pass. The king himself was disguised as the servant of Ashburnham. On the night of the 27th of April, 1646, orders having been given at the different gates of the town to allow to three persons a free pass, Charles proceeded over Magdalen Bridge, and commenced his sorrowful journey. The principal reliance of the fugitives was in an old pass which they had procured from an officer of the royal army, and which afterwards proved of the greatest assistance. Even at their first stage, Dorchester in Oxfordshire, where a troop of dragoons were quartered, they escaped examination by its means.*

From Dorchester they proceeded, by way of Henley and Maidenhead, as near to London as Brentford, where Charles again hesitated as to the expediency of throwing himself on the honour of the Parliament and the loyalty of the citizens. At Benson, they had been closely questioned by a party of horse, but Ashburnham asserting they belonged to the commons, they were again allowed to proceed. One circumstance caused them great annoyance: a soldier in Ireton's regiment had actually joined company, and proceeded with them from Nettlebed as far as Slough. This man, perceiving the liberal manner in which Hudson distributed money to the guards, turned to the king, whom (being dressed as a servant and having a saddlebag before him,) he naturally regarded as his equal, and inquired if his master was of the House of Lords? Charles answered calmly, that his master was merely of the Lower House.

At Brentford, they turned their faces towards the north, and after some stay at Harrow on the Hill, came to Uxbridge, where they deceived another guard with their pass. At Hillingdon, a village near that town, they remained about three hours; and here the king

* Desid. Cur. lib. ix. p. 9; Clarendon, vol. v. p. 393.

endured another painful conflict, as to whether he should proceed further northward, or return to London and throw himself on the generosity of his subjects. After a severe struggle, it was decided, however, that they should prosecute their original intention, and they therefore proceeded cautiously towards St. Albans. In passing through that town they were encountered by an "old man with a halbert," who inquired to what party they belonged? Hudson told him to the Parliament, and throwing him a sixpence they again proceeded on their way. But they had scarcely left St. Albans above a mile behind them, when they perceived a horseman galloping towards them at his utmost speed. Charles and Ashburnham, in some consternation, turned out of the direct road, while Hudson faced about to meet the suspicious person. It proved, however, to be merely a drunken cavalier, who passed on his way without taking any notice of the party, or even of the salutation of Hudson, who civilly greeted him. From hence the king proceeded through Larborough in Leicestershire, Stamford Downham in Norfolk, (near which place he passed the night at a common village inn,) and at length arrived at Newark, where he formally delivered himself to Lord Leven, the general of the Scottish army. It may be remarked, that it was nine days after his quitting Oxford, before the Parliament received the least intimation of the king's proceedings. They were naturally much discomposed at his flight, and had issued a proclamation, threatening instant death to whoever should harbour the royal fugitive.*

Charles ere long had sufficient reason to repent the step which he had taken. He neither experienced that attachment from the Scots which he had anticipated, nor even that ordinary respect which misfortune had a right to claim. His person was closely guarded, and he was refused all communication and correspondence with those who were dear to him; while, at the same time, he was daily insulted by pulpit insolence, or wearied by

* Desid. Cur. lib. ix. p. 9. 21.

pulpit absurdity. One would have thought that afflicted majesty,—that the extreme of human misfortune,—a monarch deprived of his throne, his freedom, and his children, might have been compassioned under any circumstances, and might even have claimed respect from political zealots or the wildest of religious fanatics. But the surly and acrimonious Covenanters were as devoid of humanity as they were of taste, and the captive and traduced monarch was daily insulted by their unfeeling exhortations and pious barbarity. Among other instances of his being personally affronted by these zealots, the following is well known. In the very presence of the persecuted monarch, one of their preachers had appointed, as part of the service of the day, the psalm which commences,

> "Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
> Thy wicked deeds to praise?"

As soon as the words were given out, the king rose from his seat, and calmly proposed to substitute the psalm, which thus begins,

> "Have mercy, Lord, on me I pray,
> For men would me devour."

The congregation kindly sided with Charles, and sang the more appropriate version.

From the time of that great national stain, the iniquitous sale of his person by the Scottish army, till we find him a prisoner of the Parliament in his own house at Holdenby, there is little remarkable in the king's personal history. The tidings of that atrocious transfer, and the proposed change of keepers, were first communicated to him by letter. He was amusing himself at chess at the time: but so far was he from being agitated at the important change which awaited him, that he continued the game with the same apparent interest, and the same undisturbed placidity of manner.

Holdenby, or Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, was one of his own *nineteen* palaces, where he had passed some of the happiest moments of his youth. When Duke of York, it had been purchased for him by

his mother, Anne of Denmark, who little anticipated that it would hereafter become the prison of her favourite child. It had originally been built by Lord Chancellor Hatton, and shortly after receiving the last visit of Charles, was pulled down by a decree of the Parliament. During his journey to this place, Charles was received with every show of affection, and sometimes even with enthusiasm, by his subjects. On his arrival we are told, "very many country gentlemen, gentlewomen, and others of ordinary rank, stood ready there, to welcome the king, with joyful countenances and prayers."*

At Holmby his situation was somewhat improved. There was at least the appearance of a court; he was allowed the services of persons whom he could trust, and the society of those whom he loved. It is remarkable, too, that the parliamentary commissioners waited on him with all due observance at his meals.† In order to defray in part his household expenses at this period, according to a proposition of the Committee of Revenue, dated 5th February, 1647, the communion plate at Whitehall was sacrilegiously melted. The committee report to the House of Commons, that the "vestry plate, hitherto set upon the altar of his majesty's chapel at Whitehall," consists as follows:

A paire of great candlesticks,	Two gilt layres,
One gilt shipp,	A square basonn and fountaine,
Two gilt vases,	A silver rodd.

Charles, though restricted in liberty, was not altogether deprived of amusement;—and no man could have greater resources in himself. In the mornings he either

* Herbert, p. 15.—"It is noteworthy," says Herbert, "that through most parts where his majesty passed, some out of curiosity, but most (it may be presumed) for love, flocked to behold him, and accompanied him with acclamations of joy, and with their prayers for his preservation; and, that not any of the troopers, who guarded the king, gave those country people any check or disturbance, as the king passed, that could be observed, a civility his majesty was well pleased with."—*Herbert*, vol. v. p. 14. Heath says, that he was "gratulated all the way to Holmby by the people, as in a progress."—*Chron. of the Civil Wars*, p. 128.

† Clarendon, vol. v. p. 422; Herbert, p. 16.

rode out on horseback, or paced up and down the gravel walks at Holmby. He was a fast walker, and the Earl of Pembroke, the "memorable simpleton," who was generally forced upon him as his companion, had some difficulty in keeping pace with him in the exercise. Bowls was a game in which Charles had ever taken great pleasure; and as there was no bowling-green at Holmby, he constantly rode over, either to Althorp or Harrowden, (the latter a house of Lord Vaux,) where he might divert himself with his favourite amusement. The commissioners were commonly his companions in the sport. It would be difficult to imagine a more remarkable scene than that of the recent competitors for sovereignty becoming peaceful rivals in such a homely diversion.

In one of his excursions to Harrowden, he encountered, under peculiar circumstances, the face of an old friend. During the period Charles was a prisoner of the Scots at Newcastle, he had despatched a faithful adherent, Major Bosville, to Paris, with an important letter to the queen. Bosville, having obtained a reply, continued several days lurking in the neighbourhood of Holmby, before an opportunity offered of delivering his despatch. Three nights he spent at the meanest cottages, and twice slept under furze bushes in the open air. At last, disguised as a countryman, and with a fishing-rod in his hand, seizing an opportunity of the king riding over a narrow bridge, he surreptitiously placed the important document in his majesty's hands. Unfortunately the commissioners witnessed the movement; but Charles told them it was merely a letter from the queen, containing a recommendation that the prince should serve in the French army during the next campaign. Bosville was afterwards examined by the wary commissioners, but whether he suffered for his loyalty does not appear. The gallant soldier, it seems, had made up his mind to force the letter into the hands of Charles, even though he should be surrounded by the parliamentary guards, and with their pistols pointed at his head.

Many similar attempts at communicating with the captive monarch were prevented by the watchfulness of the Parliament. One Mary Cave, of a decent family at Stanford, had been enlisted in the royal cause, and had engaged to deliver a letter to the king. She happened to be acquainted with the landlady of one of the parliamentary captains, who was at that time employed as a guard over his sovereign. The landlady had requested the officer to obtain, for her young friend, the honour of kissing the king's hand, to which the latter had good-naturedly consented. But in the mean time the landlady had acquainted her husband with the design, which the man, unwilling to risk a discovery, immediately imparted to the captain. The young lady, coming unsuspiciously to Holmby on the day appointed for her interview with the king, was instantly seized, and by order of the commissioners underwent a strict search. Fortunately nothing was discovered on her person, but some days afterwards an important letter was found behind the hangings of the room, which it was supposed, during her investigation, she had ingeniously contrived to conceal.

What greatly distressed the king was, his being denied not only the attendance of his domestic chaplains, but even all intercourse whatever with the ministers of his own church. He had twice addressed a solemn appeal to the Parliament on this subject, and though the House of Lords showed every inclination to gratify him, the Commons sternly withheld their consent. Offers of ghostly assistance, indeed, were constantly made to him by the Puritan preachers, who were in attendance on the commissioners. These people, among other intrusions, were ever hovering about the royal table, with the object of pronouncing the benediction; but Charles always said the grace himself, and sometimes even in an audible voice. "The Parliament," says Neal, "appointed two of their clergy, Mr. Caryl and Mr. Marshall, to preach in the chapel, morning and afternoon, on the Lord's day, and to perform the devotions of the chapel on week days; but his majesty never gave his attend-

ance. He spent his Sundays in private, and though they waited at table, he would not do so much as admit them to ask a blessing."* He was, however, invariably civil to his persecutors, and though himself refraining from being present at their hours of worship, he laid no restraint on his attendants.

But an act of oppression, which shortly followed, sunk far more deeply into the heart of Charles. One day the commissioners waited on him in a body, and, acquainting him with the spirit of some new instructions which they had received, requested him, with great apparent humility, to dismiss, with only two exceptions, the loyal and affectionate servants who had been long attached to his person. Two of the grooms of the bed-chamber, Maxwell and Mawle, to whom were afterwards added Harrington and Sir Thomas Herbert, were alone permitted to attend him in future. At dinner the same day, when the faithful train came as usual to wait on him, he informed them of what had passed, and added that they must hereafter cease to regard him as their master. The scene which ensued was affecting in the extreme. They offered up the most fervent prayers for the king's safety and happiness, and after respectively kissing his hand, retreated with all the expressions of the most poignant distress. Charles himself was so much moved, that he retired to his bed-chamber, and giving orders that no one should intrude on his privacy, spent the remainder of the day in solitude and grief.

It is remarkable that neither misery nor confinement had the least effect on the health of Charles, and that during the whole period of his sufferings he never once had need of a physician. This was, no doubt, owing in a great measure to the abstemiousness of his diet. It was his custom to eat but sparingly, and seldom of various dishes. His attendant, Herbert, says, that "he drank but twice every dinner and supper, once of beer, and once of wine and water mixed, only after fish a glass of French wine; the beverage he himself mixed at

* Hist. of the Puritans, vol. ii. p. 246.

the cupboard, as he would have it; he very seldom ate and drank before dinner, nor between meals."

One afternoon the king was at Althorp, amusing himself at bowls with the commissioners, when information was brought to them that a large and suspicious-looking body of horse was on its way to Holmby. The king was immediately hurried back to that place, and the commissioners, after some consultation, agreed to stand on their defence. At midnight the troopers arrived, and after drawing up in regular order before the house, and placing guards at all the avenues, their leader demanded admittance. This person was no other than Cornet Joyce, the son of a tailor, and perhaps the most impudent ruffian on record. Though merely armed with verbal directions from Cromwell, who was himself perfectly unauthorized to issue them, he alike laughed at the power of the Parliament and the reverence which is commonly attached to the person of a king.

On his knocking for admission, the commandant of the garrison inquired his name and business. He replied that his name was Joyce: that he was a cornet in Colonel Whaley's regiment, and that his object was to speak with the king. The commandant inquired from whom? Joyce told him from himself, at which the others very naturally gave a contemptuous laugh, but Joyce told them it was no laughing matter. In the mean time the soldiers within the garrison and those without had been sociably conversing together; and having discovered that both parties belonged to the same army, and were attached to the same cause, the former immediately opened the gates, and Joyce quietly took command of the house.

Having posted sentinels over the commissioners' apartments, he hastened to that part of the house where the king slept. With a cocked pistol in his hand, he knocked loudly at the door of the grooms of the bed-chamber, through whose apartment he must necessarily pass, before he could gain admission to that of the king. These gentlemen, having ascertained from him his name and object, came to the gallant determination of sacrificing their lives sooner than admit the intruder. In the mean time, the

king having been awakened by the disturbance rang the silver bell he was in the habit of keeping by his bedside, at which Maxwell hastened to his chamber, while the others defended the outer door. Charles being made acquainted with the cause of the tumult, positively refused to rise, and Joyce, though exceedingly exasperated, was at length persuaded to retire.

The next morning the king rose somewhat earlier than usual, and the cornet, having been admitted to his presence, told his majesty with the utmost confidence, and almost in as few words, that he came to remove him from Holmby. The king asked him whither he was to go? Joyce told him to the army. Charles naturally requested to see his instructions. "Your majesty shall be soon satisfied," said the other; and drawing up his men, a fine troop and well clad, in the inner court, pointed them out from the window to Charles. "Your warrant," said the king, smiling, "is written in fair characters, and is legible without spelling."*

On the 3d of June, 1647, after a residence of four months, the king departed from Holmby. He was attended in the same coach by three of the commissioners, the Earls of Pembroke and Denbigh, and Lord Montague; the rest followed on horseback. According to Herbert, who was present, the king was the *merriest* person of the party.

The fact seems to have been, that Charles was extremely well pleased with his removal to the army. He had long entertained a notion that the most influential officers were secretly his friends, and that by their means he should eventually regain possession of his rights. "Sir," he once said to Fairfax, "I have as good interest in the army as yourself." Cromwell and Fairfax both denied that Joyce had received his authority from them, but Charles insisted that he could not believe them unless they hung him up for his insolence. Cromwell, however, could not conceal the elation which he felt at the success of the enterprise. "Now," he said, "that I have

* Herbert, p. 26; Warwick, p. 299.

the king in my hands, I have the Parliament in my pocket."*

It is impossible indeed to doubt that Cromwell was at the bottom of this daring outrage. Hobbes of Malmesbury observes justly in his Behemoth,—"I cannot believe that Cornet Joyce could go out of the army with a *thousand* soldiers to fetch the king, and neither the general nor the lieutenant-general, nor the body of the army take notice of it." With regard to the force with which Joyce was supported, the accounts are extremely conflicting. Heath, as well as Hobbes, mentions them as a thousand strong; Dr. Barwick as fifteen hundred; Sanderson, on the king's authority, as five hundred, and Clarendon as fifty. Herbert, who was on the spot, merely speaks of them as a "body of horse," and in another place as a "troop." Major Huntingdon, in his "Reasons for laying down his commission," says expressly, in speaking of Joyce's exploit, that "Lieutenant General Cromwell had given him orders at London to do what he had done, both there and at Oxford."†

From Hinchinbrook, where the king passed the first night, he came to Childerley, a house of Sir John Cutts, about four miles from Cambridge. Hither the fellows and scholars of the university flocked to him in great numbers, and with every demonstration of loyalty and respect. He was also respectfully attended at this place by many of the principal officers of the army. Among the number were Cromwell, Ireton, Lambert, and Whaley. Several of them knelt to him and kissed his hand.‡ With Cromwell and Fairfax he had frequently long interviews, and received from them the most unbounded professions of fidelity.

From Childerley, Charles was removed to his own palace at Newmarket. Here, to his great satisfaction, he was at last freed from the attentions of Cornet Joyce, whose sanctified manners and vulgar familiarity had continued to annoy him since their departure from Holmby. Charles, when at Childerley, had endeavoured

* Echard, vol. ii. p. 575. † Maseres's Tracts, vol. i. p. 399.
‡ Herbert, p. 35.

to bring this offensive person to trial, and had summoned a council of war for the purpose; Cromwell's influence, however, was too powerful, and Joyce escaped unpunished.

At Newmarket the king experienced a greater degree of freedom and kindness than had hitherto been his lot. He was allowed to take exercise on the heath, either in his coach or on horseback; his chaplains were permitted to attend him, and he was treated generally by the officers of the army with civility and respect.* He dined in public as in former days; his presence-chamber was thronged with the neighbouring gentry; and when he went abroad, he was received with loud acclamations by the people.† Sir Philip Meadows, who was at Newmarket during the king's visit, assured Lord Dartmouth, that Charles's was the only cheerful countenance to be seen in the place.‡

On the 24th of June, 1647, the king left Newmarket for Royston, another royal mansion. Here he stayed two days, and from thence removed to Hatfield, where he remained till the end of the month. At Windsor he passed another two days, and thence came to Caversham, a seat of Lord Craven, not far from Reading. While at this place, he was allowed the exquisite pleasure of again embracing his children. He met them at Maidenhead, in which town they remained and passed the evening together. Cromwell, who himself knew the feelings of a father, was present at their first interview. He afterwards described the scene to Sir John Berkley as one of the most affecting he had ever witnessed. "I met with him" [Cromwell], says Berkley in his Memoirs, "about three days after I came to Reading, as he was coming from the king, then at Caversham. He told me that he had lately seen the tenderest sight that ever his eyes beheld, which was the interview between the king and his children, and wept plentifully at the remembrance of it." Ludlow corroborates the fact, and informs us that

* Clarendon, vol. v. p. 443. † Herbert, p. 38.
‡ Burnet, vol. i. p. 86, note.

while Cromwell was telling the story, the tears rolled down his cheeks. Charles had the satisfaction of passing two whole days with his children, while a prisoner at Caversham. During his residence at this place, the unfortunate king used to pay frequent visits to the bowling-green in the retired parish of Whitchurch, then belonging to the ancient family of Lybbe, and at present to their descendant Lybbe Powys, Esq. The bowling-green still remains (1839), and near it is a small building which used to afford shelter or refreshment to those who indulged in the game. Mr. Powys, in his residence, Hardwick House, has the picture of the old lady who lived in this building, and who used to wait on the king during his occasional visits.

At Woburn, whither the king was next removed, he met with an affectionate and even splendid reception. From thence he was removed to Latimers, a seat of the Devonshire family; and after remaining brief periods at Moore Park near Rickmansworth, Stoke near Windsor, then the seat of the Huntingdons, Oatlands, and other places, he at length arrived at Hampton Court in the middle of August, about ten weeks after his departure from Holmby.

Charles was extremely gratified with the last change, and appeared even more cheerful than before. "He dines abroad," says Sanderson, "in the presence chamber, with the same duties and ceremonies as heretofore, where many of the gentry are admitted to kiss his hand. After dinner he retires to his chamber; then he walks into the park or plays at tennis; yesterday he killed a stag and a buck." The court again presented in a great degree its former magnificence; the nobility flocked round his person; his servants returned to their respective duties; and the chaplains performed their offices in the royal chapel. The king was allowed to hunt with the Duke of Richmond; the officers of the army continued to treat him with respect, and Cromwell came often to see him, and was admitted to long conferences.* Certainly their is reason to doubt whether

* Heath's Chronicle of the Civil Wars, p. 147; Clarendon, vol. v. p. 471.

that extraordinary man was not, at this period, well inclined towards his sovereign. There is a tradition of a secret compact, by which on the restoration of the king to his rights, Cromwell was to receive ten thousand a year, the earldom of Essex, and the Garter. The treaty, it is said, was broken off by the discovery of an autograph letter from Charles to his queen, in which the king stated, that the promise being altogether compulsory, he should feel himself justified, when restored to liberty and power, in declining to fulfil the conditions.* This story becomes somewhat remarkable, when compared with the following curious anecdote, related by Morrice, the chaplain of Lord Orrery, in his memoirs of that nobleman.

"One day," says Morrice, "Lord Broghill was riding, with Cromwell on one side of him and Ireton on the other, at the head of their army, when they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from that design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in a good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, first, why they once would have closed with the king? and secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him, he would satisfy him in both his queries. 'The reason,' says he, 'why we would once have closed with the king was this: we found that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we; and if they made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch: therefore, we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busied in these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bedchamber, which acquainted us, that on that day our

* Kennett, vol. iii. p. 170.

final doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but we might find it out if we could intercept a letter sent from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the Blue Boar Inn in Holborn; for there he was to take horse, and to go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received this letter; and immediately upon the receipt of it Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn where the wicket only was open, to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle, whilst we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock: the sentinel at the gate then gave notice, that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose, and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall, where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel: then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter, we opened it; in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both the factions, the Scotch Presbyterians and the army; and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the

other. Upon this,' added Cromwell, 'we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately from that time forward, resolved his ruin.'"* This story, curious as it is, must be received with some degree of caution.

The army had somewhat more humanity than the Parliament, and permitted frequent interviews between the king and his children. 'The first time that he met them, after coming to Hampton Court, was at Sion House, the residence of the Earl of Northumberland, under whose charge they had for some time been placed. When they beheld their persecuted father, "they fell down on their knees," says a bystander, "and begged his blessing." Charles embraced them most affectionately, and appeared overjoyed to find them in such perfect health, and so kindly treated. From this period they were constantly permitted to pass the day at Hampton Court, or Charles would ride over to them at Sion.†

At these affecting interviews, Charles omitted no opportunity of instilling virtuous principles into the minds of his young children. He conjured the Duke of York, then about fourteen, in the event of any accident befalling his unfortunate father, to transport himself into Holland, where he was certain of being affectionately received by his elder sister, the Princess of Orange. He desired the Princess Elizabeth never to marry, unless with the consent of her mother and her brother Charles; always to be obedient to them both, and to the queen especially, *except in matters of religion*; conjuring her, whatever misfortunes might befall the Church of England, that she should always be constant in that faith.‡ The necessity of faithfully adhering to the truths enjoined by that church, Charles had ever solemnly impressed on his family. On the 22d of March, 1645, he addresses to Prince Charles the following solemn

* Orrery's State Letters, vol. i. p. 26.
† Herbert, p. 49; Clar. vol. v. p. 471. ‡ Echard, vol. ii. p. 584.

appeal—"Once again, I command you, upon my blessing, to be constant to your religion, neither hearkening to Romish superstitions, nor the seditions and schismatical doctrines of the Presbyterians and Independents; for know, that a persecuted church is not thereby less pure though less fortunate."*

CHAPTER VII.

The circumstances which induced Charles to fly from Hampton Court, and the details of that ill-advised measure, have been variously related by our historians. It is, however, agreed on all hands, that his dread of assassination was the principal motive. Anonymous letters, advertising him of his danger, had for some time been daily conveyed to him; and the king himself, in a letter to the Parliament which was afterwards found in his bed-chamber, gave it as the special reason of his flight: "I cannot deny," he says, "that my personal security is the urgent cause of this my retirement."† To this we may add the testimonies of Sir John Berkley and Ashburnham, the companions of his flight. "I did most humbly beg of him," says the latter in his narrative, "that he would be pleased to say whether really and in very deed he was afraid of his life in that place, for his going from thence seemed to us a very great change in his affairs. His majesty protested to God, that he had great cause to apprehend some attempt upon his person, and did expect every hour when it should be." After every consideration, it appears most probable that Charles was, after all, a mere puppet in the hands of Cromwell;—that the latter had been previously perfectly well acquainted with the proposed time and manner of the king's intended flight;—that it

* Kennett, vol. iii. p. 161. † Heath's Chronicle, p. 150.

was Cromwell himself who had caused the fear of assassination to be conveyed to the mind of his victim; and that, in fact, Charles merely fell into a pit which had been prepared for him by that arch-traitor and extraordinary man. It was, undoubtedly, the policy of Cromwell to remove the king as far as possible from the Parliament, and to surround him with his own creatures. The latter measure could only be effected by devising some plausible excuse for enforcing a more rigorous confinement, while both objects would naturally be accomplished by a flight, which the projector would contrive should be unsuccessful. Cromwell is even said to have privately intimated to Charles, through his relation Colonel Whaley, that he could no longer be responsible for his safety. There is not the slightest doubt but there was a traitor in the court of Charles, and that his most secret counsels were instantly conveyed to Cromwell. It is remarkable too, that Colonel Hammond, the Governor of the Isle of Wight, to whom Ashburnham afterwards entrusted the king's person, should have left London almost at the same time that Charles departed from Hampton Court; and that too at a particular crisis, when there was no ostensible motive for his returning to his post, and when the agitations in the army rendered it important to his own interests that he should remain in London. The fact is the more curious, since Ashburnham, it appears, had made up his mind that the king should entrust himself with Hammond some time before their departure from Hampton Court.* Dr. Barwick, who was likely to be well informed, in the life of his brother, Dr. Peter Barwick, has the following passage: "Cromwell, by his holy cheats, seduced the good king into the Isle of Wight, and confined him in Carisbrook Castle," &c. and Andrew Marvell, the friend of Cromwell, and from his situation likely to have had some insight into the secret history of the period, in his ode on the return of Cromwell from Ireland, has the following lines:

* Clarendon, vol. v. p. 493 and 495.

474000

And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,
When, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase,
To Carisbrook's narrow case.

It is but fair, however, to remark, that Milton, Cromwell's Latin secretary, strongly denies, in his panegyric on the Protector, that he was the deviser of the flight. It has even been asserted that some local arrangements, and especially the removal of the guards to a greater distance from the king's apartments, were owing to the machinations, and were a part of the plan, of Cromwell. That the guards were thus removed is undoubted, though Hume, who passes over the circumstances of the king's flight in rather an apathetic manner, assures us that they were even *doubled* before his departure. The expression used by Colonel Whaley to Lenthall, the speaker, is curious: "I could no more," he says, "detain the king, if he had a mind to go, than I could keep a bird in a pound." Heath goes so far as to assert, that the king's visit to the Isle of Wight was publicly talked of in that island long before his arrival, and that the guards were removed on purpose to give him free egress from Hampton Court.*

On a dark and tempestuous night, the 11th of November, 1647, the king, pretending to be indisposed, had retired at an early hour to his own chamber. When all appeared to be quiet, accompanied by Ashburnham, Sir John Berkley, and Mr. Legge, all of them in disguise, he passed through the vaults of the palace into the garden. From hence, a private door admitted them to the banks of the Thames, where a boat was in readiness, which conveyed them across the water to Thames-Ditton, where they discovered their horses waiting.† The ac-

* Heath's Chronicles, p. 148.

† Heath's Chronicles, p. 148; Herbert, p. 52. Lord Clarendon's account of the king's flight is, in one respect, somewhat different. "*They discovered*, he says, "*the treading of horses at a back door of the garden into which his majesty had a passage out of his chamber, and it is true that way he went, having appointed his horse to be ready at an hour*,"

count left us by Sir John Berkley is curious:—"On the Wednesday, as I take it," he says, "we had orders to send spare horses to Sutton, in Hampshire, a place where I never had been, and the Thursday after, his majesty, with Will. Legge, came out at the closing of the evening, and immediately went towards Oatlands, and so through the forest, where his majesty was our guide, but lost our way, though we were all acquainted with it, the night being excessively dark and stormy." Having wandered at least ten miles out of their proper course, it was daybreak when they reached the inn at Sutton, where they discovered a committee of the county sitting "about the Parliament's business." Their horses were immediately ordered out, and they proceeded on their way to Southampton. Even at this period Charles appears to have been undecided in what quarter to seek refuge, and at his desire all four of the fugitives led their horses down the next hill, for the purpose of conferring on the subject.

At length they arrived on the sea-shore, not far from Southampton. The king, being disappointed in a vessel which he appeared to expect—for Ashburnham seems to have been the only person in his confidence,—they turned their horses' heads towards Titchfield, the residence of the Countess Dowager of Southampton, to whom Charles made no scruple of discovering himself.

At Titchfield, the king again deliberated with his friends, as to the next step which they should take. During the debate, Ashburnham proposed that they should cross over to the Isle of Wight; as Hammond, though a friend of Cromwell, and the son-in-law of Hambden, was the nephew of the king's favourite chaplain. The details of that "fatal mistake," are well known. Ashburnham and Berkley were despatched to the island, with directions on no account to inform the

&c.—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. v. p. 488. It is improbable that Charles should have had a horse on the Middlesex side of the river. The river, as is well known, flows immediately under the walls of the garden; and the utmost distance to Thames-Ditton ferry can hardly exceed half a mile.

governor of the king's place of abode, unless they could obtain the most solemn promise of protection, and an assurance that, if Hammond were unable to defend his majesty, at least he would not detain him. On reaching Carisbrook, they learnt that Hammond had just ridden towards Newport, whither they proceeded and fell in with him. Berkley immediately took him aside, and acquainted him that the king was in the neighbourhood, but without naming his hiding-place. "Hammond," says Berkley, "grew so pale, and fell into such a trembling, that I did really believe he would have fallen off his horse, which trembling continued with him at least half an hour after." Hammond, as is well known, declined entering into any engagement, expressing, however, a strong attachment to the king's person—but alleging the duty which he owed to his superiors. Such a result to their negotiation intimated any thing but the security they required; and yet Ashburnham, with inconceivable rashness, actually brought back the governor with him to Titchfield. Charles, when acquainted with the result of the expedition, could not conceal the bitterness of the moment, "O Jack!" he said, "thou hast undone me!" Ashburnham, as Berkley tells us, "wept bitterly," and offered to despatch the governor, but the king rejected the proposal. Charles had no choice but to submit, and accordingly, accompanied Hammond to the Island.*

In the mean time the inmates of Hampton Court were amazed and confounded at the discovery of the king's flight. In all the minor details connected with the untoward enterprise, there is great difficulty in arriving at the truth. Hume cursorily mentions that it was *an hour* before the king was missed, while Lord Clarendon seems to imply that the event did not transpire till the next morning:—"they who went into his chamber," he says, "found that he was not there, nor had been in his bed that night." But the real fact seems to have been, that Charles took his departure immediately after dark,

* Clarendon, vol. v. p. 489, &c.

(which in the month of November, would be at an early hour,) and that he was missed about three hours after he had commenced his flight.* Colonel Whaley, who had the charge of his person, in his official despatch to the speaker, minutely details the circumstances of the discovery. "As for the manner, Mr. Speaker, of the king's going away, it was thus:—Mondays and Thursdays were the king's set days for his writing letters to be sent into foreign parts. His usual time of coming out of his bed-chamber on those days, was betwixt five and six of the clock. Presently after he went to prayers: and about half an hour after that to supper: at which times I set guards about his bed-chamber, because he made no long stay after supper before he retired himself thither.

"About five of the clock," proceeds Whaley, "I came into the room next his bed-chamber, where I found the commissioners and bed-chamber men: I asked them for the king. They told me, he was writing letters in his bed-chamber. I waited there without mistrust till six of the clock. I then began to doubt; and told the bed-chamber men, Mr. Maule and Mr. Murray, I wondered the king was so long a writing. They told me he had, they thought, some extraordinary occasion.

"Within half an hour after, I went into the next room to Mr. Oudart, told him I marvelled the king was so long

* Whitelock says, "November 12. Letters from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, to the House, of the king's going away. That the commissioners and Colonel Whaley missing him at supper, went into his chamber and found him gone, leaving his cloak in the gallery, and some letters of his own handwriting upon the table." Rushworth says, "November 11. This night came the unexpected news of his majesty's escape from Hampton Court. About *nine of the clock*, the officers who attended him wondered he came not forth of his chamber, went in, and *missed him within half an hour of his departure*." It appears from the Journal of the House of Commons, that Cromwell's letter to the House was dated November 11, twelve at night, and mentions *nine o'clock* as the hour of the king's departure. It is evident, however, that as no one had seen him set off, and as his keepers had all along believed him to be safe in his apartment, the exact hour of his flight could not as yet have been ascertained. Sir John Berkley, who accompanied Charles from Hampton Court, mentions especially that he "came forth at the *closing of the evening*."

a writing. He answered, 'he wondered too.' But withal said, 'the king told him he was to write letters to the Princess of Orange,' which gave me some satisfaction for the present.

"But my fears with the time increased. So that, when it was seven of the clock, I again told Mr. Maule, I exceedingly wondered the king was so long before he came out. He told me he was writing. I replied, possibly he might be ill, therefore, I thought, he should do well to see, and to satisfy both myself and the house, that were in fears of him. He replied, the king had given strict commands not to molest him, therefore durst not; besides he had bolted the door to him.

"I was then extreme restless in my thoughts; looked oft in at the keyhole, to see whether I could perceive his majesty, but could not. Pressed Mr. Maule to knock, very oft, that I might know whether his majesty were there or not: but all to no purpose. He still plainly told me, he durst not disobey his majesty's commands.

"When it drew towards eight of the clock, I went to Mr. Smithby, keeper of the privy lodgings, desiring him to go along with me the back way through the garden, where I had sentinels, and we went up the stairs, and from chamber to chamber, till we came to the chamber next to his majesty's bed-chamber; where we saw his majesty's cloak lying on the midst of the floor, which much amazed me.

"I went presently back to the commissioners and bed-chamber men, acquainted them with it; and therefore desired Mr. Maule again, to see whether his majesty was in his bed-chamber or not. He again told me he durst not. I replied, that I would then command him, and that in the name of the Parliament; and therefore desired him to go along with me. He desired I would speak to the commissioners to go along with us. I did; we all went.

"When we came into the room next the king's bed-chamber, I moved Mr. Maule to go in. He said, he would not except I would stand at the door. I promised I would and I did.

"Mr. Maule immediately came out, and said the king was gone. We all then went in, and one of the commissioners said, it may be the king is in his closet. Mr. Maule presently replied and said, he is gone."*

Parties of horse and foot were instantly despatched to search the lodge in the park, as well as Ashburnham's house at Ditton and other places; and measures were still taken for the king's discovery, when the news of his being prisoner in the Isle of Wight was received by the Parliament. Among other papers which were found in the king's bed-chamber after his flight, was a kind letter to Colonel Whaley; who, however faithful to his employers, had failed in being a rigorous or unfeeling guardian. The document throws some light on the amiable character of Charles, who never lost sight of private duties, even in the most exciting moments of his life.

"Colonel Whaley,

"I have been so civilly used by you and Major Huntingdon, that I cannot but by this parting farewell acknowledge it under my hand, as also to desire the continuance of your courtesy, by the protecting of my household-staff and movables of all sorts which I leave behind me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embezzled. Only there are here three pictures which are not mine, that I desire you to restore; to wit, my wife's picture in blue, sitting in a chair, you must send to Mrs. Kirk; my eldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcan, to the Countess of Anglesey; and my Lady Stanhope's picture to Cary Raleigh. There is a fourth, which I had almost forgot; it is the original of my eldest daughter; it hangs in this chamber over the board next the chimney, which you must send to my Lady Aubigny. So being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution, I rest your friend,

Charles Rex.

"P.S.—I assure you it was not the letter you showed

* Desid. Cur. lib. ix. p. 40.

me yesterday that made me take this resolution, nor any advertisement of that kind. But I confess that I am loath to be made a close prisoner under pretence of securing my life. I had almost forgot to desire you to send the black grew-bitch to the Duke of Richmond."*

On landing in the Isle of Wight, the king passed the first night at Cowes. It may be remarked that, in 1713, the minister of Newport exhibited to a person, (from whom Bishop Kennet had the story,) an old and curious carved bedstead, on which King Charles rested on that eventful night. On the head-board were engraved in gilt letters the words, "Remember thy end." The king, taking it as an omen of his approaching death, knelt and prayed fervently by the bed-side.†

From Cowes, Charles was conducted by Colonel Hammond to his memorable prison at Carisbrook. As he passed through Newport, a lady presented him with a damask rose, which, notwithstanding the inclement season of the year, still flourished in her garden; accompanying the graceful offering with an ardent prayer for his happiness. The king thanked her kindly, and seemed much gratified, and even affected, by the attention.

For a brief period Charles was treated at Carisbrook with every demonstration of respect. His chaplains were again allowed to attend him; his old servants repaired to him as before, and he was permitted to ride about the island as he pleased. But the days of bitterness were fast approaching; his chaplains were first removed, and then came an order that all whom he had longest loved and had most confided in should be discharged from their attendance. This last seems to have been a heavy blow to Charles, and he could with difficulty conceal his grief. "Such," says Herbert, "as

* Heath, Chron. p. 149.

† Kennet, Comp. Hist. vol. iii. p. 170.—The author has recently made personal inquiries at Newport, but, notwithstanding the kind exertions of more than one individual to whom he was a stranger, could discover no trace of this interesting relic.

were at that time in the presence, noted it; but not knowing the occasion of his majesty's sadness, they seemed full of grief, as by their dejected looks was visible. But the king beckoning with his hand to Mr. Ashburnham and others, he told them what the governor had communicated. Next day, after the king had dined, those gentlemen came all together, and prostrating themselves at his majesty's feet, prayed God for his preservation, and, kissing his hand, departed. From this period the king was precluded from his usual rides, his recreation being entirely confined to the lines of the castle. The barbacan, however, had been converted by Hammond into a bowling-green, and afforded him some amusement. A "pretty summer-house" had also been constructed on the ramparts, whither he frequently retired to commune with his own thoughts. The bowling-green on the barbacan at Carisbrook, with its turf steps; the walls of the old castle frowning above it, and its beautiful marine view, is as perfect at the present moment as if it had been laid down but yesterday. A great portion of his time, at this period, was passed by Charles either in the study of the Bible or in earnest prayer.

It is worthy of remark, that during his confinement at Carisbrook, persons afflicted with the evil continued to resort to him in infinite numbers, and from the remotest parts. Throughout the Isle of Wight the kind-hearted inhabitants were much affected by the misfortunes of their king, and at their assemblies openly expressed their indignation at the treatment which he received. There was on the island a gallant man, of a good family, one Captain Burly, who had formerly commanded one of the king's ships of war. When the fleet became disloyal to its sovereign, Burly was dismissed from his post by the Parliament; but willing to serve his master in any capacity, he shortly afterwards entered the royal army. In his new profession he soon rose to an important command, and only when the royal cause was utterly lost, retired to his native island and to the society of his early friends. He had lived thus for some

time, beloved and respected, when, observing the indignation of the people, he one day, with more chivalry than discretion, caused a drum to be beat, and placing himself at the head of a small body of loyalists, called out to them to follow him, and he would lead them to the rescue of their king. Among the assembly, however, were some cooler heads than his own, and the project was forced to be dropped. "Poor Burly," as Lord Clarendon styles him, paid the forfeit of his rashness. The gallant fellow was condemned to be hung, drawn and quartered; and with many unnecessary circumstances of barbarity, the sentence was carried literally into execution.*

Herbert has supplied us with a list of books in which the king most delighted at this period. Next to the Holy Scriptures, he says, his majesty preferred "Bishop Andrew's Sermons, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Dr. Hammond's Works, Villalpandus upon Ezekiel, Sand's Paraphrase on the Psalms of David, Herbert's Divine Poems, Fairfax's translation of Tasso, and Spenser's Faery Queene."

When at Carisbrook, Charles himself clothed his melancholy feelings in poetry. The verses in question, which extend to a considerable length, were omitted in the collection of the king's works, but were printed shortly afterwards by his biographer Perinchief. Burnet, who seems to have been ignorant of the latter fact, mentions in his Lives of the Dukes of Hamilton, that "he had them from a very worthy gentleman, who attended on Charles, and copied them from the original." "The mighty sense and great piety of them," he adds, "will be found to be beyond all the sublimities of poetry, which are not yet wanting here." Even Walpole condescends to speak well of them. "The poetry," he says, "is uncouth and unharmonious; but there are strong thoughts in them, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety." It may be doubted if too high praise has not been passed upon this production: the following verses are certainly far from happy:

* Clarendon, vol. v. p. 510.

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation;
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who, in this bad season,
Attend (by the law of God and reason,)
They dare impeach and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down;
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed;
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The Church of England doth all faction foster,
The pulpit is usurped by each impostor;
Ex tempore excludes the *pater noster*.

Hume justly observes, that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of expression, renders them very pathetic.

The following couplet also composed by Charles in the treaty chamber at Newport, has been preserved by Nicholas Oudart,—

A coward's still unsafe, but courage knows
No other foe but him who does oppose.

It was the custom of Charles, at this period, to insert mottos, or remarkable verses, in the blank pages of his favourite authors. In many of them he wrote the words *Dum spiro spero*,—while I breathe I have hope. In another book he had inserted the following couplet, probably from Boethius,—

Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest:

Which may be thus translated—

In grief 'tis easy to despise the grave;
Who dares be wretched is the truly brave.

And again, from Claudian,

Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
Servitium; nunquam libertas gratior extat,
Quam sub nege pio.

There is no slavery in a good man's rule;—
But ne'er does liberty more grateful spring,
Than 'neath the empire of a pious king.*

After a confinement of several months at Carisbrook, Charles was removed to the house of a private gentleman at Newport, where his friends were once more permitted to visit him. This change was rendered necessary in consequence of the personal negotiation which was pending between Charles and the parliamentary commissioners; there being a want of space, and other facilities, at Carisbrook, by which the treaty could commodiously be carried on. The change was an agreeable one to Charles, who had been long in constant dread of assassination. To Sir John Bowring he said: "I have had a sad time of it, since the two houses imprisoned me in this castle, expecting every hour when I should be murdered." One day at Newport, the king beckoned Sir Philip Warwick to the window where he was standing, and pointing out to him a little humpbacked man in the street, inquired if he knew who it was. Sir Philip answering that he had never seen him before,—"I show him to you," said Charles, "because he was the best companion I had for three months together at Carisbrook, where he used to light my fires." Sir Philip Warwick relates another slight incident which occurred about the same period. "One evening," he says, "the king's favourite dog scraping at the door, his majesty desired Sir Philip to let in *Gipsy*." "I perceive," said the latter, as he opened the door, "that your majesty loves greyhounds better than spaniels." "Yes," replied Charles, "for they are both equally attached, and the greyhound is no flatterer." The interesting apartments which witnessed these scenes, are now occupied by the free school at Newport. The famous Treaty Chamber is the present school-room.

The commissioners, who presided at the treaty, were

* The copy of Shakspeare's Plays which belonged to Charles, containing several of these interesting insertions, is preserved in the royal library at Windsor. This relic is rendered the more curious from its pages being interspersed with many autograph annotations of King George the Third.

much surprised at the melancholy change, which sorrow, rather than time, had produced in the appearance of Charles. Though less than a year had elapsed since they had last seen him at Hampton Court, his hair had become almost entirely gray. Since the expulsion of his servants, too, he had worn nearly the same clothes, and had allowed his beard and the hair of his head to grow at will. Nevertheless his mind appeared as clear as ever, and his cheerfulness and manly dignity were even more conspicuous than before.

Previously to his quitting Carisbrook, Charles, it may be mentioned, had entertained more than one project of escape. There are extant several letters, which passed between the king and one of his faithful followers, relative to the mode of his intended flight. In one of them, without date, Mr. Firebrace thus writes to the king: "This night I have thought of a new project, which, by the grace of God, will effect your business. 'Tis this. In the back-stairs' window are two casements, in each two bars: one of the bars, in that next the door, shall be cut, which will give you way enough to go out. I am certain the top of the hill comes within a yard of the casement, so that you may easily step out, and keep close to the wall till you come to a hollow place, (which you may observe as you walk to-morrow,) where with ease you may go down and so over the outworks. If you like this way, it shall be carried on thus. Hen. C—— shall cut the bar, and do up the gap with wax or clay, so that it cannot be perceived. I have already made it loose at the top, so that when you intend your business, you shall only pull it, and it will come forth. You must sup late and come up so soon as you have supped. Put off your George and on your gray stockings, and on notice to be given you by Hen. C——, come into the back-stairs and so step out. We shall meet you, and conduct you to your horses, and then to the boat."

Charles writes in reply to this letter, 26th April, 1648: —"I have now made perfect trial, and find it impossible to be done; for my body is much too thick for the breadth of the window, so that unless the middle bar be

taken away I cannot get through. I have also looked upon the other, and find the one much too little, and the other so high, that I know not how to reach it without a ladder; besides, I do not believe it so much wider than the other, as that it will serve; wherefore, it is absolutely impossible to do any thing to-morrow, at night."* All difficulties, however, having been removed, on a particular night horses were placed in readiness, and a vessel was provided for his transportation, when the design was unfortunately discovered. Charles, it appears, had been furnished with a saw and file, with which instruments, after considerable labour, he had succeeded in sawing through one of the bars of the window. At midnight, the hour agreed upon with his friends without, he was proceeding to make his escape, when he perceived, what was extremely unusual, some persons in conversation below. Suspecting that his purpose had transpired, he closed the window hastily, and retired to bed. In the mean time, Hammond, who seems to have been acquainted all along with what was passing, entered the king's apartment, and perceived, by the bar which had been removed, that his suspicions had been correct.

A second attempt at escape, which proved equally unfortunate in its result, is recorded both by Clarendon and Ashburnham. Charles, on this occasion, placing faith in the vulgar notion, that where the head can make its egress, the body can invariably follow, had inserted his head through the bars; but was unable, by forcing himself either backwards or forwards, to extricate himself from his painful situation. In this predicament he was compelled to call for assistance, and the design transpired.† There is much reason to suppose, that had

* Life of Dr. J. Barwick, by Dr. P. Barwick, p. 383 to 391, Appendix.

† Ashburnham says in his Narrative: "Having discovered upon trial, that he could pass his body between the bars of the window of his chamber, because he found there was room enough for his head, (the rule being that where the head can pass the body may,) but most unhappily he mistook the way of measure, for instead of putting forth his head side ways, he did it right forward, by which error, when all things were adjusted for his escape the second time, and that he thought to put in execution what he thought so sure, (his passage through the window,) he stuck so fast in it, and (as he was pleased to send me word) did strain so

Charles descended from the window, he would have been fired at by a traitor below; indeed, the suspected person, one Rolph, was afterwards tried at Winchester assizes for the conspiracy. The trial, however, was a mere juggle: Rolph was placed under no kind of restraint; the jury were prejudiced in his behalf, and even the judge interfered in his favour. The consequence was, that the bill was ignored by the grand jury;—the same, nearly to a man, who had recently condemned poor Burly to an untimely end.*

CHAPTER VIII.

About the close of the Treaty of Newport, when all hope of accommodation was evidently at an end, Charles was standing at a window, employed in dictating to Sir Philip Warwick, when a thought seemed suddenly to strike him. "I wish," he said, "I had consulted nobody but myself; for then, as where in honour or conscience I could not have complied, I could have easily been positive; for with Job I would willinglier have chosen misery than sin." While he spoke these words the tears gathered in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. "They were the biggest drops," adds Sir Philip, "that ever I saw fall from any eye; but, recollecting himself, he turned presently his head away, for he was loth it should be discerned." His parting with the commissioners was affecting. "My lords," he said, "I believe we shall scarce see each other again; but God's will be done. I have made my peace with him, and shall undergo, without fear, whatever he may suffer men to do to me."†

much in the attempt, as he was in great extremity, though with long and painful struggling he got back again." See also *Sir John Bowring's account of Secret Transactions in the Isle of Wight.*

* Clarendon, vol. vi. p. 192 to 198; Herbert, p. 115.

† Evelyn's Memoirs, Appendix.

The time had now approached when Charles was to bid farewell to the Isle of Wight, and Colonel Cobbit, with a party of horse, was despatched thither to conduct his removal. The king had already received some intimation of what would happen, and was strongly pressed by his friends to make another effort to escape; but he was at this time on his parole, and peremptorily refused to break it.* The affectionate entreaties of the Earl of Lindsey and Colonel Cook, produced not the slightest effect. After combating their arguments for some time,—"Good night," said the king, "I shall go and take my rest."—"Which, I fear," rejoined Cook, taking up the words, "will not be long." Charles, perceiving Cook to be much discomposed: "Ned," he said, "what troubleth you?" Cook replied, "that it was his majesty's danger, and the disinclination which he showed to adopt any measures which might avert it." "Were your trouble greater," replied Charles, "I would not forfeit my word to alleviate it."†

The morning after this conversation, Colonel Cobbit presented himself to the king, and formally intimated to him his instructions. He refused, however, to acquaint the king with his destination, or even to satisfy him whether his instructions were from the Parliament or from the army. After a brief colloquy, Cobbit pressed his majesty to enter his coach, which, he added, had been already prepared for his use. Charles turned sorrowfully to bid farewell to those faithful servants, whom he probably never expected to meet again: like those about him, he seemed fully satisfied that it was to be his last journey, and that he was proceeding to a violent death. "Never," says Herbert, who was present, "was beheld more grief in men's faces, or greater fears in their hearts, the king being at such a time, and in such a manner hurried away, they knew not whither; but no remedy appearing, the noblemen, the venerable persons, and other his majesty's servants, approached to kiss the king's hand, and to pour forth supplications to Almighty God to safeguard and comfort his majesty

* Echard, vol. ii. p. 620. † Kennet, vol. iii. p. 178.

in that his disconsolate condition." Charles, who on similar melancholy occasions had been the most cheerful of the party, betrayed the mental suffering which he endured. As he was entering his coach, Cobbit, without any invitation, showed an intention of entering it also, but the king, by pointedly opposing his foot, made him sensible that the intrusion was as unpalatable as it was insolent. The Duke of Richmond was allowed to attend him for the distance of two miles. His only other companions were Herbert, Harrington, and Mildmay, his carver. When the Duke of Richmond kissed the king's hand, on taking his melancholy farewell, Charles desired that he would carry back his kind remembrance to the Earl of Lindsey and Colonel Cook: —"Tell Colonel Cook from me," he said, "never to forget the passages of this night."*

A more wretched spot can scarcely be conceived, than that in which Charles once again found himself a prisoner. Hurst Castle stood about a mile and a half into the sea, on a cold and gloomy promontory, remarkable for its noxious vapours, and so unwholesome that the guards were constantly compelled to be changed;† —"a dismal receptacle," observes Herbert, "for so great a monarch, the greatest part of whose life had been so full of earthly glory."—"The captain of this wretched place," adds Herbert, "was not ill suited to the scene around. At the king's going ashore he stood ready to receive him with small observance; his look was stern, his hair and large beard were black and bushy; he held a partisan in his hand, and a great basket-hilt sword by his side: hardly could one see a man of more grim aspect, and no less robust and rude was his behaviour: some of his majesty's servants were not a little fearful of him." This tremendous personage, however, appears to have been a mere bully; for his rudeness having been complained of to his superior officer, he sunk into the insignificant underling.

* Kennet, vol. iii. p. 178.

† Heath, p. 193; Clar. vol. vi. p. 203; Walker's History of Independency, part ii. p. 27.

During the three weeks that Charles remained at Hurst, there was little to divert the melancholy of his thoughts. His walks were confined to a shingly shore, the nature of which rendered his favourite exercise extremely unpleasant; his accommodations were slender in the last degree; and his apartment was so dark that he required candles at noonday. Indeed, from the time he was first a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, his personal luxuries had never been very carefully attended to. He told Sir Philip Warwick that "though he had never complained, yet he had frequently been in want even of clean linen."

At the latter part of the king's stay at Hurst, about midnight, an unusual noise was heard in the castle. The drawbridge was let down, and the sound of horses' feet was plainly perceptible. The noise awoke the king, who rang his silver bell for Herbert, and desired him to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The whole, however, that Herbert could discover, was that Major Harrison had arrived at the castle with a troop of horse. The king said nothing at the time, but desiring Herbert to attend in the outer room, composed himself to prayer. In less than an hour he opened the door, and appeared to be in so much affliction that Herbert could not refrain from tears. "I am not afraid," said the king, "but do you not know that this is the man who intended to assassinate me?"—adding, "this is a fit place for such a purpose. Herbert," he said, "I trust to your care; go again, and make further inquiry into his business." Herbert shortly returned, bringing with him the information that his majesty was immediately to be removed to Windsor. At this news the king appeared much pleased, little imagining, however, that it was to be but another step to the block.

Two days after this event, the king bade adieu to Hurst, and commenced his journey towards London. At Winchester, he met with much respect, and an appearance of loyalty to which he had been long a stranger. The bells of the town were rung; the mayor and aldermen received him at his entry, and presented him

with the keys and mace of the city; the gentry flocked in numbers to welcome him, and the people hailed him with acclamations.* He passed the night at a gentleman's house at Farnham, where he was waited on by several officers of the army, and by several of the influential persons in the neighbourhood. His manner at this period was at least that of a cheerful, if not of a happy man.

The next day he dined at Lord Newburgh's house at Bagshot, where another wild scheme had been devised for his escape. Lord Newburgh having ascertained, while the king was yet at Hurst, that he would shortly be removed to Windsor, had sent privately to his majesty, recommending, that before he reached Bagshot, he should contrive to lame the horse which he rode; adding, that he would then supply him with a fresh one out of his own stables, which he would undertake should be one of the fleetest in England. Had this plan succeeded, Charles was to have waited till the night set in, (by which time they would probably have been in the heart of Windsor forest, with the windings of which he was well acquainted) when he was to set spurs to his horse, and gallop away from his keepers. Accordingly, Charles, who appears to have regarded the plan as a feasible one, (as had previously been agreed upon,) expressed a strong desire to dine at Bagshot, and as they approached Lord Newburgh's house, made great complaints of the horse which he rode, and expressed his intention of providing himself on the first opportunity with another. At Bagshot, however, the information was conveyed to him, that the horse in which he had so much trusted had been lamed but the day before.† Even had this accident not happened, it is difficult to believe that he could have escaped the vigilance, or at least the pistols of his keepers.

At Windsor he was treated with much civility by Colonel Whichcot, the governor of the castle. For

* Heath's Chron. p. 193; Herbert, p. 138. † Clarendon, vol. vi. p. 221.

some time he seemed to take an interest in passing events, and we find him casually sending the seeds of some Spanish melons to be planted in the queen's gardens at Wimbledon. He generally walked on that part of the terrace which looks towards Eton, and which also happened to be the aspect of his apartments. When Whichcot informed him that, in a few days, he was to be conveyed to Whitehall, "God," he said, "is every where alike, in wisdom power and goodness." It was here that the first intimation was conveyed to him of those extraordinary proceedings, which in a few days were to follow. When the probability of a public trial was announced to him, he retired to his own chamber, and passed a considerable time in solitude and prayer.

On the day fixed for his departure from Windsor, he passed through a double line of soldiers to the round tower, or keep, where his coach was in readiness to receive him. At the last moment, he was allowed an interview with the unfortunate Duke of Hamilton, who was also a prisoner in the castle. The duke fell on his knees, and kissing the king's hand exclaimed in a passion of grief, "*my dear master!*" Charles replied, "*I have indeed been so to you.*" But the meeting was not allowed to be protracted, and after a tender and solemn farewell, the kind monarch and the loyal subject were separated for the last time.* At the great gate of the castle, at the end of Peascod Street, as well as in the market-place, the king was successively joined by different bodies of soldiers, who placed themselves under the command of Major Harrison, and followed close behind the royal coach. One Proctor, in his evidence at the trial of Hugh Peters, thus describes his encountering them on the road. "Having occasion," he says, "to go from London to Windsor, the day that the king was brought from thence a prisoner, a little on this side Brentford I saw a great troop of horse: I did conceive what the cause was, having heard the king was to be brought up to his trial. After I had passed some num-

* Burnet, Lives of the Dukes of Hamilton, p. 379.

ber of horses, at last I espied the prisoner at the bar immediately before the king's coach, riding singly before the coach-horses, and the king sitting alone in the coach. My lord, I did put off my hat, and he was graciously pleased to put off his hat. The troopers seeing this, threw me into the ditch, horse and all, where I stayed till they passed by, and was glad I escaped so."* It was probably about this period, that the fanatical buffoon, Hugh Peters, pressed his spiritual assistance upon his persecuted sovereign: "*I did intend,*" said the republican, "*to preach before the poor wretch, but the poor wretch would not hear me.*"† Passing through Brentford and Hammersmith, the cavalcade at length conducted the king to St. James's, the scene of many happier days, and the last prison of the persecuted monarch.

On his arrival at St. James's, the first act of Charles was to retire to his own chamber, where he continued some time in prayer and in the perusal of the Bible. For about the period of a fortnight he was treated with some regard to his exalted rank, though with little respect to his private feelings. Although the principal nobility, his favourite servants, and his domestic chaplains, were excluded from his society, he was still attended with some degree of former state. He dined publicly in the presence-chamber: the gentlemen of his household waited on him at his meals, and the cup as usual was presented to him on the knee. Nevertheless the strictest guard was placed over his person, and only one of his followers, the affectionate Herbert, was permitted to attend him in his bed-chamber. But even the mockery of respect was continued but for a few days. It was decreed, at one of the councils of the army, that henceforward all state ceremony should be dispensed with, and that the number of domestics, and even the dishes supplied to his table, should be diminished. When this unfeeling and parsimonious curtailment, and the absence of many faithful faces, were first witnessed by

* Trial of the Regicides, p. 518. † Same, p. 165.

Charles, and when his restricted meal was brought into his presence by *common soldiers*—"There is nothing," he remarked, "more contemptible than a despised prince." From this time he caused his food to be conveyed into his own chamber, and ate his dinner in private.

In one of the suppressed passages of Lord Clarendon's history, there is a heart-stirring account of the king's sufferings at this period, but it scarcely appears to be borne out by the testimony of other writers. According to the noble historian, a guard of soldiers was forced upon him, night as well as day, even in his bed-chamber, where they smoked and drank as if they had been among their own comrades in the guard-room. The king, it is added, was confined entirely to his bed-chamber, where he was compelled to perform his devotions, and whatever nature requires, in the presence of these rude companions.

A project had been set on foot to effect his escape, but the usual fatality attended it. Ashburnham says in his Narrative; "I laid the design of his escape from St. James's, and had attempted it, had he not been close restrained that very day it was to be put into execution, of which there are three persons of honour yet living who were to have had equal shares in that dutiful action; but man proposeth, and God disposeth, and no creature is able to resist his power." It may be remarked that such soldiers as had once guarded the king, were never again selected for the same duty. It was apprehended that their feelings might be too much wrought upon by such a scene of piety and distress.

Charles, though in daily fear of private assassination, to the last could scarcely comprehend the possibility of a public trial and execution. He believed that he might be imprisoned for life, that monarchy might be abolished in his person, or that his son might be called upon to reign in his room, but the awful catastrophe which followed, he seems scarcely to have regarded as a possible disaster. However, on the 9th of January, 1649, to the

astonishment of the citizens of London, and the indignation of the majority, a sergeant-at-arms rode solemnly into the middle of Westminster Hall, and, with the sound of drums and trumpets, proclaimed the approaching trial. On the 19th, the king was conveyed in a sedan-chair from St. James's through the park, to his usual bed-chamber at Whitehall, at the door of which a guard of soldiers was placed. In order to have Herbert nearer his person, he desired him to bring his pallet-bed into his own chamber.

The next day he was conveyed in a sedan-chair to the house of Sir Robert Cotton, on the bank of the Thames, near the west-end of Westminster Hall. King Street and Palace Yard were lined on each side with soldiers, between whom the unhappy monarch passed; Herbert, the only one of his servants who was allowed to attend him, walking by his side bareheaded.

Shortly after his arrival at Cotton House, he was summoned by Colonel Hacker to attend that self-constituted tribunal, the proceedings of which cannot but be viewed with mingled feelings of astonishment and abhorrence. Apart from the amazing spectacle of a great nation sitting in judgment on its sovereign, and from the melancholy considerations suggested by the position of Charles, the scene which presented itself must have been imposing and magnificent in the extreme. At the upper, or south end of the hall, on benches covered with scarlet, and raised one above the other, sat the judges, whose numbers amounted to about seventy. In the centre, on a raised platform, was placed a chair of state for the President Bradshaw; it was covered with crimson velvet, as was also a desk placed before him for his use. Immediately facing Bradshaw was placed a chair of velvet for the king: and in the space between them was a table, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, on which the mace and sword of justice were laid, and at which the two clerks of the court were seated. On either side of the hall, galleries had been erected for the convenience of spectators; and behind, and on the right and left of the king, were the soldiers and officers of the court.

Cook, the solicitor for the self-styled people of England, standing on the king's right hand. A strong bar ran across the centre of the hall, behind which were crowded the populace in a dense mass.

Even the leads and windows of the hall were filled with soldiers. This was not so much a precaution to prevent the escape or rescue of the king, as to protect the persons of the judges. Bradshaw, the president, stood in no slight danger of assassination. One Burghill, a royalist, had made up his mind to shoot him, but his intention being discovered, he was instantly arrested: fortunately, the soldiers who guarded Burghill becoming intoxicated, he was enabled to escape. Bradshaw was well aware of his danger, and procured a high-crowned beaver hat lined with steel. This remarkable relic, with a suitable Latin inscription, was afterwards presented to the Museum at Oxford, where it is still preserved.

The king, on entering Westminster Hall, was received from the custody of Colonel Hacker by the sergeant-at-arms, who conducted his majesty to the bar. After looking sternly at his judges, and on the galleries on each side of him, he seated himself without either taking off his hat, or showing the least respect for the court. Some minutes afterwards he rose from his chair, and turning round, fixed his eyes steadily on the guards and the crowd of people behind him. While the charge was being read, he sat unmoved and maintained his usual placidity of countenance; while at some of the more absurd or daring allegations he was occasionally observed to smile. "One thing was remarked in him," says Mrs. Hutchinson in her Memoirs; "that when the blood spilt in many of the battles, where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with disdainful smiles and looks and gestures. He stuck not to declare in words, that no man's blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him but only one, meaning the Earl of Strafford."

When the name of Fairfax, the lord general, had been called over, and no answer was returned, a female voice exclaimed from one of the galleries, "He has more wit

than to be here;" but when, in the course of reading the charge, the proceedings were stated to be on behalf of the people of England, the same mysterious voice called out still louder—"No, not the hundredth part of them! It is false—where are they?—Oliver Cromwell is a traitor." The utmost confusion was the consequence, and Colonel Axtell even desired the soldiers to fire into the gallery from whence the voice issued. It was discovered, however, that Lady Fairfax, the wife of the general, and a daughter of the House of Vere, was the daring person; she was instantly compelled to retire.* Lady Fairfax was not the only voice which was that day raised for majesty in distress. As he passed through the hall to Cotton House, on returning from the court, there were loud cries of "God save the king!" an unexpected manifestation of public feeling which was gratefully acknowledged by the persecuted monarch.

Charles, by the advice, it is said, of Sir Matthew Hale, persisted in denying the authority of the court. Undoubtedly, it was the wisest and most dignified course he could have adopted; besides having the effect of shortening the proceedings and consequently his own sufferings. The behaviour of Bradshaw was inconceivably brutal. When, at the close of the day's proceedings, he ordered the guards, with a surly insolence of manner, to remove the prisoner, Charles pointed with his cane to the sword on the table, "Sir," he said, "I do not fear *that*." As soon as the proceedings were over, the king was again conducted to Cotton House, where he passed the night; Herbert making up his bed on the

* "I was present," says Sir Purbeck Temple, "at all the trials of the king, and very near him. I heard the king demand from Bradshaw, by what authority and commission they proceeded thus strangely to try him. Then I heard the Lady Fairfax, and one Mrs. Nelson, my sister, after the exhibiting of the charge in the name of the Commons assembled in Parliament, and the good people of this kingdom, against Charles Stuart King of England; I say, I heard the lady cry out from a gallery over the court, 'Not half the people! It is false; where are they or their consents? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor.' Upon which I heard Axtell cry out, 'Down with the whores!—shoot them,' which made me take farther notice of him."—*Trial of the Regicides*, p. 185.

floor and sleeping by his side. The next day being Sunday, afforded him a respite, and he spent many hours with Bishop Juxon, either in prayer or religious conversation.

On the following morning, the 22d of January, the king was again placed before his judges. On this occasion, having been brought to Westminster by water, although the soldiers who guarded him wore their caps as usual, the watermen positively refused to sit covered in his presence.

The number of his judges had increased from sixty-seven to seventy. As Charles entered the hall, the soldiers raised loud cries for justice, some of the officers joining in the clamour. It seems to have been the only instance in which he changed countenance; but the pang was easily conquered, or at most was but momentarily displayed. A bystander, Sir Purbeck Temple, describes the indignities which were heaped upon the mild and suffering monarch. In his evidence at the trial of Colonel Axtell, "I saw him [Axtell]," he says, "the most active person there; and *during the time that the king was urging to be heard*, he was then laughing, entertaining his soldiers, scoffing aloud: whilst some of the soldiers, by his suffering, and, I believe, procurement, did fire powder in the palms of their hands, that they did not only offend his majesty's smell, but enforced him to rise up out of his chair, and with his hand to turn away the smoke; and after this *he turned about to the people and smiled upon them, and those soldiers that so rudely treated him.*"*

As he was quitting Westminster Hall on the second day, one of the soldiers, as he passed by, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir!" The king thanked him, but the man's officer, overhearing the benediction, struck him severely with his cane on the head. "Methinks," said Charles, "the punishment exceedeth the offence." One person was actually brutal enough to spit in his face; the king quietly wiped it away. "My Saviour," he re-

* Trial of the Regicides, p. 185.

marked, "suffered more than this for me." The man who was guilty of this brutality is supposed to have been Augustine Garland, a lawyer, and one of the king's judges: Garland, however, positively denied the fact. When the soldiers had conducted Charles to his apartment, he fell on his knees in prayer; but even quiet was a boon denied to him. "When they had brought him to his chamber," says Perinchief, "even there they suffered him not to rest; but thrusting in and smoking their filthy tobacco, they permitted him no privacy to prayer and meditation." The king asked Herbert if he had heard the cry of the soldiers in the morning. Herbert answered that he had, and that he could not but wonder at their vehement animosity. "I am well assured," said the king, "that the soldiers bear no malice to me: the cry was no doubt given by their officers, for whom the soldiers would do the like, were there occasion." To another person he had remarked,—"Poor souls, for a little money they would do as much against their commanders."

On the third day of the trial, the twenty-third day of January, the king was again guarded to the hall as formerly. Nothing of importance occurred, except that the gold head of his cane fell off, a remarkable incident, which he considered to be an evil omen. When he returned to Cotton House in the evening, the populace pressed on him notwithstanding the soldiers, and many exclaimed—"God preserve your majesty," demanding blessings from Heaven on their afflicted king. Charles appeared much gratified, and repeatedly returned them thanks for their good wishes and prayers.

On the morning of the fourth and last day, the day of condemnation, Bradshaw's wife rushed into her husband's chamber at Westminster, where he had been lodged for safety and convenience, and beseeched him by his hopes of happiness here and hereafter, to absent himself from the horrid work. "Do not," she said, "sentence this earthly king, for fear of the dreadful sentence of the King of Heaven. You have no child, why should you do such a monstrous act to favour others?" Bradshaw

pushed her away. "I confess," he said, "he has done me no harm, nor will I do him any, except what the law commands." The man, it appears, was intoxicated with the extraordinary position in which he was placed,—the insignificant lawyer had risen to be the judge of his sovereign, the elected chief magistrate of the people of England. This day the president entered the hall in his scarlet gown, a signal to Charles that his doom was fixed, and that before another sun had set, his sentence would be pronounced.

After a vulgar, tiresome, and absurd tirade from Bradshaw, the O, yes! was made, and silence commanded in the court. The clerk then read the sentence. After reciting the act of the self-called Commons of England, (for Charles was certainly not tried by the representatives of the people, at least by a free, full, and constitutional House of Commons,) it proceeded to accuse him of being the author and continuer (which, being untrue, it was impossible to prove,) of the late unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars, and consequently guilty of high treason, and of all the murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damages, and mischiefs, occasioned by and committed during the said wars; "for which treasons and crimes," it proceeded, "this court doth adjudge that he, the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good people of this nation, shall be put to death, by severing his head from his body." When the sentence was read the king smiled calmly, and lifted up his eyes as if pleading for that mercy in Heaven which he was denied by his persecutors upon earth.

Bradshaw stood up. "The sentence now read and published," he said, "is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court." On this, as had already been agreed upon, the whole of the judges also rose, as a tacit acknowledgment of their acquiescence and consent. The king, with the same placid smile, inquired of the president if he would hear him for a few moments.

Bradshaw.—Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

Charles.—No, Sir?

Bradshaw.—No, sir, by your favour. Guards, withdraw your prisoner.

Charles.—I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, sir. I may speak after the sentence, ever. By your favour—

Bradshaw.—Hold!

Charles.—The sentence, sir; I say, sir, I do—

Bradshaw.—Hold!

Charles.—I am not suffered to speak! Expect what justice the people will have.

Before he could say more, the king was removed by the guards. The regicides accounted for their cruel and infamous refusal to listen to the condemned monarch, by an argument too absurd even to be plausible. The king, they said, being *accounted dead in law*, a hearing could not be permitted. As Charles passed, for the last time, through that famous hall, the banqueting room of the kings his ancestors, and the trial scene of more than one of his own friends, and of many of the greatest and most brilliant of their day, he was insulted in the grossest manner by the poor hirelings whom he passed; the soldiers smoking their tobacco in his face, and throwing their pipes before him in his path, besides heaping on him the lowest and most virulent abuse.

From Westminster he was conveyed, in a sedan chair, through a double line of soldiers, to his chambers at Whitehall. As he passed through King Street, the more respectable inhabitants, many of them with tears in their eyes, stood at their stalls and windows, and beheld the scene of harassed and fallen majesty, with audible prayers for his safety or eternal happiness. After a lapse of two hours he was removed to St. James's, where he passed the three remaining days of his life.

CHAPTER IX.

The necessity of religion, and the advantages of a virtuous life, were never more beautifully exemplified than in the last hours of Charles. His accumulated

miseries—the loss of power—the brutality of republicanism, and the horrors of dissolution, were nothing to a mind prepared like his; to the brave man—the pious Christian—the conscientious monarch. How well did he say to Lord Digby, "*Either I will live as a king, or die like a gentleman.*" There was nothing of that fanatical enthusiam, or those false and rapturous ecstasies, which constituted the zeal and sanctity of his persecutors—*his* death was that of a good man, who forgave his persecutors, and trusted in his God. His dignity and his fortitude too, were all his own. Bishop Juxon, his spiritual adviser, was a cold dry man, but little calculated to excite an adventitious enthusiasm in the last hours of life. With the assistance of this prelate, the king prepared himself for the latest scene. While he sent the kindest remembrances to his friends, he gave directions that he should by no means be interrupted in his preparation for death. "I know," he said, "my nephew, the Elector, will endeavour it, and other lords that love me, which I should take in good part, but my time is short and precious, and I am desirous to improve it the best I may in preparation. I hope they will not take it ill that none have access to me but my children. The best office they can do now is to pray for me." The same night, according to a contemporary journal, "The Moderate Intelligencer,"—"he commanded his dogs should be taken away, and sent to his wife, as not willing to have any thing present that might take him off from serious consideration of himself. Being desired to say somewhat, how far he was guilty of the death of his father, and the rebellion of Ireland, he said, 'with reverence of God be it spoken, he had done nothing that he needed to ask pardon for.'" When some of the dissenting ministers requested permission to pray with him, he told them he had already selected his ghostly adviser; at the same time, thanking them for their offer, and desiring they would remember him in their prayers.

On one of the intermediate nights between his trial and execution, the king took a ring from his finger, on which was an emerald set between two diamonds, and

delivering it to Herbert, desired him to proceed with it to a certain house in Channel Row, at the back of King Street, Westminster, where he was to deliver it to the lady of the house without saying a word. This person was Lady Wheeler, the king's laundress. Having obtained the watchword from Colonel Tomlinson, Herbert proceeded, on a dark night, to the spot which the king had designated. Having obtained admittance, he was told by the lady to wait in the parlour till she returned. She shortly afterwards re-entered the room, and placing in his hands a small cabinet closed with three seals, desired him to deliver it to the same person from whom he had received the ring. The next morning, in Herbert's presence, the king broke the seals, when the cabinet was found to contain a number of diamonds and jewels, most of them set in broken insignia of the Order of the Garter. "This," said the king, "is all the wealth which I have it in my power to bequeath to my children."

The day before his execution, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester were allowed to take a last farewell of their unfortunate father. The princess, an extraordinary child, was deeply affected; and the little duke, taking his impression from the scene around him, wept almost as bitterly. They both fell on their knees and craved their father's blessing. The king raised them up and kissed them affectionately. Placing the princess on his knee, he desired her to tell her brother James that he must no longer regard Charles as his elder brother, but as his sovereign; adding that it was his dying wish they should love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. He told her not to grieve for him, for he died for the laws and liberties of the land, and for the maintenance of the Protestant religion. He desired her to tell her mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love had survived to the last. He then gave her his blessing, enjoining her to convey it to her brothers and sisters, and to remember him to all who were dear to him. "But, sweetheart," he said, "you will forget this." "No," she replied, "I shall never forget it while I live;" and bursting into

tears afresh, promised to write down whatever he had said to her.

Then he took the Duke of Gloucester on his knee. "Sweetheart," he said, "they will cut off thy father's head." The child looked wistfully in his face. "Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king;* but mark what I say; you must not be made a king, as long as your brothers Charles and James are alive; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they catch them, and cut off thy head at last; and, therefore, I charge you not to be made a king by them." The child replied, "he would be torn in pieces first," an answer from one so young, which evidently afforded great pleasure to the king. He then presented them with his jewels, and while the tears rolled down his cheeks, kissed them both fondly, and prayed the Almighty to bless them. He watched their departure with a father's grief, and as the door of the apartment was closing on them, moved hastily towards them from the window where he was standing, and folding them in his arms, again kissed and blessed them, and bade them farewell for ever.

The remainder of the day was spent in prayer and meditation. Bishop Juxon preached a sermon before him, taking for his text, Romans ii. v. 16: "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ," &c. When the discourse was at an end he received the sacrament, and afterwards continued till a late hour of the night in conversation with the bishop. After his departure he remained about two hours praying and reading by himself. He then, as night approached, called to Herbert to place his bed on the floor by his own. Herbert enjoyed but little rest, but the king slept calmly for about four hours.

On the fatal morning, about two hours before daybreak, he awoke, and drawing back his curtains, called to his faithful attendant, whom he perceived much

* The king's foresight is remarkable. In 1654, the question of calling the Duke of Gloucester, with limited powers to the throne, was seriously discussed by the republicans.

troubled in his sleep, from the effect, it seems, of a remarkable dream.* "Herbert," he said, almost playfully, "this is my second marriage day; I would be as trim as may be to-day, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." He then mentioned what clothes he should wish to wear, desiring he might have a shirt more than ordinary, lest the coldness of the day might make him tremble, which, he added, would be interpreted by his enemies into fear. "I do not dread death," he said. "Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God, I am prepared."

* Herbert relates the substance of this dream, in a letter to Dr. Samways, dated 28th August, 1680. "For some hours his majesty slept very soundly; for my part, I was so full of anguish and grief, that I took little rest. The king, some hours before day, drew his bed curtain to awaken me, and could, by the light of a wax-lamp, perceive me troubled in my sleep. The king rose forthwith; and as I was making him ready, 'Herbert,' said the king, 'I would know why you were disquieted in your sleep?' I replied, 'May it please your majesty, I was in a dream.' 'What was your dream?' said the king, 'I would hear it.' 'May it please your majesty,' said I, 'I dreamed, that as you were making ready, one knocked at the bed-chamber door, which your majesty took no notice of, nor was I willing to acquaint you with it, apprehending it might be Colonel Hacker. But knocking the second time, your majesty asked me if I heard it not? I said I did; but did not use to go without your orders. Why then, go know who it is, and his business. Whereupon I opened the door, and perceived that it was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Laud, in his pontifical habit, as worn at court; I knew him, having seen him often. The archbishop desired he might enter, having something to say to the king. I acquainted your majesty with his desire; so you bade me let him in. Being in, he made his obeisance to your majesty in the middle of the room, doing the like also when he came near your person; and, falling on his knees, your majesty gave him your hand to kiss, and took him aside to the window, where some discourse passed between your majesty and him, and I kept a becoming distance, not hearing any thing that was said, yet could perceive your majesty pensive by your looks, and that the archbishop gave a sigh; who, after a short stay, again kissing your hand, returned, but with his face all the way towards your majesty, and making his usual reverences, the third being so submiss, as he fell prostrate on his face on the ground, and I immediately stept to him to help him up, which I was then acting, when your majesty saw me troubled in my sleep. The impression was so lively, that I looked about, verily thinking it was no dream.' The king said, my dream was remarkable, but he is dead; yet, had we conferred together during life, 'tis very likely (albeit I loved him well) I should have said something to him might have occasioned his sigh."—*Memoirs of Sir J. Herbert*, p. 219.

He then spent a short time in naming the few legacies which were left him to bequeath. To Prince Charles he sent his Bible, on the margin of which were his private remarks and annotations. He desired that he would read it often and with great care; adding, that in affliction he would find it to be his surest friend; to the Duke of York he sent a curious ring, which he had constantly been in the habit of wearing; to the Princess Elizabeth Andrew's Sermons, Archbishop Laud against Fisher the Jesuit, and Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; to the Duke of Gloucester, King James's Works, and Hammond's Practical Catechism; Cassandra to the Earl of Lindsey; and his gold watch to the Duchess of Richmond, the daughter of his early favourite, the Duke of Buckingham.

By this time the bishop had arrived, and the king retired with him to prayer. After the prayers of the church had been gone through, the bishop read the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew, which describes the passion of our Saviour. The king applied the passage to his present condition, and thanked the bishop for the selection. He was much surprised and gratified when he was informed that it was, in fact, the chapter set apart in the calendar for the lesson of the day.

While he was still at his devotions, Colonel Hacker knocked at the door. He appeared much agitated, and informed the king it was time to set off for Whitehall. Charles told him he would come presently, and shortly afterwards, taking the bishop by the hand, and bidding Herbert bring with him his silver clock, with a cheerful countenance he proposed to depart. As he passed through the garden of St. James's into the Park, he inquired of Herbert the hour of the day, and afterwards bade him keep the clock for *his* sake.

It was ten o'clock when the king came forth. On each side of him was arranged a line of soldiers, and before and behind him were a guard of halberdiers, their drums beating and colours flying. The king passed to the scaffold, through to St. James's Park, on foot. On his right hand was Bishop Juxon, and on his left Colonel Tomlinson, both bareheaded, with whom he frequently

conversed during their walk through the Park. There is a tradition that he pointed out a tree, not far from the entrance to Spring Gardens, (close to the spot which is now a well-known station for cows,) which he said had been planted by his brother Henry. During his walk to the scaffold, a ruffianly fanatic officer inquired of him, with insulting barbarity, if it were true that he had been cognizant of his father's murder. Another stern republican, a "mean citizen," as he is styled by Fuller, was perceived to remain close by his side, and keep his eyes constantly fixed on the king, with an expression of particular malignity. Charles merely turned away his face: eventually, however, the man was unceremoniously pushed aside by the more feeling among his persecutors.

The guards marching at a slow pace, the king desired them to proceed faster. "I go," he said, "to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than I have formerly encouraged my soldiers to fight for an earthly one." However, the noise of the drums rendered conversation extremely difficult.

Passing along the famous gallery, which at that time ran across the street at Whitehall to the opposite part of the palace, the king was conducted to his usual bedchamber. The scaffolding had only been commenced the preceding afternoon,* and not having been then completed, the delay thus afforded allowed him a considerable time for prayer. It was a cold and dismal day. Two or three dishes had been provided for his dinner, but having partaken of the sacrament, he declined this misplaced kindness: however, on its being represented to him how long he had fasted, that the weather was extremely bitter; and that, should the cold produce the least shivering, it would be maliciously interpreted by

* Hume says, quoting from Walker's History of Independency, that "the king slept sound as usual, though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, resounded in his ears." This is more poetical than true. Charles had passed the previous night at St. James's, at the distance of nearly half a mile. Even had he slept at Whitehall, as his apartments were close to the water's side, and in a different direction, he could scarcely have been disturbed by the noise.

his enemies, he consented to partake of a piece of bread and a glass of claret. While he was engaged at his devotions with Bishop Juxon, Nye, and others of the puritan clergymen, knocked at the door of his apartment, and offered to assist in preparing him for his fate. But he told them they had so often prayed against him, they should never pray with him in his agony, though he should be grateful, he added, if they would remember him in their prayers. As soon as he had completed his devotions, "Now," he said, "let the *rogues* come; I have forgiven them, and am prepared for all I am to undergo." When Colonel Hacker gave the last signal at the door of the apartment, the bishop and Herbert fell on their knees weeping: the king gave them his hand to kiss, and as Juxon was an old man, he kindly assisted him to rise. To Colonel Tomlinson, who had shown him every attention in his power, he presented his gold tooth-pick case, requesting him to attend him to the last. Then, desiring the door to be opened, and telling Hacker he was prepared to follow him, he passed with a cheerful countenance, through an avenue of guards, to the scaffold.

CHAPTER X.

Considerable doubt has existed as to the exact spot on which Charles was beheaded. The scaffold unquestionably ran in front of the Banqueting House, from the centre of that building to the end nearest to Charing Cross. In height it was level with the top of the lower windows. Immediately in the centre of the building, between the upper and lower windows, a passage had been broken in the wall, through which the unfortunate king passed. At a recent renovation of the Banqueting House, this passage was plainly perceptible, a fact which must be considered as entirely setting the question at rest. For a space of about seven feet in height and four in

breadth, the bricks presented a broken and jagged appearance, and the brickwork introduced was evidently of more modern date.

To return to the last moments of Charles. The scaffold had been covered with black cloth, and a coffin, lined with black velvet, was in readiness to receive his remains. In the platform itself had been fixed iron rings and staples, to which ropes had also been attached, by which it was intended to force the king to the block should he make the least attempt at resistance. The persons who attended him to the scaffold, besides Bishop Juxon, were two of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, Harrington and Herbert. The former afterwards suffered so much from the shock, that an illness ensued which nearly cost him his life. The king himself appeared cheerful, resigned, and happy. He merely requested of Colonel Hacker, to be careful that he was not put to unnecessary pain. Having put on his satin cap, he inquired of one of the two executioners, both of whom were masked, if his hair was in the way. The man requested him to push it under his cap. As he was doing so, with the assistance of the bishop and the executioner, he turned to the former; "I have a good cause," he said, "and a gracious God on my side."

The Bishop.—There is but one stage more; this stage is turbulent and troublesome, it is a short one; but you may consider it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort.

The King.—I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

The Bishop.—You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown; a good exchange.

Observing one of the persons, who had been admitted to the scaffold, accidentally touching the edge of the axe with his cloak, the king requested him to be careful. Then again inquiring of the executioner, "is my hair well?" he took off his cloak and George, and delivering the latter to the bishop, exclaimed significantly "*remem-*

ber." To the executioner he said, "I shall say but short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—." Looking at the block, he said, "you must set it fast." The executioner replied it was fast. The king remarked it might have been higher. Being told it could not have been higher, he said, "when I put out my hands this way, then—"

In the mean time, having divested himself of his cloak and doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he again put on his cloak. Then, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and repeating a few words to himself which were inaudible to the bystanders, he knelt down and laid his neck on the block. The executioner stooping to put his hair under his cap, the king thinking he was about to strike, bid him *wait for the sign.* After a short pause he stretched out his hands, and the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body. The head was immediately lifted up by the other headsman and exhibited to the people. "Behold," he exclaimed, "the head of a traitor."*

Thus, on the 30th of January, 1649, at the age of forty-nine, died King Charles. The dismal groan, which rose at the moment of his decapitation from the dense populace around, was never forgotten by those who heard it. Certainly, by the vast majority of the people of England, the execution of Charles was regarded as an atrocious and barbarous murder. Philip Henry, the famous divine, was a witness of the memorable scene. "He used to mention," writes his son, "that at the instant when the blow was given, there was such a *dismal universal groan* among the thousands of people that were within sight, as it were with one consent, as he never heard before and desired he might never hear the like again." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of an aged person, one Margaret Coe, who died in 1730,

* In the British Museum is preserved a curious single folio sheet, printed at Frankfort shortly after King Charles's death, in which there is a print descriptive of his execution, surmounted by medallion heads of Charles, Cromwell, and Fairfax. The only persons represented to be on the scaffold, besides Charles and the two executioners, who are in masks, are Bishop Juxon, and Colonel Tomlinson and Hacker. There is a Latin motto from Horace, Carm. lib. i. ode 4.

at the age of one hundred and three. She saw the executioner hold up the head, and well "remembered the *dismal groan* which was made by the vast multitude of spectators when the fatal blow was given."* Immediately after the axe fell, a party of horse rode rapidly from Charing Cross to King Street, and another from King Street to Charing Cross, with the object of dispersing the people, or, more probably, of dissipating their gloomy thoughts.

The body of Charles, having been placed in the coffin prepared for it, was conveyed by Bishop Juxon and Herbert to the back-stairs at Whitehall, to be embalmed. In their way back they encountered Cromwell, who informed them that orders would be speedily issued for the burial. The regicide came shortly afterwards to gaze upon the corpse of his victim. He remarked on the appearance of health and promise of longevity which it exhibited. It is even said that he attempted to fasten a suspicion, that Charles was suffering under a disgraceful disease at the time of his death, but that the praiseworthy firmness of a physician who attended the opening of the body, destroyed the validity of the scandal. This physician was certainly not the same practitioner who was employed to embalm the body and to sew on

* Sir Edward Peyton, in addressing his work, the Divine Catastrophe, to the Commons of England, has the following remarkable passage: —"I thrice humbly desire your patronage, especially finding by experience the composition and style of this present narrative *will incur the displeasure and hatred of most of this state.*" This admission coming from a fifth monarchy man, as Anthony Wood styles Peyton, and addressed to the heads of his own party, is certainly of some weight. Indeed, whatever might have been the general feeling against the political character and conduct of Charles, there can be no doubt that his public death upon the scaffold was regarded by nine-tenths of the people as a bloody and atrocious act. Among the thousands who gazed upon that scene of violence and ferocity, there was, perhaps, scarcely a single bystander in whose breast all feelings of pity were so entirely stifled, as not to be excited by so awful a transition from the height of human greatness to the extreme of human misery. It is only in the worst of human bosoms that there exists the impulse to injure still further the being whom we have humbled and rendered powerless. Among the actors or spectators of the execution of Charles, there may have been some to whom, from motives of ambition, or a persuasion of its political expediency, that scene may not have been unpalatable; but these persons were neither many in number, nor were they, generally speaking, among the more respectable of their detested party.

the head. That person was one Thomas Tropham, surgeon to Fairfax, and a bachelor of physic in the University of Oxford. There were many spectators of the ceremony. At its completion this facetious ruffian remarked, that he had been sewing on the head of a goose.

No monarch ever departed this life more beloved and lamented by his own party than did the unfortunate Charles. They felt as if a near and dear friend had been snatched from their sight. Archbishop Usher, who witnessed the death of his master from the roof of Wallingford House, (the site of the present Admiralty,) was carried away fainting; and Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, died, it is said, of grief, when the tidings were brought to him. The majority of the people of England expressed their sorrow as loudly as they felt it deeply. All who were able to approach the body dipped their handkerchiefs and staves in his blood; the block was cut into small pieces; and large sums of money were offered for a lock of his hair, or a few grains of the sand which had been discoloured by his blood. It seems that in addition to the common interest attached to such relics, it was supposed they would be efficacious in curing the evil. But even his enemies, on more than one occasion, paid unexpected homage to his memory. Perhaps the most singular is the tribute of the regicide Henry Martin. "If we *are* to have a king," he said in the House of Commons, "I would as soon have *the last gentleman* as any sovereign on record." But the fine verses of Andrew Marvel, another foe to monarchy, must not be omitted,—

> While round the armed bands
> Did clasp their bloody hands,
> He nothing common did or mean,
> After that memorable scene;
> But with his keener eye
> The axe's edge did try,
> Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
> To vindicate his helpless right,
> But bowed his comely head
> Down, as upon a bed.

The heroic Marquis of Montrose is said to have writ-

ten his master's epitaph with the point of his sword. The lines attributed to him, and rendered thus remarkable, the author had previously imagined to be the production of John Cleveland, more especially as they are printed among his works, and as the death of the martyred king is a favourite subject of his muse. Bishop Guthrie, however, who was likely to have the best information on the subject, inserts them in his Memoirs as the production of the marquis, without in the least questioning their authenticity. The lines are as follow:

Great, good, and just! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate;
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again;
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes;
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

There has existed much doubt and discussion respecting the identity of the king's executioner. Several persons have been named for the unenviable honour, and sufficient materials might be collected on the subject to form a curious and entertaining treatise. However, after every attention to the evidence, (and some interesting matter has recently been brought to light,) there seems to be no doubt that it was Richard Brandon the common executioner, who had previously beheaded the Earl of Strafford. This man eventually died in great agony of mind, and was carried to the grave amid the execrations of the populace.*

The royal corpse, having been embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin, was conveyed to St. James's Palace. The usurping authorities refused permission to bury it in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, though at the same time, they allowed five hundred pounds to defray the expenses of the interment. The spot eventually agreed upon by both parties was Windsor. Thither the melancholy cavalcade proceeded; the body being carried in a hearse covered with black velvet, and drawn by six

* See Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii.; Kennet's Complete Hist. vol. iii.; Gent. Mag. for 1767; Trial of the Regicides, &c. &c.

horses. It was followed by four mourning coaches, containing several of the most faithful servants of the deceased monarch, who hastened to pay the last tribute to his memory. The first resting-place was the Dean's house at Windsor: the room was covered with black, and the coffin surrounded with lights. From thence the body was removed to the king's usual bed-chamber in the castle.

The persons to whom the performance of the royal obsequies was intrusted were, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Southampton, Lord Lindsay, the Bishop of London, Herbert, and Mildmay. They had all been devoted servants of their late master. Their first step was to proceed to St. George's Chapel, to select a proper resting-place for his remains. That beautiful and interesting building was at this period, internally, a mass of ruins. The ancient inscriptions, the architectural ornaments, the stalls and banners of the Knights of the Garter, had been torn and uprooted by the hands of republicanism, and lay strewed in melancholy devastation on the floor. It was found impossible to distinguish the tomb of a monarch from the grave of a verger. At last, one of the noblemen present, happening to strike the pavement with his staff, perceived by the hollow sound that there was a vault beneath. The stones and earth having been removed, they came to two coffins, which proved to be those of King Henry the Eighth and Queen Jane Seymour. Though considerably more than a century had elapsed since their interment, the velvet palls which covered their coffins were still fresh. In this vault, over against the eleventh stall on the sovereign's side, it was decided to inter the body of King Charles.

Accordingly, on the 7th of February, the royal remains, having been carried from the king's bed-chamber into St. George's Hall, were thence borne to the chapel. In addition to those to whom the solemnization of the funeral had been originally entrusted, Colonel Whichcot, the governor of the castle, and several of his officers, attended the ceremony. The snow fell thick upon the velvet pall, and when it entered the chapel the coffin was

perfectly white, the "colour of innocency." Bishop Juxon stood ready at the head of the vault, with the book of Common Prayer in his hand. He was preparing to read the burial service, according to the rites of the Church of England, when he was stopped by the governor. "The book of Common Prayer," said the bigoted soldier, "had been put down by authority, and should not be used in any garrison where he commanded." The coffin was lowered amid the tears and prayers of the faithful followers of the unfortunate monarch. On its leaden surface was inscribed, in capital letters—

KING CHARLES,
1648.

A mysterious doubt existed for many years respecting the real burial-place of King Charles. By many it was believed that he lay in the sand at Whitehall, and that the coffin, on which was inscribed his name, merely contained stones and rubbish.* Another report was raised by the old Cromwellites, at the Restoration, that the bodies of Charles and Cromwell had been made to change coffins, and that in reality it was the corpse of the king, instead of his murderer, which had been exposed at Tyburn, and which was afterwards buried beneath the gallows. There was one circumstance which attached some weight to these idle surmises. At the Restoration, the Parliament voted the large sum of seventy thousand pounds towards a public funeral for the late king, and for the purpose of erecting a grateful and a lasting monument to his memory. To the astonishment of all men, it was reported that his remains could nowhere be discovered, although many persons were still alive who could have pointed out the spot.

But all doubts have been set at rest in our times by

* Aubrey says, "I well remember it was frequently and soberly affirmed by officers of arms and grandees, that the body of King Charles the First was privately put into the sand at Whitehall; and the coffin that was carried to Windsor and laid in King Henry the Eighth's vault, was filled with rubbish and brick-bats. Sir Fabian Phillips, *jurisconsultus*, who adventured his life before the king's trial by printing, assures me that the king's coffin cost but six shillings: a plain deal coffin."

the opening of King Charles's coffin in 1813, in the presence of George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales. The interesting account of Sir Henry Halford is well known. "On removing the pall, a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, 'King Charles, 1648,' in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to the view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapt up in cere-cloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seems, had been melted, so as to exclude as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full, and from the tenacity of the cere-cloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cere-cloth was easy, and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cere-cloth, was found entire. When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty, was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish red tinge to paper and linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance, nearly black. A portion of it which has been since

cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour.* That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back of the head the hair was not more than an inch in length, and had been probably cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps, by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king. On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even; an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First."

By his queen, Henrietta Maria, the king had eight children. Besides those, whose memoirs will be hereafter introduced, he had a son named Charles, his first-born, who survived the rite of baptism but a few hours. The infant was born at Greenwich in 1629; its birth having been accelerated by a fright suffered by the queen. It is remarkable that the Roman Catholic priests of the queen's household were in anxious expectation of its birth, trusting, by an immediate and secret baptism, to smuggle it into their own church; Charles, however, was on the watch, and directed his chaplain, Dr. Webbe, who was in attendance, to baptize it according to the forms of the Church of England. The infant was buried at Westminster. Another of the king's children was Catherine, his fourth daughter, whose career was equally brief. This child, as were most of the offspring of Charles, was born at Whitehall. It has been remarked as curious, that their names, with only one exception, are omitted in the parish registry of St. Martin's. The king invariably sent a sum of money, by some member of his household, in order to insure the usual entry. These persons, it is said, deceived his majesty, and appropriated the money to their own use.†

* This is singular; it being an unquestionable fact that the king's hair was almost *gray*, long previous to his trial.

† Fuller's Worthies, vol. ii. p. 108.

OF HARLEM
LIBRARY

HENRIETTA MARIA.

The character of Henrietta Maria is seldom a favourite one with our historians. Generally speaking, she is described as turbulent, wanton, and insincere; implacable in her resentments; rash in her resolves; precipitating her husband into the most dangerous excesses, and entertaining the most lofty conceptions of the royal prerogative. That the conduct of Henrietta was not felicitous; that she was bigoted in religion, and headstrong in her passions, and that her capacity was far from extensive, it would be difficult to deny; and yet much that has been said to her disadvantage may be traced to party bitterness and the prejudice of faction. To the republicans, the exalted station which she occupied, and the religion which she professed, naturally rendered her an object of suspicion and dislike; while the royalists, taking advantage of her supposed influence over the king, attributed to her indifferent counsels whatever in their master's conduct they would otherwise have found difficult to defend.

Moreover, the manners of the volatile French-woman were little suited to the people among whom she came to reside. Her zealous and undisguised partiality for the religion and manners of her own country; her love of admiration; her fondness for music, dancing, and all the frivolities to which her sex are privileged, were converted, by the jaundiced eye of puritanism, into the most heinous sins. After all, Henrietta was neither deficient in private virtues nor agreeable qualities. Her disposition was generous when not provoked; her manners were playful and animated; she was fearless in danger; an affectionate mother, and an indulgent mistress. Her attachment to the ruined fortunes of her husband can never be spoken of without praise. The prominent

position which she occupied, in the political troubles of the period, may be ascribed rather to the unfortunate circumstances in which she was placed, than to personal ambition, or a mere love of intrigue. Had she lived in peacable times, or, indeed, had Buckingham survived to guide the counsels of his master, Henrietta in all probability, would have been merely remembered for the gayety of her maners, and the lustre of her charms.

Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of Henry the Great, of France, and sister of Louis the Thirteenth, was born 28th November, 1609. Of her childhood little is known; indeed, at the period of her marriage with Charles, she had scarcely completed her sixteenth year. In 1624, Lord Kensington, afterwards Earl of Holland, had been despatched to Paris, in order to sound the feelings of the French court, with regard to the match. He found the young princess greatly prepossessed in favour of her future husband. The account of the prince's journey into Spain appears to have strongly influenced her imagination. When the tale of his adventures was first related to her, she observed, "He might have found a wife much nearer, and have saved himself much trouble." Indeed, with all the romance of a young girl, she appears to have fancied herself in love with Charles, long before they actually met.

Lord Kensington, unwilling to risk the disgrace of a refusal, proceeded cautiously in his delicate mission. As regarded Henrietta herself, she took no pains to disguise her partiality for the prince. The state of her feelings, however, will be best discovered by the following romantic incident, which is thus agreeably related by Lord Kensington in one of his letters to Charles: "I cannot," he says, "but make you continual repetitions of the value you have here, to be (as justly we know you), the most complete young prince and person in the world. This reputation hath begotten in the sweet princess, Madame, so infinite an affection to your fame, as she could not contain herself from a passionate desiring to see your picture, the shadow of that person so honoured, and knowing not by what means to compass it, it being worn about my neck; for though others, as the queen and

princesses, would open it, and consider it, the which ever brought forth admiration from them, yet durst not this poor young lady look any otherwise on it than afar off, whose heart was nearer unto it than any of the others who did most gaze upon it. But at the last, rather than want that sight, the which she was so impatient of, she desired the gentlewoman of the house where I am lodged, that had been her servant, to borrow of me the picture, in all the secrecy that may be, and to bring it unto her, saying, she could not but want that curiosity, as well as others, towards a person of his infinite reputation. As soon as she saw the party that brought it, she retired into her cabinet, calling only her in; where she opened the picture in such haste as showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, she gave it many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for your secrecy, as I know it shall never go farther than unto the king your father, my lord Duke of Buckingham, and my lord of Carlisle's knowledge."* Shortly afterwards, when Henrietta received two letters, one from King James, and the other from her lover, she placed the former in her cabinet, and the latter in her bosom. James was much pleased when the anecdote was related to him;—"It was an omen," he said, "that she would preserve his name in her memory, and Charles in her heart."

One would have thought the young, the graceful, and gallant Earl of Holland, (for such he was now created,) would have been a dangerous mediator between two lovers who had never met. But Holland, though afterwards some suspicion became attached to his intercourse with Henrietta, at this period loved his master. It was about the same time that Count Soissons declared openly and boldly at the Louvre, that he had been contracted to the princess before several witnesses, and even went so far as to assert that she was his lawful bride. Holland instantly challenged him to single combat, but Soissons refused to meet him. "The court of France,"

* Cabala, p. 318.

he said, "was too powerful, to allow him to maintain the truth with his sword."*

If it be presumed that the feelings of Charles were equally romantic with those of his future bride, the glowing descriptions which Lord Holland transmitted of her accomplishments were well calculated to increase his flame. In a letter dated 26th February, 1625, he thus writes to the prince: "You will find a lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection, as any creature under Heaven can do. And, sir, by all her fashions since my being here, and by what I hear from the ladies, it is most visible to me, her infinite value, and respect unto you. Sir, I say not this to betray your belief, but from a true observation and knowlege of this to be so; I tell you this, and must somewhat more, in way of admiration of the person of Madame; for the impressions I had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her, as I protest to God I did, the sweetest creature in France. Her growth is very little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother, and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances, the which I am a witness of, as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings most sweetly: I am sure she looks so."† In another letter Lord Holland writes: "I found it true, that neither her master Bayle, nor any man or woman in France, or in the world, sings so admirably as she. Sir, it is beyond imagination; that is all that I can say of it."

The articles of marriage between Charles and Henrietta were signed by James on the 11th of May, 1624, and by the French king on the 14th of August following. The treaty was finally ratified at Paris, by the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, on the 13th of March, 1625. At the beginning of May, the necessary dispensation was received from Rome, when Cardinal Richlieu performed the espousals, the Duke de Chevereux appearing as proxy for Charles.

The ceremony was magnificent in the extreme. On

* Divine Catastrophe of the House of Stuart. † Cabala, p. 321.

the day appointed, the 11th of May, the royal bride was conducted by the king, the queen, and a long train of courtiers, to the house of the Archbishop of Paris, where she was formally attired by her ladies in the nuptial robes. From hence they proceeded to a magnificent theatre, erected in front of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. The Duke de Chevereux was dressed in a black robe, lined with cloth of gold, and sparkling with diamonds. On each side he was supported by the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, clad in beaten silver. Standing under a gorgeous canopy, the King of France, assisted by his brother, consigned their sister to the Duke de Chevereux, as the representative of King Charles. The marriage having been solemnized according to the ceremonies of the Romish church, the procession advanced in the same order to the cathedral, the Duke de Chevereux, taking precedence of the King of France. After the celebration of mass, from which the English earls had absented themselves on account of their religious scruples, the procession returned to the house of the archbishop, where a splendid banquet had been prepared. The king sat under a canopy in the centre of the table, Henrietta being placed on his left hand, and the queen-mother on his right. Next to Henrietta sat the Duke de Chevereux, and the Earls of Carlisle and Holland by the side of the duke.

On the 24th of May, the Duke of Buckingham, attended by the Earl of Montgomery, and others of the English nobility, arrived at Paris, for the purpose of conducting Henrietta to England. During the seven days which they remained in the French capital, nothing could exceed the splendour of the entertainments which were provided for them, or the magnificence of the public rejoicings. Bonfires illuminated the streets; the cannon roared on the walls, and the prison doors were opened; while the nobility of Paris vied with each other in the costliness of their feasts; a rivalship in which the celebrated Richlieu is said to have carried off the palm.*

Henrietta bid farewell to Paris on the 2d of June,

* Rushworth, vol. i. p. 169, 170; Echa[illegible] i. p. 12.

1625. It is asserted in a letter of the period, that she was arrested at Amiens by a legate from the pope, who commanded her to perform a penance of either sixteen or twenty-six days, as an atonement for uniting herself to a heretic prince, or, as another writer informs us, for having married Charles without a dispensation. Henrietta, it is said, instantly wrote to Charles, who was anxiously expecting her at Canterbury, acquainting him with the cause of her delay. His answer was decisive; he informed her that if she did not immediately resume her journey, he would return to London without her. The young queen, however unwillingly, continued her progress, and the Pope was defrauded of his expected triumph.* However, as his holiness had already given his consent to the marriage, the story is in all probability a fabrication.

At Boulogne she found the Duchess of Buckingham and an English fleet in readiness to receive her. She set sail on the 12th of June, and after an uncomfortable passage of twenty-four hours arrived at Dover. During this short voyage she had suffered so much from sea-sickness, that it was deemed necessary to convey her into the town in a litter, and thence to apartments prepared for her in the castle. The news of her arrival was carried to the king at Canterbury in an hour and six minutes.† Charles was hastening to meet his young bride, when he received a communication from her, intimating how much she had suffered by her voyage, and requesting him to defer the interview till the following day.‡

The next morning, about ten o'clock, the king, attended by a suitable retinue, arrived at Dover. Henrietta was at her morning meal, and for various private reasons, was scarcely prepared for the interview; yet she instantly rose from table, and hurrying down stairs, fell on her knees before her husband, and taking his hand, kissed it affectionately. Charles instantly raised

* Ellis, vol. iii. p. 200. † Finetti Philoxenis, p. 152.
‡ Rushworth, vol. i. p. 170.

her, and "wrapping his arms around her, kissed her with many kisses." Her first words were those of reverence and affection:—"*Sire, Je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée e vous.*"* Charles seemed surprised to find her taller than he had expected, and cast his eyes upon her feet, as if suspecting that she had made use of artificial means to improve her stature. Henrietta, with all her native quickness, perceived what was passing in the king's mind. She immediately raised one of her feet, and pointed to the shoe: "Sir," she said, "I stand upon mine own feet. I have no helps of art. Thus high I am, and am neither higher nor lower."† Some tears fell from her eyes, but Charles kissed them away, telling her playfully "he should not fail doing so, as long as she continued weeping." He told her "she had not fallen into a land of strangers, and that she might be ever satisfied of his tenderness and esteem."

After a short period, the bystanders were required to withdraw, and the royal lovers remained an hour in private.‡ The first request of Henrietta must have been highly gratifying to her husband. "She trusted," she said, "that should she ever do any thing to offend him, he would himself tell her of her fault, instead of employing a third person." Charles readily promised a compliance, and exacted the same stipulation from his bride.§

Having prepared themselves for dinner, and come forth into the presence chamber, Henrietta presented her French servants formally, and by name. Charles, having already dined, seated himself by the queen, and helped her to venison and pheasant with his own hand. Her confessor, who stood by her, solemnly reminded her that, being the eve of John the Baptist, it was a fast day of the church, and consequently that she must be cautious how she provoked scandal on the first day of her arrival.‖ But at this period, at least, her husband had the ascendant of the Pope and his penances, and

* Ellis, Orig. Let. vol. iii. p. 190.
† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 196.
‡ Rushworth, vol. i. p. 170.
§ Ibid. vol. i. p. 170.
‖ Ellis, Orig. Let. vol. iii. p. 198.

Henrietta, to the great delight of her Protestant subjects, ate heartily of the forbidden dishes.

After dinner the king and queen proceeded on horseback to Canterbury, where it was intended to consummate the marriage. On Barram Downs they were received by a vast concourse of the nobility, of both sexes, who divided themselves into rows while their majesties passed on. The road had been strewed with roses and other flowers, by the loyal peasants of Kent, who rent the skies with their shouts and acclamations. "The ladies," writes Howell, "appeared like so many constellations, but methought that the country ladies outshined the courtiers."

The same night, having arrived at Canterbury, and supper being over, the queen retired to rest. Charles followed shortly afterwards, being attended to the apartment by two of the lords of the bedchamber, whose duty it was to undress him. It appears that the king's first step was to secure the doors of the bed-chamber (which were actually seven in number) with his own hand. He then undressed himself, and having excluded his two attendants, cautiously bolted the door. These particulars throw a curious light on the customs of the period; since it seems certain that not even the nuptial chamber of the sovereign was secure against the strange license and intrusive jocularity which were permitted by the less refined taste of our ancestors on the marriage night. It would seem, indeed, that it was only by stratagem that Charles was enabled to rid himself of his own attendants. "The next morning," we are told, "he was pleasant with the lords that he had *beguiled* them, and hath ever since been very jocund."*

On the 16th of June, 1625, Charles arrived with his bride in the capital. They had entered the royal barge at Gravesend, from whence, attended by several of the barges of the nobility, they proceeded up the river in regal state. From London Bridge to Whitehall their procession resembled a triumph. Thousands of vessels crowded the Thames; every lighter and barge was

* Ellis, Orig. Let. vol. iii. p. 198.

filled with spectators, and the banks appeared a moving mass of population. The guns roared from the Tower, as well as from the various ships in the neighbourhood; while the populace, notwithstanding that the plague raged around them, and the rain fell in torrents, vied with each other in the clamour of their gratulations. The king and queen were each dressed in green. The windows of the barge, notwithstanding the pelting rain, were kept open; Henrietta frequently acknowledging the shouts of the populace, by gracefully waving her hand. It was observed that her head already reached the king's shoulder, and that she was young enough to grow taller.*

The difference of religion between Henrietta and her new subjects but slightly affected her first welcome. Much was expected from her youth, her reputed good sense, and the zeal and influence of her husband. Henrietta too, in some degree sacrificing her respect for truth to the love of popularity, was not unwilling to assist the deception. Being asked, shortly after her arrival, if she could abide a heretic: "Why not," she said, "was not my father one?"† But neither her popularity nor her dissimulation were of long existence. Shortly afterwards, when she proved with child, the Puritans loudly expressed their dissatisfaction, speaking of her as an idolatress and likening her to Heth the Canaanite. Regarding her religion with extreme abhorrence, and perceiving the probability of her hereafter influencing her children in the Romish faith, they foretold those misfortunes which afterwards befel the descendants of Charles. The Puritans looked rather to the issue of the Queen of Bohemia, whose education they were satisfied had been in accordance with the principles of the reformed religion. The birth, therefore, of an heir to the crown was a black day in the

* See "The Life and Death of that Matchless Mirror of Magnanimity, Henrietta Maria de Bourbon: London, 1685." Also "A true Discourse of all the Royal Passages, Triumphs, and Ceremonies, observed at the Contract and Marriage of the High and Mighty Charles, King of Great Britain: London, 1625."

† Ellis, Orig. Let. vol. iii. p. 198.

calendar of Puritanism. Heylin mentions a village, in which he was himself resident at the time, where a day of rejoicing had been set apart, in commemoration of the prince's birth. All sorts of festivities, such as feasting, ringing of bells, and bonfires, had been announced to the inhabitants. But, he adds, no single individual of the Presbyterian or Puritan party came forth from their houses on that day; but, on the contrary, closed their doors, as on occasions of general mourning and distress.*

The reputed loveliness of Henrietta, notwithstanding the exquisite portraits of Vandyke, and the enthusiasm of the contemporary poets, has been occasionally disputed. A small share of personal charms will easily exalt a queen into a goddess, and Waller thus addresses Henrietta:

> Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
> With admiration, than his private loves;
> With admiration! for a pitch so high,
> (Save sacred Charles's) never love durst fly.
> Beauty had crowned you, and you must have been
> The whole world's mistress, other than a queen.
> All had been rivals, and you might have spared,
> Or killed, and tyrannized, without a guard.

Sir William Davenant has celebrated the beauty of Henrietta with still more fulsome panegyric. Several of his smaller pieces are addressed to her, and on New Year's Day he writes,—

> There is no need of purple or of lawn
> To vest thee in; were but thy curtains drawn
> Men might securely say that it is morn;
> Thy garments serve to hide not to adorn.
> Now she appears, whilst every look and smile
> Dispenses warmth and beauty through our Isle.

Descending, however, to mere prose, it may not be unamusing to transcribe the brief descriptions of those persons who beheld her in the zenith of youth and love-

* Heylin's Life of Laud, p. 198.

liness, and who were qualified to form a sober opinion of her personal merits. "I can send you gallant news," writes Howell to his brother-in-law; "for we have now a most gallant new Queen of England, who in true beauty is far beyond the long-wooed infanta; for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection."

Mr. Meade, who was present at her first landing in England, describes her to Sir Martin Stuteville, as "a nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave lady, though, perhaps, a little touched with the green sickness." But we prefer the description of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who hastened to gratify his curiosity with a sight of the new queen: "On Thursday, the 30th, the last day of this instant June, I went to Whitehall purposely to see the queen, which I did fully all the time she sat at dinner, and perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady; after I had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides, her deportment among her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion." Her eyes appear to have been really beautiful. Waller speaks of them in the inflated language of the day.

> "Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself had thrown
> As bright and fierce a lightning as his own."

And again,—

> ——"Such radiant eyes,
> Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies."

Notwithstanding the conciliating manners of Henrietta on her first arrival in England, it was shortly evi-

dent that the spirit of Henry IV. was not entirely dormant in the bosom of his daughter. The following court decree is introduced on the authority of an eye-witness. "The queen, howsoever very little of stature, is yet of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, but full of spirit and vigour, and seems of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, diverse of us being at Whitehall to see her, being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company, she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."* Henrietta was not crowned with her husband. It was demanded that the ceremony should be performed according to the solemnities of her own church; but this being of course refused, her bigotry, or the threats of her confessor, forbade her to assist in any religious ceremonial of Protestantism. She is described, in a letter of the period, as standing in a window as a mere looker-on, her ladies "frisking and dancing" around her.† She beheld the procession from an apartment in the Gate House, Westminster, which looked into Palace Yard, and had been purposely fitted up for her accommodation.

It certainly speaks much in favour of Henrietta, that her own relatives, and those who were nearest to her person, regarded her with the warmest affection and esteem. The dying words of Charles bore testimony to his admiration and his love. With her brother, Louis the Thirteenth, she was also a great favourite. Robert, Earl of Leicester, ambassador at Paris in 1636, mentions the evident satisfaction of Louis, when he presented him with a letter from his sister the Queen of England: "It was observed," he says, "by those that were by, that when he spoke of the queen, a very great natural affection did appear, both by his words and gesture; and, it is said in this court, that he loves the queen best of all his sisters; and when he speaks of her, he always calls her, *ma bonne sœur d'Angleterre.*"‡ Her son, James

* Ellis, Orig. Let. vol. iii. p. 206. † Ibid. vol. iii. p. 213.
‡ Collins's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 283.

the Second, reverts to her memory with affection;—"She excelled," he says, "in all the qualities of a good wife, a good mother, and a good Christian." Her nephew, also, Louis the Fourteenth, appears to have been attached to her in her lifetime, and after her death erected a splendid monument to her memory.

Sir William Waller, in his Recollections, records an anecdote of Henrietta during her stay at Exeter, which endeared her to the inhabitants of that loyal town. While passing northward of the town, her ears were saluted by the dismal cries of some person in distress. They were found, on inquiry, to proceed from a poor woman, whose daughter was in her confinement, and who was evidently in a dying state from the want of proper nourishment and assistance. The queen took a gold chain from her neck, and placing the Agnus which was attached to it in her bosom, delivered the chain to the woman; desiring her at the same time, to take it into the city and to dispose of it to a goldsmith. The queen's confessor afterwards hazarded an invidious remark on the object of her charity having been a heretic. When this latter circumstance was mentioned to Charles, alluding to her barefoot journey to Tyburn, he asked jestingly if they had not compelled her to do penance.

On the 23d of February, 1642, Henrietta, dreading the threatened impeachment of the Commons and the fury of the people, wisely decided on quitting England, and embarked at Dover for Holland. She carried with her the crown jewels, with which she eventually purchased arms and ammunition for the service of her husband. But her absence from England was of brief duration. After using every exertion to influence the Prince of Orange and the States in favour of the royal cause in England; after eluding the spies of the Parliament and the ships which they sent out to arrest her, she again set sail from Scheveling the following year, and arrived safely at Burlington Bay in Yorkshire.

The night after her landing her life was in considerable danger. Four of the parliamentary ships having entered the roads, and having ascertained in which house the queen was lodged, commenced playing their cannon

against it. Henrietta was in bed at the time, but so imminent was the danger, that she was compelled to quit the house "bare-foot and bare-leg," and after a precipitate and very hazardous flight, found shelter in a ditch behind the town. But even here the danger was considerable, a sergeant being killed within a few paces from where she stood. In the midst of the firing, Henrietta remembered that she had left her favourite lapdog asleep. Heedless of the danger, she instantly flew back to the house she had just quitted, and having discovered the little creature, returned with it triumphantly in her arms.

On hearing of her hazardous situation, the Earl of Newcastle immediately hastened to Burlington and conducted her in safety to the army at York. Had she attempted to rejoin her husband at Oxford, where his quarters then were, she would, in all probability, have fallen into the hands of the republicans; it was decided therefore that she should remain in Yorkshire, where she continued to reside for about four months; equally enchanting all who approached her by her affable demeanour and graceful manners.

The courage displayed by Henrietta at Burlington is not the only instance of her recklessness in the hour of danger. On one occasion, when one of the Parliament ships was in full chase of her, regardless of the cries and entreaties of her female attendants, she commanded the captain on no account to strike, but to wait till the last extremity, and then to blow up the vessel.* At another time, when in imminent danger from a storm at sea, she sat tranquilly on the deck, and exclaimed laughingly, —"*Les reines ne se noyent pas,*—queens are never drowned."† And yet Mr. Hallam remarks that "Henrietta was by no means the high-spirited woman that some have fancied."

Even to Charles she occasionally displayed the spirit of her race. When the king showed some disinclination to seize the five refractory members, "Go, coward," she said, "and pull out these rogues by the ears, or never see my face again." This anecdote was related to Pym

* Curiosities of Literature, vol. v. p. 236. † Seaward, vol. iv. p. 352.

by the Countess of Carlisle; and yet at other times Henrietta could bear insult and injury with singular generosity of mind. When the tidings were brought to her that she had been impeached by the Commons of high treason, and that her enemy Pym had actually carried up the impeachment to the bar of the Lords, she wrote to the Duke of Hamilton, that she hoped God would forgive them for their rebellion, as she in her heart forgave them their conduct to her. On another occasion she refused to be made acquainted with the names of some English peers, who had expressed themselves her enemies. "Though they hate me now," she said, "perhaps they will not always hate me; and if they have any sentiments of honour, they will be ashamed of tormenting a poor woman, who takes so little precaution to defend herself."

The enemies of Henrietta have attempted to blast her fair fame, by accusing her of unfaithfulness to the marriage-bed. Undoubtedly there was much of French levity in her manners and conduct, but still the fact of infidelity is not only not proved, but is deficient in reasonable presumptive evidence. Walpole, in his tedious juvenile poem, "The Epistle from Florence," speaks confidently

"Of lustful Henrietta's Romish shade."

Peyton, also, an equally rancorous writer, accuses her of having intrigued with Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, even in the lifetime of her husband. "A certain earl," he says, "enlightened the king on the subject, telling him that if he did not believe his word, if he would go into her chamber, he might be satisfied, and behold Jermyn sitting upon the bed with the queen; so the king and the lord went in, and found her and Jermyn in that posture. The king presently, more ashamed of the act than blaming her, departed, without speaking a word." There is one important argument to refute this disgraceful accusation, namely, the want of confidence in the veracity of the narrator.

It must be allowed, however, on the other hand, that the character of Henrietta has never been completely

cleared. Lord Dartmouth, in a note to Bishop Burnet's History, supplies us with a curious anecdote. The queen, he informs us, had conceived a particular dislike to the Duke of Hamilton. His grace, for some reason, being anxious to obtain an interview with Henrietta, had persuaded Mrs. Seymour, a woman of the bed-chamber, to admit him secretly into the queen's private apartment at Somerset House; when, his wishes having been gratified, he stated that from his place of concealment he surprised Henrietta in great familiarities with Jermyn. Lord Dartmouth's authority was Sir Francis Compton, who had it from his mother the Countess of Northampton, an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Seymour.

Another piece of scandal is related by the bishop himself, in one of the suppressed passages of his history. When the unfortunate Marquis of Montrose was in Paris and in distress, the queen, notwithstanding her own straitened circumstances, had supplied him liberally with jewels and money. Montrose, he says, afterwards repaid her kindness, by boasting of other favours which she had conferred upon him. Henrietta when she heard of the circumstances, instantly sent to him to leave Paris, and positively refused to see him again. This story was related to Burnet by a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, who affirmed that she had the latter particulars from the queen herself.

The ill-fated Earl of Holland was another reputed lover of Henrietta. His beauty and gallantry may alone have given rise to the report, though it has been asserted, with little reason, that their intimacy commenced at Paris, previous to the union of Henrietta with Charles. According to Peyton, when some misunderstanding had arisen between the king and Holland, (on account of which the latter was confined to his house at Kensington, the present Holland House,) Henrietta refused to cohabit with her husband unless the restraint were taken off. The circumstance, alluded to by Peyton, appears to have occurred in April, 1633, when Holland was undoubtedly closely confined to his own house by order of the king. In a letter dated 18th April, 1633,

from Sir Henry Wotton to Sir Edmund Bacon, there is a passage which might have been expected to throw some light on the subject. However, as it is somewhat lengthy, and the meaning intricate, it will be sufficient to insert it in a note. The reader will be the best judge whether it, in any degree, implicates the character of Henrietta. It may be remarked that the writer strongly enjoins his correspondent to put the letter into the fire as soon as he has perused its contents.*

There appears every reason to believe that, after the death of Charles, Henrietta secretly united herself to her

* "The Earl of Holland was on Saturday last (the day after your post's departure) very solemnly restored at council table, (the king present) from a kind of eclipse, wherein he had stood since the Thursday fortnight before. All considered the obscuration was long, and bred both various and doubtful discourse, but it ended well. All the cause yet known was, a verbal challenge sent from him by Mr. Henry Germain in this form to the now Lord Weston, newly returned from his foreign employments. That since he had already given the king an account of his embassage, he did now expect from him an account of a letter of his, which he had opened in Paris, and he did expect it at such a time, even in the Spring Garden, close under his father's window, with his sword by his side."

"It is said (I go no farther in such tender points) that my Lord Weston sent him, by Mr. Henry Percy, (between whom and the said Lord Weston had, in the late journey, as it seems, been contracted such friendship as overcame the memory that he was cousin-german to my lord of Holland,) a very fair and discreet answer:—That if he could challenge him for any injury done him before or after his embassage, he would meet him as a gentleman, with his sword by his side, where he should appoint; but for any thing that had been done in the time of his embassage, he had already given the king an account thereof, and thought himself not accountable to any other. This published on Thursday was fortnight, the Earl of Holland was confined to his chamber in court, and the next day morning to his house at Kensington, where he remained without any further circumstance of restraint or displeasure Saturday and Sunday; on which days being much visited, it was thought fit on Monday to appoint Mr. Dickenson, one of the clerks of the council, to his guardian thus far, that none without his presence should accost him. This made the vulgar judgments run high, or rather indeed low, that he was a lost and discarded man, judging as of patients in fevers, by the exasperation of the fits. But the queen, who was a little obliquely interested in this business—for in my lord of Holland's letter, which was opened, she had one that was not opened, nor so much (as they say) as superscribed; and both the queen's and my lord of Holland's were inclosed in one from Mr. Walter Montague (whereof I shall tell you more hereafter)—the queen, I say stood nobly by him, and, as it seems, pressed her own affront. It is too intricately involved for me so much as to guess at any particulars."—*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 455.

master of the horse, and reputed lover, Henry Jermyn, created, at the Restoration, Earl of St. Albans; it has been supposed, however, by some writers, that they omitted the marriage ceremony. "I had three cousins," says Sir John Reresby, "then in an English convent at Paris, one of them an antient lady, and since abbess of the house: hither the queen was wont often to retire for some days; and the lady would tell me that Lord Jermyn, since St. Albans, had the queen greatly in awe of him, and indeed, it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, *though the thing was certainly so.*"

The manner in which St. Albans subsequently dropped the lover, and apparently took upon himself the stern authority of the husband, is another proof that their union was not altogether imaginary. Indeed, his conduct towards Henrietta, at a later period, almost amounted to ill-usage. "The widow of Charles the First," says Madame de Bavière, in one of her letters, "made a clandestine marriage with her *chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Albans, who treated her extremely ill, so that, whilst she had not a fagot to warm herself with, he had in his apartment a good fire, and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word, and when she spoke to him, he used to say, '*Que me veut cette femme?*—What does that woman want?'" This piece of private history is corroborated by Count Hamilton: speaking of the earl, he says, "It is well known what a table the good man kept at Brussels, while the king, his master, was starving, and the queen dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the distressed condition of Henrietta after the death of her husband. Her principal residence was in the Louvre at Paris; yet even here, amidst her own relations and her own people, the once-envied Henrietta was frequently in want even of the necessaries of life. She was at length compelled to make application to Cardinal Mazarine, to intercede with Cromwell for the restitution of her dowry: the request was

made and refused. But the most remarkable picture of her distress is described by Cardinal de Retz in his Memoirs:—"Five or six days before the king removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in the chamber of her daughter Henrietta, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in, she said; 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company; the poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the cardinal (Mazarine) for six months together had not ordered her any money towards her pension, that no tradespeople would trust her any thing; and there was not at her lodgings a single billet. You will do me the justice to think that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a fagot; but, however, you will think likewise, that it was not this which the Princess of Condé meant in her letter; what she spoke about was, that some days after my visiting the Queen of England, I remembered the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the Parliament to send forty thousand pounds to her majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a princess of England, grandaughter to Henry the Great, hath wanted a fagot in the month of January, in the Louvre, and in the eyes of the French court." When Salmasius published his, Defensio Regia, in support of Charles the Second, he was found fault with for neglecting to send a copy to the exiled queen. It was said that "though poor, she would have paid the bearer."

With regard to the manner in which Henrietta received the news of her husband's death, Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Commentaries on the Reign of Charles," has inserted an interesting passage from the MS. account of an eye-witness. The writer is the Père Gamache, one of the Capuchins who attended on the Queen of England at that period. "The city of Paris," writes Gamache, "was then blockaded by the insurgents, and in the king's minority, it was with difficulty we obtained either entrance or egress. The Queen of England, residing at the Louvre, had despatched a gentleman to St. Germain-en-laye to the French court, to procure news from England.

During her dinner, where I assisted at the grace, I had notice to remain there after the benediction, and not to quit her majesty, who might need consolation at the sad account she was to receive of the terrible account of the king her husband. At this grievous intelligence, I felt my whole frame shudder, and withdrew aside from the circle, where, during an hour, the various conversations on indifferent subjects seemed not to remove the uneasiness of the queen, who knew that the gentleman she had despatched to St. Germain ought to have returned. She was complaining of his delay in bringing his answer. On which the Count of St. Albans (Jermyn) took this opportunity to suggest that the gentleman was so faithful and so expeditious in obeying her majesty's commands on these occasions, that he would not have failed to have come, had he any favourable intelligence. 'What then is the news? I see it is known to you,' said the queen. The count replied, that in fact he did know something of it, and when pressed, after many evasions, to explain himself, and many ambiguous words to prepare her, little by little, to receive the fatal intelligence, at length he declared it to the queen, who seemed not to have expected any thing of the kind. She was so deeply struck, that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained voiceless and motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher has said, that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur, but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses. '*Curæ leves loquuntur, graves stupent.*' To this pitiable state was the queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was deaf and insensible. We were obliged to cease talking, and we remained by her in unbroken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with sympathizing countenances, mourning over her extreme distress. This sad scene lasted till nightfall, when the Duchess of Vendôme, whom she greatly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the queen, tenderly kissing it,—and afterwards spoke so successfully that she seemed to have recovered this desolated princess from that loss of all her senses, or rather, that great

and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentable intelligence of the strange death of the king." This scene is affectingly described, but the tidings could hardly have been so completely unexpected, as the narrator would lead us to suppose.

The fact is evident, indeed, that for some time previously Henrietta had anticipated the worst. The effect that her husband's misfortunes might have on her mind, appears, in point of fact, to have been an object of public speculation, and, accordingly, about three weeks before the execution of Charles, we find the following curious notice in one of the journals of the period. "The Queen of England is returned to her devotions in the House of the Carmelites, where she hath been for diverse days past: she seems not dejected at the present state of her husband in England, yet, say her ladies, her nights are more sad than usual."*

Henrietta, notwithstanding the treatment she had experienced from her husband's subjects, was far from regarding England with the aversion which might have been expected. She took a pleasure during her exile in France, in exalting the character of the English; and in the brilliant circles of Paris, their kindness, generosity, and courage, were the constant themes of her discourse. The late troubles, the death of her husband, and her own expulsion, she attributed rather to some desperate enthusiasts, than to the real temper of the people. Her magnanimity is celebrated by Waller:—

> Constant to England in your love,
> As birds are to their wonted grove,
> Accusing some malignant star,
> Not Britain for that fatal war.

An interesting feminine anecdote is recorded by Sir John Reresby, illustrative of her regard for England. "To give a little instance," he says, "of her inclination for the English, I happened to carry an English gentleman with me one day to court, and he, to be very fine, had got him a garniture of rich riband to his suit, in

* *Moderate Intelligencer*, December 28 to January 4, 1649.

which was a mixture of red and yellow; which the queen observing, called to me, and bade me advise my friend to mend his fancy a little, as to his ribands, the two colours he had joined being ridiculous in France, and might give the French occasion to laugh at him."

On the 2d of November, 1660, the year of her son's restoration, after an absence of nineteen years, Henrietta again returned to Whitehall. Her intention was to pass the remainder of her days in England. Somerset House, where she had spent so many happy years, was again allotted for her residence. She observed on re-entering it, that "had she known the temper of the English people some years past, as well as she did then, she had never been compelled to quit it." Under her auspices the old building was beautified with a taste and magnificence which called forth the poetical admiration both of Cowley and Waller.

The history of Henrietta from this period contains little of interest or importance. She apparently would have had no objection to interest the decline of life, by entering afresh into the political arena; but her want of judgment was too much suspected, and her name too intimately connected with past troubles. Indeed, it is an almost unnoticed fact, that at the Restoration there was actually a discussion in Parliament whether her return, under any circumstances, should be permitted.* Still the conduct of the Commons was, subsequently, not ungenerous, for they settled on her an income of sixty thousand a year. Her court at Somerset House was numerously attended, and though she took no share in the amorous broils of the period, yet she is described as much diverted with the details whenever they transpired.

With the exception of a short visit to France in 1662,* Henrietta remained in England till the breaking out of the great plague in 1665, when, dreading the approaches of that gigantic disease, she took leave of her children, whom she then beheld for the last time. She was ac-

* Letter from Ignatius White to Sir G. Lane, dated 12th of May, 1660.—*Carte's Collection*, vol. ii. p. 34.

* She left England 2d of January, 1662, and returned 28th of July.

companied as far as the Nore by the king, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, who respectfully attended her embarkation.

Henrietta died in the castle of Colombe, about four leagues from Paris, on the 10th of August, 1669, in the sixtieth year of her age. "Her distemper," says Ludlow, "seemed at first not to be dangerous, but on taking something prescribed by the physicians to procure sleep, the potion operated in such a manner that she woke no more." She was buried at St. Denis, the burial-place of the French kings, with the honours usually paid to a Queen Mother of France. Having been embalmed, her body lay in state for some days in the castle of Colombe. Her heart was placed in a silver urn, inscribed with her name and title, and carried by her Almoner, Lord Montague, and a suitable train, to the Monastery of Chaliot. Her body was interred with unusual magnificence, Father Senault delivering the funeral oration. In his discourse he attributed the misfortunes of Charles to his infidelity. Sir Leoline Jenkins, then ambassador at Paris, afterwards indignantly expostulated with him on the offensive charge. Senault said that he had made use of the term as less *choquant* than heresy.

HENRY,

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

The amiable qualities and promising parts of this young prince scarcely appear to have been exaggerated. They acquired for him the admiration of his contemporaries, and the warm affection of his own family. Added to the courage and ingratiating manners which distinguished his race, he possessed the quickness and good nature of his brother Charles, and the application to business which was remarkable in the Duke of York. He had, perhaps, more judgment than either. Considering the early age at which he died, and the disadvantages of his education, his accomplishments were certainly of no ordinary kind. Besides the Latin language, he was master of the French, Spanish, Italian, and Low Dutch. He was able to appreciate the constitution of his country, and the merits of the Protestant faith. The parting scene and dying injunctions of his unhappy father sank deeply into his heart; and neither time nor the contamination of the world were ever able to obliterate their effect.

Henry of Oatlands, as he is styled from the place of his birth, was born at Oatlands in Surrey, 8th July, 1639. In his infancy he was committed to the care of the Countess of Dorset, and at the death of that lady, in 1647, the Earl of Northumberland was selected by the Parliament to be his governor. From the earl he was afterwards transferred to the Countess of Leicester, and with his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, became an inmate of Penshurst. Their removal to this classical spot was by special direction of Parliament, who dreaded lest the tragical fate of their father, and their presence in the capital, should create for the royal orphans an inconvenient degree of commiseration. It was ordered, moreover, that their indulgences should be diminished,

and their attendants lessened. The use of titles was forbidden, and it was directed that they should partake of the same food, and sit at the same table, as the children of the family. Some of the more zealous patriots went considerably further. A proposition was actually made in Parliament that the duke should be bound to a trade, in order, as it was expressed, "that he might earn his bread honestly."*

His tutor was a Mr. Lovel, a man of piety and learning. When the duke was afterwards sent to Carisbrooke Castle, Lovel, much to the satisfaction of the royal orphan, was allowed to be his companion. At Carisbrooke he experienced even less respect than had been permitted at Penshurst. Mildmay, the governor, was directed to treat him merely as the son of a gentleman, and he was invariably addressed as Mr. Harry. When in his thirteenth year, Cromwell, without alleging any reason, permitted him to rejoin his family in France, and the sum of 500*l.* was allowed for the expenses of his removal.

Henrietta was overjoyed to embrace a child whom she had scarcely seen since his birth, and whom she trusted to make a convert to her own faith. She discovered the task to be more arduous than she had an-

* In the Mercurius Elencticus, from February 21st to 28th, 1648, we discover the following passage:—"Sure Cromwell intends to set up his trade of brewing again, for the other day, being in the presence of the Duke of Gloucester, he stroked him on the head, and, like a merciful protector and faithful guardian, saith, Sirrah, what trade do you like best? Would not a shoemaker be a good trade for you? Shoemakers are gentlemen, I can assure you, and so are brewers too; and if you like those trades, I will provide you a good master, either Colonel Hewson or Colonel Hardwicke, and move the Parliament to give you something (if you prove a good boy, and please your master) to set up your trade. And for that little gentlewoman, your sister, (meaning the Lady Elizabeth) if she will be ruled, I will provide her a husband; one of Colonel Pryde's sons, or one of my own, if either of them like her or can love her." The duke told him, 'that being a king's son, he hoped the Parliament would allow him some means out of his father's revenue to maintain him like a gentleman, and not put him apprentice like a slave.' Nose Almighty makes answer, 'Boy, you must be an apprentice, for all your father's revenue will not make half satisfaction for the wrong he hath done the kingdom,' and so Nose went blowing out." There is too much of party spirit discoverable in this passage, to render it admissible in any other light than as a pasquinade.

ticipated. The young duke combated all her arguments; alleging, moreover, the displeasure of his brother Charles, and the solemn injunctions of his deceased father, that he should adhere to the reformed religion, and especially that he should obey his sovereign in preference to his mother.

When Charles had somewhat unwillingly consented to allow the Duke of Gloucester to remain in Paris with his mother, he had exacted from her a promise that she would refrain from tampering with his religious principles. Charles was absent in the Low Countries when the information reached him of his brother's danger. Though himself inclined to the Romish persuasion, he had foresight enough to discover how dangerous, and probably fatal, to his hopes of regaining the English crown, would be an open profession of that faith in any of the members of his family.* Accordingly, he despatched the following remarkable letter to his brother at Paris. It would be alone curious as the composition of a young man of pleasure, who had only completed his twenty-fourth year.

"Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague† has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you, at my going away, concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris, say that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which, if you do hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never

* Lord Mordaunt, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, in 1659, alluding to a report that Charles himself had embraced the Romish persuasion, thus expresses himself:—"Your master is utterly ruined, as to his interest here, in whatever party, if this be true; though he never had a fairer game than at present."—*Ormond Papers*, vol. ii. p. 264.

† Abbott Montague, Almoner to Henrietta Maria. He enticed the duke to the delightful Abbey of Pontoise, where, according to Lord Clarendon, he "sequestered him from all resort of such persons as might confirm him in his averseness from being converted."—*Hist. of the Rev.* v. vii. p. 122.

think to see England again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs, from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be not only the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises: for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you. I am also informed that there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' College, which I command you, upon the same grounds, never to consent to. And whensoever any one shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they, peing prepared, will have the advantage of any body that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

"Dear brother, your most affectionate brother,

"CHARLES R."

In addition to this forcible appeal, Charles instantly despatched the Marquis of Ormond to Paris; transmitting by him a strong letter of expostulation to the queen, and some written directions from himself to the duke, enjoining him to put himself into the hands of the marquis, and immediately repair to him at Cologne. Henrietta expressed the most vehement indignation at the interference of Charles. She insisted that the natural authority of a mother had been wrested from her; adding that the duke might act as he pleased, for she would never see his face again. Ormond instantly hurried the young duke from the dangerous neighbourhood of Pontoise. At Paris they were detained some days for want of a few pounds to defray their expenses to Cologne, at which place, however, they eventually arrived in safety, to the great satisfaction of Charles.

In 1658 the Duke of Gloucester, then only nineteen, attended his brother, the Duke of York, to the Spanish campaign. At the battle of Dunkirk they fought side by side, making several charges on horseback, and behaving with a valour worthy of their race. James himself bears testimony to the conduct of his young brother. At the close of the day, the Duke of Gloucester, either in giving or warding off a blow, unfortunately lost possession of his sword. Villeneuve, Master of the Horse to the Prince de Ligne, immediately alighted from his horse and recovered the weapon; the duke covering him with his pistol till he had remounted. Villeneuve was afterwards shot through the body, but fortunately the wound was not of a dangerous nature.

At the Restoration, the Duke of Gloucester attended his brother Charles to England; the parliament sending him five thousand pounds as a mark of their esteem. He survived the return of his family but a few months, having died of the smallpox on the 3d of September, 1660, in his twenty-second year. Pepys, who speaks of him as a "pretty boy," ascribes his death to the negligence of the physicians. His loss was bewailed by his own family and regretted by all who knew him. Of Charles, it was said, that he was more affected by his brother's death than by any other misfortune which had ever befallen him. James, too, in his Memoirs, more than once recurs to his memory with affection, and speaks with admiration of his parts. "He had all the natural qualities," he says, "to make a great prince, which made his loss the more sensibly felt by all the royal family." Evelyn, whose praise is of no small value, speaks of him as a prince of "extraordinary hopes," and Sir John Denham, in his Directions to a Painter, thus apostrophizes his untimely end:

> O more than human Gloucester, Fate did show
> Thee but to earth, and back again withdrew.

According to Reresby, he was far from insensible to female charms. He was probably gifted also with some share of the natural wit of Charles. When his brother,

the Duke of York, married the daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, he said, "He could never sit in the same room with her,—she smelt so of her father's green bag."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with Mary Queen of Scots, and Lady Arabella Stuart; the Duke of York being chief mourner, and the Dukes of Richmond, Buckingham, and Albemarle attending him to the grave.

MARY,

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

This amiable and warm-hearted princess, the eldest daughter of Charles the First and the mother of William the Third, was born 4th of November, 1631. The event is reported in the following letter addressed by George Gresley to Sir Thomas Pickering.

"Sir,—Upon Thursday last the Duke of Vendôme, illegitimate brother to our queen, arrived here from out the Low Countries, and is lodged at Sir Abraham Williams's house.

"Upon Friday morning, about four of the clock, the queen was, (God be praised) safely delivered of a princess, who was christened the same morning, by reason it was weak, as some say, it being born three weeks before the time; but I have heard it was done to save charges, and to prevent other christening. The name, Marie; the Countesses of Carlisle and Denbigh godmothers, and the Lord Keeper godfather; the Lady Roxburgh governess, and the nurse one Mrs. Bennet (some say wife to a baker) and daughter to Mrs. Browne that keepeth Somerset House.

"Your very assured friend and servant,

"George Gresley.

"Essex House, the 9th of Nov. 1631."

When in her tenth year, on the 2d May, 1641, the young princess was married, or, more properly speaking, contracted to William, afterwards second Prince of Orange. The ceremony is described by Principal Baillie,

in one of his curious letters to the Presbytery of Irvine. On the 4th of May, 1641, he writes,—"On Sunday, in the king's chapel, both the queens being present at service, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York led in the Princess Mary to the chapel, convoyed with a number of ladies of her own age, of nine or ten years, all in cloth of silver. The Prince of Orange went in before with the ambassadors, and his cousins of Tremmul and Nassau. The king gave him his bride. Good Bishop Wren made the marriage. At night, before all the court, they went to bed in the queen's chamber. A little after, the king and queen bade the bridegroom good night, as their son: he, as it was appointed, arose, and went to his bed in the king's chamber." The young princess followed her husband to Holland on the 23d of February, 1652. By her early marriage she was spared from being an actual witness of the misfortunes of her family, though afterwards, when they were in poverty and exile, her conduct towards them afforded a beautiful example of sisterly love.

The princess is described by her contemporaries as possessing every quality that can add grace or dignity to the female character. Much of this praise is undoubtedly deserved, but still her judgment was indifferent, and it is doubtful whether her love of admiration was confined within proper bounds. It appears by a letter of the period that the witty Duke of Buckingham was one of her admirers, and that scandal was not silent when it connected their names. The duke unadvisedly following her into Holland, she sent to let him know that malice had been busy with her name, that his sudden return might revive unfounded reports, and requested that he would not take it ill, if she implored him to discontinue his visits.* On this occasion there is nothing to implicate her fair fame, except that when sovereign princesses are thus wooed, it is generally their own fault: besides, they were both young, and Buckingham was extremely handsome.

* Letter from Mr. Nicholas Oudart to Mr. Harding, 30th May, 1652. —*Desid. Curiosa*, vol. ii. lib. 12. p. 5.

But Henry Jermyn, the "lady-killer of De Grammont," is supposed to have been more successful: indeed, there is some doubt whether, after her husband's death, they were not actually united in marriage. King William appears to have thought so, for at the revolution, Jermyn was one of the few Roman Catholics, who had been attached to the fortunes of James, whom he received into favour.

The princess was left a widow at the age of nineteen, her husband having died on the 27th of October, 1650. Her mother Henrietta Maria subsequently conceived an idea of uniting her to the French king, Louis the Fourteenth, and accordingly sent for her to Paris. The princess fell into the scheme, and parted with her jewels, as well as with some of her son's property, to support a splendid appearance at the French capital. The enterprise, however, was not successful, and the princess either remained a widow, or contented herself with Jermyn.

At the Restoration, after an absence of nineteen years, she returned to England. The joy of meeting her family was sadly damped by the recent loss of her brother Henry, who had died but a few days previous to her landing. Shortly afterwards she was herself attacked by the smallpox, which ended her days at Whitehall, on the 24th of December, 1660, having completed her twenty-ninth year. Her brother James pays an affectionate tribute to her memory. "Her personal merits," he says, "and particular love of all her relations, which she manifested in the time of their distress, caused a sorrow for her death as great as was their esteem." And Walker says, in his History of Independency, "Her tender love and zeal to the king, in his afflictions, deserves to be written in brass, and graven with the point of a diamond." Waller has also celebrated her in a dull panegyric. She was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel, Westminster, in the same vault with her favourite brother Henry.

ELIZABETH,

DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE most gifted of the children of Charles; her affectionate disposition and precocious parts are invariably spoken of with admiration. She was the darling child of her unhappy father, who was gratified with her sympathy, delighted with her ingenuous and pious mind, and proud of the quickness of her apprehension, and her remarkable insight into human character. She was born at St. James's on the 28th of December, 1635.*

The princess had been admitted to her father's pre-

* Mrs. Makins, the linguist, sister to John Pell, the linguist and mathematician, was for some time her instructress. Mrs. Makins, it seems, afterwards kept a school. At the end of "An Essay on the Education of Gentlewomen," published in 1673, is the following curious postscript. "If any inquire where this education may be performed; such may be informed, that a school is lately erected for gentlewomen at Tottenham High-Cross, within four miles of London, in the road to Ware; where Mrs. Makins is governess, who was sometime tutoress to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter to King Charles the First; where, by the blessing of God, gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion, and all manner of sober and virtuous education; more particularly in all things ordinarily taught in other schools. Works of all sorts, dancing, music, singing, writing, keeping accounts, half the time to be spent in these things; the other half to be employed in gaining the Latin and French tongues; and those that please, may learn Greek and Hebrew, the Italian and Spanish, in all which this gentlewoman hath a complete knowledge, &c. &c.

"Those that think these things improbable or impracticable, may have further account every Tuesday, at Mr. Mason's Coffee-House in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange; and Thursday, at the Bolt and Tun, in Fleet Street, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon, by some person whom Mrs. Makins shall appoint."—*Granger*, vol. iii. p. 233.

sence the day previous to his execution, and, like her brother Henry, had carried away an impression which was never effaced. That solemn and affecting scene has been elsewhere described, but it is not generally known that the young princess herself committed an account of it to paper. When Charles had communicated to her his last directions, "Sweetheart," he said, "you will forget this."—"No," she said, "I shall never forget it while I live;" and with many tears, promised to write down the particulars. The relation, in her own words, is as follows:

"What the king said to me 29th of January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him.

"He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he was feared their cruelty was such, as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him; for that would be a glorious death that he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of the land. He bid me read Bishop Andrews' Sermons, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commanded us to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love would be the same to his last. Withal he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her; and bid me send my blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave.

"Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them; for they had been most false to him, and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls. And desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr; and that he doubted not but that the Lord would settle his throne upon his

son, and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember."

The princess was at Hampton Court at the period of Charles's escape from that place. It was in consequence of her complaining that the sentinels disturbed her rest, that they were removed to a greater distance, and thus, it is said, afforded particular facility to Charles in effecting his flight.

Having been successively under the charge of the Earl of Northumberland and the Countess of Leicester, in August, 1650, she was committed by the Parliament to the care of Anthony Mildmay, formerly carver to King Charles, by whom she was conducted to Carisbrook Castle. The Commons appear to have taken but little care of her maintenance. In the "Desiderata Curiosa" is published a memorial from Mildmay to the speaker, in favour of the four domestics allowed her by the Parliament, who petition for their promised remuneration.

The rumour which has existed, that the princess was actually bound apprentice to a glover or button-maker, at Newport, is generally supposed to have been unfounded: nevertheless, the author is credibly informed that the indenture is still preserved among the archives of that town. Probably she was saved from the actual indignity of servitude by the state of her health, as she survived her arrival at Carisbrook but a few weeks.

Early in September, returning from bowls with her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, she complained of a pain in her head, which was followed by a sickness that ended her short life of captivity and sorrow. "She fell sick," says Fuller, "about the beginning of September, and continued so for three or four days, having only the advice of Dr. Bignall, a worthy and able physician of Newport. After very many rare ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, she took leave of the world, on Sunday the 8th of the same September," 1650. Sir Theodore Mayerne, a

celebrated physician of the period, sent her some medicines from London. Heath says, "that with this exception, but little care was taken of her in her sickness." This account indeed is corroborated by Mayerne himself, who had been physician to the court in its palmy days, and who in this capacity had prescribed for the princess in 1649: he inserts the following touching memorandum among his papers:—"*Ex febre malignâ tunc grassante, obit in custodiâ in Vecti Insulâ, procul a medicis et remediis, die* 8 *Septemb. circa tertiam pomeridianam.*"* "She died of a fever at that period raging, when in prison in the Isle of Wight; far removed from physicians and medical aid, on the eighth day of September, about three o'clock in the afternoon." The royalists attributed her death to poison, administered by order of Cromwell. Undoubtedly the acerbity of party feeling alone originated the report.

The princess is generally reported to have died of grief. Probably the scenes which she had witnessed, the loss of liberty, and the deep feelings of which her nature was susceptible, tended to hasten her end. But her constitution seems originally to have been delicate, as we are told that the quickness of her mind made amends for the weakness of her body. Fuller says that she was "affected with the afflictions of her family beyond her age." At the time of her death she had not completed her fourteenth year.

Her remains were carried to the church of Newport, in a "borrowed coach." This circumstance omitted, there appears to have been no want of respect for her memory. Her body was embalmed, and placed in a leaden coffin, the mayor and aldermen of Newport, respectfully attending the interment.

* Ellis, Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 330, Second Series.

ANNE,

DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Strafford, on the 23d of March, 1636, "Friday morning, the 17th of this month, St. Patrick's day, was the queen brought to bed of a daughter, which will please the Irish well. It is not yet christened, neither hear I any thing of the gossips."* There is a simple but affecting anecdote related of this little princess, who died before she had completed her fourth year. In her last moments she was desired by one of her attendants to pray. She said she was not able to say her long prayer, meaning the Lord's Prayer, but would say her short one: "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death." She had scarcely repeated the words when life departed.† She was born at St. James's, 17th March, 1637, and died 8th December, 1640.

* Strafford Letters, vol. ii. p. 57. † Fuller's Worthies, vol. ii. p. 108.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

Youngest daughter of Charles the First. Lovely in her person, gay and attractive in her manners, fond of admiration, and not averse to intrigue, she was the idol alike of the French king and of his complaisant courtiers. She was the favourite child, and constant companion of her mother, whose religion she embraced, and whose country she preferred. With all the vivacity of her fascinating parent, she possessed much of the wit and humour of her brother Charles. Burnet, who is no friend to her character, speaks of her as the wittiest woman in France. She was never even beheld by her unfortunate father.

Henrietta was born in Bedford House, Exeter, in the midst of the civil troubles, on the 16th of June, 1644. Only ten days after her birth, her mother was compelled to resign her to the care of others, being forced to seek refuge in France. She was intrusted by Charles to the beautiful Countess of Morton,* who, true to her trust, contrived to elude the vigilance of the Parliament, and escaped with her young charge to Paris. The princess was scarcely more than two years old when they set out from Oatlands on their hazardous journey. They had disguised her in a coarse gray frock, and as the child naturally missed the bright colours it had been accustomed to, she frequently lisped out her displeasure, assuring every one she spoke to, that it was not the

* Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, (brother to George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham,) and wife of Robert Douglas, Earl of Morton.

dress she had always worn. Lady Morton is complimented by Waller on the success of her enterprise:

> From armed foes to bring a royal prize,
> Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
> If Judith, marching with the general's head,
> Can give us passion when her story's read;
> What may the living do, which brought away
> Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?
> Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand
> Snatched her fair charge, the princess, like a brand:
> A brand! preserved to warm some prince's heart;
> And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part.

The queen was overjoyed to embrace her child, and from this period they were inseparable. The childhood of the young princess was passed either in Paris or its vicinity. Sir John Reresby, who seems to have been a favourite of the exiled queen, was a frequent visiter at the Palais Royal. "Her Majesty," he says, "had none of her children with her but the Princess Henrietta Maria; and few of the English making their court there, I was the better received. As I spoke the language of the country, and danced pretty well, the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved towards me with all the civil freedom that might be. She made me dance with her, played on the harpsichord to me in her highness's chamber, suffered me to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two trees, and in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions."

The appearance of the youthful princess was hailed with rapture in the brilliant circles of Paris. At the French court there were none who could compete with her either in wit or loveliness; and the young king, Louis the Fourteenth, was the first to confess the power of her charms. "The court of France," says Reresby, "was very splendid this winter, 1660; a grand masque was danced at the Louvre, where the king and Princess Henrietta of England danced to admiration. But there was now a greater resort to the palace than the French court; the good humour and wit of our queen-mother,

and the beauty of the princess her daughter, being more inviting that any thing that appeared in the French queen." According to Burnet, the only object of Louis, in addressing the princess as a lover, was to cover his intercourse with the celebrated Madame La Valière. Henrietta, he adds, who had encouraged the king's addresses, was highly incensed when she discovered the deception.

It is to be feared that, like many of her family, the heart of Henrietta was too susceptible of tender sentiments; to what extent, however, there was criminality in her attachments, it is now impossible to ascertain. Truth is never easy to arrive at, but in cases of scandal the difficulty is commonly doubled. Among the foremost of Henrietta's lovers stands the Count de Guiche. The feeling on both sides is described as ardent and sincere. Madame Lafeyette dismisses all idea of impropriety, yet she speaks of their attachment as *une confidence libertine.* Such an expression is strangely at variance with spotless virtue.

Another of Henrietta's reputed lovers was the Count de Treville. When on her death-bed, it is said she repeated in her delirium, *Adieu, Treville!* The count was so much affected by this slight incident, or more probably by the death of his mistress, that he shut himself up for many years in a monastery. When he returned to the world he was an altered and devout man.*

At the Restoration, Henrietta accompanied her mother to England, where she remained about six months. Pepys says in his Diary, "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." On the 31st of March, 1661, while yet scarcely seventeen, she was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans, only brother to Louis the Fourteenth,

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 555.

a wicked and narrow-minded voluptuary, with nothing to recommend him but his handsome person.*

In May, 1670, Henrietta again visited England, on which occasion she is reported to have confirmed her brother James in his predilection for the Romish faith. Her principal object, however, as is well known, was to persuade Charles to join the French king in a league against the Dutch. Charles, attended by the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, hastened to Dover to receive her on landing. The court shortly followed, and for a fortnight, which was the extent of her visit, Dover was the constant scene of splendid rejoicings. It was on this occasion that she is said to have fixed her affections on the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.†

Henrietta was the favourite sister of Charles, and there can be no doubt of the sincerity of his affection. Colbert, the French ambassador in England, in his despatches lays great stress on this circumstance. In one of his letters he writes, "Her influence over the king was remarked by all; he wept when he parted with her, and whatever favour she asked of him was granted."‡ Unfortunately this amiable weakness on the part of Charles gave rise to some scandalous reports, which can scarcely be more than alluded to. They would not now have been referred to, but that Ludlow, Marvell, and Burnet have lent them the credit of their names. Some weight appears to have attached to them at the time, for we are assured that Henrietta sent for Montagu, the English ambassador, on her death-bed, and with the most solemn asseverations, declared her innocence of any improper attachment for her own blood. In a little work, published shortly after the death of Charles, his memory is confidently loaded with this offensive charge.

Whatever may have been the conduct of Henrietta,

* The Abbé de Longueville thus describes the duke: "He was continually talking without ever saying any thing. He never had but one book, which was his mass-book, and his clerk of the closet used always to carry it in his pocket for him."—*Seaward*, vol. ii. p. 209.

† Reresby, p. 173.

‡ Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 76.

during her short visit to England, it is certain that the jealous temper of her husband was painfully aroused by the reports which reached him. We are naturally unwilling to place much faith in the rumours of royal poisonings; still, there is a mystery hanging over the fate of Henrietta which it is far from easy to remove; nor shall we readily acquit her husband of being the author of her death. The following particulars of her dissolution are not without interest.

Some days after her return to France, she desired one of her attendants to bring her usual beverage, a glass of succory water. She complained at the time that it was very bitter, and being presently attacked by the most excruciating pains, exclaimed several times that she was poisoned; desiring that she might be put to bed, and her confessor instantly sent for. The King of France shortly afterwards arrived, bringing with him his own physician. The latter endeavoured to console her with false hopes, but she persisted in her conviction that she should never recover. Her piety and resolution are described as most exemplary. She told her husband that she had the less fear of death, as she had nothing to reproach herself with in her conduct towards him. Of the French king she took leave with all the grace of former days, telling him that what made her most regret to leave the world, was the loss of his friendship and esteem.

She had more than once expressed a strong desire that Montagu, the English ambassador, should be summoned to her sick chamber; and accordingly he attended, and remained with her to the last. She told him she could not possibly live long, and desired him to convey her most affectionate regards to the king, her brother, and to thank him for all the kindness he had ever shown her. She frequently recurred to the grief which he would feel at her loss: "I have always loved him," she said, "above all things in the world, and should not regret to leave it, but that I leave him." She told Montagu where he would discover her money after her death, desiring him to distribute it among her servants, whom

she mentioned by name; she recommended them also in the strongest manner to the protection of Charles. She said that she had long been on bad terms with her husband, and that he had recently been exasperated by finding her in close conversation with the king of France; but they were discoursing, she said, on affairs which could not be communicated to a third person. Montagu more than once inquired of her in English if she believed herself poisoned, but her confessor caught the expression, and told her she must accuse no one. When Montagu afterwards pressed the question, she shrugged up her shoulders, but said nothing. She had no sooner expired, than her money and papers were seized by her husband. The latter were principally in cipher, and probably baffled his curiosity.

As regards the question of Henrietta having been poisoned, there was much difference of opinion even in her own family. Her brother, the Duke of York, certainly discredited the fact.—"It was suspected," he says, "that counter poisons were given her; but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, and an English physician and surgeon, there appeared no ground of suspicion of any foul play." This account is in exact opposition to what is asserted by Burnet, that her stomach was completely ulcerated. Charles, however, appears to have been far from satisfied that his sister died a natural death. When Sir Thomas Armstrong detailed to him the particulars of her illness, for which purpose he had ridden post from Paris, the king burst into tears:—"The duke;" he said, "is a ———! But, prithee, Tom, don't speak of it." However, he sent Sir William Temple into France, to make inquiries into the truth of the report. Temple told Lord Dartmouth that he "found more in it than was fit to be known," but that he advised the king to drop the inquiry, unless he was in a condition to resent it as became a great king, especially as it might prejudice the infant daughters of his deceased sister. The French king appears to have been in some difficulty how to act. In the first instance he intimated his belief in his brother's

guilt in the most unequivocal manner, by refusing to receive a letter which he sent him. However, he afterwards altered his opinion; asserting that after every inquiry into the circumstances, he was completely convinced of the innocence of the duke. Without pretending to arrive at any definite conclusion, it may be remarked that Montagu appears fully satisfied that there had been foul play.* Sir Thomas Armstrong seems to join with him in the conclusion. He says, that when he entered the apartment, about four hours after the death of the princess, the body was in such a state of decomposition, that he could scarcely bear to remain in the room.

Henrietta died at St. Cloud on the 30th of June, 1670, having just completed her twenty-sixth year. By Philip, Duke of Orleans, she was the mother of three children: —Philip, who died young; Maria, married to Charles II. King of Spain; and Anna Maria, who became the wife of Victor Amadeus II. Duke of Savoy, and afterwards King of Sicily and Sardinia. This latter princess was great-grandmother of Louis XVI. who was beheaded in 1793; that unfortunate monarch being the sixth in generation from Charles the First.

* This is supposing, (what we believe to be the case,) that the five remarkable letters, attached to the first volume of Lord Arlington's correspondence, are the productions of Montagu.

GEORGE VILLIERS,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Although we may deny to Buckingham the merit of genius, and even of any extraordinary political capacity, we shall still wonder at that consummate knowledge of human character, and those thousand accomplishments, which raised him to the pinnacle of human greatness,—which made the wisest and haughtiest of his contemporaries subservient to his will,—and gave him an ascendant alike over the imbecile James and the virtuous Charles. His odious position as a favourite, and his unfitness to conduct the interests of a great empire, have drawn down upon him the harshest invectives of the historian. Nevertheless, it is easier to impugn the wisdom of his counsels than the integrity of his intentions. Charles would never have fixed his affections on a really bad man; and, however we may regret the weak judgment and unfortunate influence of Buckingham, there is no reason to doubt either his zeal for his country, or his attachment to his unfortunate master.

Moreover, Buckingham was not deficient in the better qualities of the heart. If his spirit was imperious, his equals, not his inferiors, were insulted by his haughtiness or crushed by his power. His disposition was generous; he was a considerate master; he despised the common arts of dissimulation; and if a violent, he was at least an open enemy. His exterior qualifications, the eminent grace and elegance of his person, the refinement of his manners, his chivalrous courage, and the magnificence of his taste, have never been called in question. His

character appears to have been a strange mixture of generous qualities and unruly passions. After perusing the history of his dazzling career, we shall perhaps doubt whether there is most room for envy or commiseration, for applause or censure.

George Villiers was born at Brooksby, in Leicestershire, 28th of August, 1592. He was the third son of Sir George Villiers, Knight, by Mary Beaumont, his wife, a lady to whom a separate memoir has been accorded. The Villierses, an ancient though not a distinguished family, had been resident in Leicestershire for nearly four centuries; a circumstance which of itself would at least confer respectability. The future favourite was the darling of his mother, who seems to have conceived an intuitive presage of his greatness, and to have planned his education accordingly. At the death of his father, when he was about thirteen, she sent for him from his school at Billisden, and caused him to be instructed in all those graceful accomplishments, which are more likely to make an elegant courtier than a sober Christian. With a view of giving a last finish to his education, at the age of eighteen he set out for France, in which country he remained about three years.

Buckingham made his first appearance at court about the year 1614. His means at this time were so extremely slender, as scarcely to enable him to support the character of a gentleman. Arthur Wilson says, "that he had not above fifty pounds a-year," and Sir Symonds D'Ewes goes still further. According to the latter authority, Buckingham, shortly before he became favourite, was seen at Cambridge races, "in an old black suit, broken out in various places." Weldon gives a curious reason for his first appearance at court. Buckingham, it appears, had fallen in love with a daughter of Sir Roger Aston, Master of the Robes to King James. The lady was extremely attached to him, and their union was only delayed by the deficiency of their pecuniary resources. In the mean time Buckingham was introduced to the king, when the prospect of future

aggrandizement bursting upon him, he most ungallantly abandoned the smiles of the lady for those of fortune. This early attachment is alluded to both by Wotton and Lloyd. They alike agree in attributing the defection of Buckingham to the advice of Sir John Graham, who persuaded him to laugh at romance, and rather endeavour to push his fortune at court.

Buckingham first caught the eye of James while performing in the play of Ignoramus, on an occasion of its being acted before his majesty by the students of Cambridge. The king was so struck with the grace and symmetry of his person, and expressed his admiration so warmly, as to give the first idea to the enemies of Somerset, of superseding him by a new candidate for royal favour.* The probability of success was seriously canvassed at a supper party, at which were present the heads of the noble families of Herbert, Seymour, and Russell. The company, we are told, on breaking up, elated probably by the wine which they had drunk, happened to pass through Fleet Street, when one of the party, perceiving Somerset's picture exposed for sale in a painter's stall, desired his servant to throw some dirt on the face; an order which was effectually obeyed.† The anecdote is trivial, but casts some light on the manners of the time.

The king's partiality had no sooner become publicly known, than Buckingham had no want of friends. William, Earl of Pembroke, and Lucy, Countess of Bedford, supplied him liberally with money, and Sir Thomas Lake, we are assured, bought for him the place of cup-bearer, to which he was shortly afterwards nominated. According to Lloyd, the courtiers wished him well because he was an Englishman; the nobility, because he was a gentleman; the king, because he had beauty and parts; and the ladies, because he was the "exactest courtier in Christendom."

On one of Buckingham's first visits to court, the king turned to Lord Arundel, and inquired "what he thought of him." Arundel, looking at his blushing face, ob-

* Coke, vol. i. p. 75.

† Aulicus Coquinariæ; Lloyd's State Worthies, vol. ii. p. 227.

served "that his bashfulness was ill-suited to a court." The queen, however, Anne of Denmark, was of a different opinion, and the result proved that she had the more foresight of the two. When she was pressed to introduce Buckingham to the king, by those who wished ill to Somerset, she gave as her objection, that "if he were to become a favourite, he would become more intolerable than any that had gone before him." This anecdote is related by Coke, and authenticated by Archbishop Abbot, who was present when the queen made use of the words: "Noble queen," (he writes, in mentioning the circumstance,) "how like a prophetess did you speak!" His grace informs us, that the king would never adopt a new favourite, unless he were recommended by his wife. His motive was, that he might turn the tables on her, should she hereafter complain of the selection.*

Buckingham had to encounter many insults from the friends and retainers of Somerset. On one occasion, a creature of the declining favourite, in carrying a dish to the royal table, designedly spilt some of its contents over Buckingham's splendid dress. Want of spirit was not a failing of Buckingham, and he instantly repaid the insult with a box on the ear. Such a proceeding, according to the laws of the court, exposed the offending party to the penalty of losing his hand; and Somerset in his capacity of lord chamberlain, was the proper person to see the mutilation enforced.† James, however, interfered, and by his behaviour on the occasion, gave additional proof of the interest he took in his new favourite. Buckingham, we are told, obtained a "clear conquest" over his rival.‡

* Biog. Brit. Art. Abbot.

† The statute, 33 Henry VIII. c. 12, after enacting the barbarous penalty, proceeds as follows; "And for the further declaration of the solemn and due circumstance of the execution, appertaining, and of long time used and accustomed, to and for such malicious strikings, by reason whereof blood is, hath been, or hereafter shall be shed, against the king's peace; it is therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that the serjeant, or chief surgeon, for the time being, or his deputy, of the king's household, his heirs and successors, shall be ready at the place and time of execution as shall be appointed, as is aforesaid, to sear the stump when the hand is stricken off."

‡ Aulicus Coquinariæ; Lloyd, vol. ii. p. 159.

One Ker, or Carr, illegitimately connected with the falling favourite, carried his feelings of friendship to such an extreme, that he had actually made up his mind to assassinate Buckingham. Fortunately, a friend, to whom he had communicated his project, discovered it to the court. Ker denied the charge so stubbornly, that, though condemned to a long imprisonment, he escaped with his life.

James commenced his favours to Buckingham, as he had formerly done to Somerset, by attending to his education and moral improvement. He taught him we are told, three things; *a love for retirement*, the art of conversation, and the qualifications of a man of business. Buckingham did credit to the king's judgment, by showing himself, in the first instance, courteous and affable to all men; procuring the royal patronage *gratis* for those who sought him, while Somerset had been in the habit of exacting large sums for the favours which he conferred.*

It is greatly to Buckingham's credit that, in the commencement of his career, he lived on terms of friendship with, and was regarded with an affectionate interest by, the amiable Archbishop Abbot. That excellent prelate thus addresses the young courtier, on the first dawn of his rising splendour:—"And now, my George, because of your kind affection towards me, you style me your father, I will from this day forward repute and esteem you for my son, and so hereafter know yourself to be. And in token thereof, I do now give you my blessing again, and charge you, as my son, daily to serve God; to be diligent and pleasing to your master, and to be wary that, at no man's instance, you press him with many suits; because they are not your friends that urge those things upon you, but have private ends of their own, which are not fit for you. So praying God to bless you, I rest your very loving father,

"Lambeth, 10th Dec, 1615. "G. CANT.†

"To my very loving son, Sir George Villiers, Knight, and Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-chamber."

* Coke, vol. i. p. 79. † Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 161.

The dazzling rapidity of Buckingham's rise is perhaps unexampled in the annals of favouritism. Within a few short years, he was knighted, made a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, created Baron of Whaddon and Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Buckingham; received the Order of the Garter, and the appointments of Master of the Horse, Chief Justice in Eyre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Master of the King's Bench Office, Steward of the Manor of Hampton Court, Lord High Admiral of England, Steward of Westminster, Constable of Windsor, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.* These favours were all heaped upon him by James. Charles, on his accession to the throne, had little but his affection to add to such a pageant.

Buckingham's magnificence was at least equal to his illustrious fortunes. Imagination can conceive nothing more splendid than the entertainments, the public display, and indeed the personal appearance of this favourite of fortune. His jewels were alone valued at three

* Buckingham was appointed cup-bearer, and received into the king's household in 1613. On St. George's day, 1615, he was knighted, made a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, and had an annuity of a thousand pounds settled on him out of the Court of Wards. At New Year's tide following, he received the appointment of Master of the Horse; and in July, 1616, was installed Knight of the Garter. On the 22d of August, in the same year, he was created Baron of Whaddon, in the county of Bucks, and Viscount Villiers. On the 5th of January, 1617, he was made Earl of Buckingham, and a privy counsellor; and in March, accompanying the king to Scotland, he was sworn of the privy council of that kingdom. He was created Earl of Coventry and Duke of Buckingham, 18th May, 1623. We find his titles thus fulsomely emblazoned:

"The right high, and right mighty Prince, George Villiers, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Buckingham; Earl of Coventry, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Whaddon; Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and the Principality of Wales; Governor of all the Castles and Sea-forts, and of the Royal Navy; Master of the Horse to his Majesty; Lord Warden, Chancellor, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, and the members thereof; Constable of the Castle of Dover; Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's forests, parks, and chaces on this side of the river Trent; Constable of the royal castle of Windsor; Gentleman of the King's Bed-chamber; Counsellor of Estate of the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter; Lord President of the Council of War; Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; and Lord General of his Majesty's forces in the Isle of Rhee."—*Granger*, vol. ii. p. 278.

hundred thousand pounds. "It was common with him," we are told, "at an ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl; in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels; inasmuch, that at his going over to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems, could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds; as were also his sword, girdle, hat-band, and spurs."* Buckingham was the first person who was carried about in a sedan chair. The circumstance caused a great sensation at the time; the vulgar attributing it to his pride, and railing at him as he passed through the streets. "It was a shame," they said, "that men should be brought to as servile condition as horses."†

Another incident which added greatly to his unpopularity, was the circumstance of his having his coach drawn by six horses; a memorable instance of his splendour, when we remember that only forty years had elapsed since coaches were first introduced into England.‡ When the fact was related to the old Earl of Northumberland, (the "stout earl," as he is called,) he said that if Buckingham was drawn by six horses, he had at least a right to eight; with which number he actually drove through the streets, to the great contentment of the citizens.

These indeed are but trivial illustrations of Bucking-

* Harl. MSS.; Harris, vol. i. p. 245.

† Wilson, p. 131. Evelyn tells us, in his Diary, that sedan chairs were first brought to England by Sir Saunders Duncombe. This person, who was gentleman pensioner to Kings James and Charles I., is said to have taken out a patent in 1634; Buckingham, however, may yet have been the first who had the boldness to make use of them.

‡ The introduction of coaches into England is commonly attributed to Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, in 1580. It seems, however, that they were first brought from the Netherlands by William Booren, a Dutchman, who presented one to Queen Elizabeth, about the eighth year of her reign. *See Harl. Misc.* vol. iv. p. 218.—They were first drawn by only two horses.

ham's magnificence; but it would be difficult to do justice to the refined taste, the unparalleled splendour, which characterized the entertainments of York House;—"those entertainments," says D'Israeli, which "combined all the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier."* Bassompierre, whose judgment in matters of taste was unrivalled, describes one of Buckingham's entertainments as the most splendid he had ever seen. "The king," he says, "supped at one table with the queen and me, which was served by a complete ballet at each course with sundry representations—changes of scenery, tables, and music: the duke waited on the king at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the king and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the duke danced, and afterwards we set to and danced country dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations."† This would appear to be the identical entertainment, the description of which Mr. D'Israeli has extracted from the Sloane MSS., and published in his Curiosities of Literature. "Last Sunday at night, the duke's grace entertained their majesties and the French ambassador at York House with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king and the two queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life that the queen's majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds."

The duke's cabinet of pictures and works of art were

* Cur. of Lit. vol. v. p. 223.
† Bussomp. Emb. to Eng. Lond. 1819. p. 95.

valuable and choice in the extreme. Gerbier writes to his master, 8th February, 1625. "Sometimes, when I am contemplating the treasure of rarities which your excellency has in so short a time amassed, I cannot but feel astonishment in the midst of my joy. For out of all the amateurs, and princes, and kings, there is not one who has collected in forty years as many pictures as your excellency has collected in five. Let enemies and people ignorant of paintings say what they will, they cannot deny that pictures are noble ornaments, a delightful amusement, and histories that one may read without fatigue. Our pictures, if they were to be sold a century after our death, would sell for good cash, and for three times more than they have cost. I wish I could only live a century, if they were sold, to be able to laugh at those facetious folk, who say it is money cast away for baubles and shadows: I know *they* will be pictures still, when those ignorants will be less than shadows."* For a collection which had been made by Rubens, the duke gave 10,000*l.*; and he had also employed Sir Henry Wotton, when ambassador at Venice, to purchase for him the most valuable productions of the great masters. For one of the pictures of Titian, the *Ecce Homo*, Lord Arundel offered him 7000*l.* either in money or land. In this picture were introduced likenesses of the Pope, Charles the Fifth, and Solyman the Magnificent. When the duke's cabinet came to be disposed of during the civil broils, this fine work of art was purchased by the Archduke Leopold, and placed in the castle of Prague.† Buckingham's encouragement of the fine arts was not confined to pictures. When he was sent to the States, to negotiate for the restitution of the Palatinate, he purchased for a large sum the curious collection of Arabic MSS. by Erpinus the linguist, which he afterwards bequeathed to the University of Cambridge.‡

There can be no doubt indeed but that Buckingham both appreciated and patronised talent. Without any apparent motive but the fame which his abilities had ac-

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 371.
† Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting; Fairfax's Life of Buckingham.
‡ Reliq. Wotton. p. 523.

quired for him, the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury obtained his appointment as ambassador to Paris at Buckingham's hands. When Lord Herbert shortly afterwards became involved in one of those scrapes which his chivalrous sense of honour was continually entailing on him, Buckingham took his part, and protected him from the serious consequences of the king's displeasure.* It was owing also to his fine taste, in conjunction with that of his royal master, that Rubens, Vandyke, and Gerbier were attracted to England, and that Inigo Jones supported the national character by his genius. When will such a period again arrive? Not till we have a new Charles and another Buckingham.

In forming our estimate of the accomplishments of Buckingham, and the brilliant figure which he presented at two succeeding courts, we must bear in mind his exquisite elegance and beauty, which rendered him the idol of the fair sex, and the envy of his own. James, as is well known, conferred on him the familiar name of Steenie. He alluded to the passage (Acts vi. 15.) where it is said of St. Stephen, that, "All that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel;" from whence the king chose to confer on his favourite the not very appropriate name of Stephen, and thence by corruption Steenie. Bishop Goodman, who was well acquainted with him, draws the following sketch of his person and character:—"Buckingham," he says, "of all others was most active; he had a very lovely complexion; he was the handsomest bodied man of England; his limbs so well compacted, and his conversation so pleasing, and of so sweet a disposition. And truly his intellectuals were very great; he had a sound judgment, and was of a quick apprehension; insomuch that I have heard it from two men, and very great men, (neither of them had gotten so little as 36,000*l.* per annum by the court,) whom of all men in the world Buckingham had most wronged,—yet I had heard both those men say and give him this testimony,

* Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury by himself, pp. 125, 126, and 129.

that he was inwardly beautiful, as he was outwardly, and that the world had not a more ingenious gentleman, or words to that effect."

Sir Symonds D'Ewes mentions the occasion of a tilting-match at Whitehall, when he had the opportunity of watching Buckingham closely for about half an hour; the duke being, at the time, in earnest conversation with some French noblemen. "I saw every thing in him," he says, "full of delicacy and handsome features; yea his hands and feet seemed to be especially effeminate and curious." It is possible he seemed the more accomplished, because the French Monsieurs that had invested him were very swarthy hard-featured men. Clarendon, and indeed every writer of the period, bears the same testimony to Buckingham's uncommon beauty. It would seem, however, by his later portraits, that it lasted but with the period of early youth.

Buckingham was only once married. His wife was Catherine, daughter of Francis Earl of Rutland. According to Arthur Wilson, the duke had in the first instance seduced her from her father's house, and after keeping her for some time in his lodgings, returned her to her family. The blood of the earl was naturally roused, and he sent a message to Buckingham that if he did not instantly marry his daughter, his greatness should be no protection to him. Buckingham eventually consented to repair the lady's honour, and they were accordingly married. As Lady Catherine, however, was the richest heiress in England, it is singular that Buckingham should not originally have courted her as a wife instead of a mistress.

The affair is altogether involved in mystery and doubt. That the Earl of Rutland was unwilling to marry his daughter to Buckingham,—that her partiality for the favourite caused her parent to treat her harshly, and that she eventually eloped from her father's house, is evident from the letters which passed between the duke and his future father-in-law, from the period of her flight to that of her marriage. The duke, however, denies in the strongest manner that her honour had suffered at his hands. He writes to the earl:—"I can delay no longer

declaring unto you, how unkindly I take your harsh usage of me and your own daughter, which hath wrought this effect in me; that since you esteem so little of my friendship, and her honour, I must now, contrary of my former resolution, leave off the pursuit of that alliance any more, putting it in your free choice to bestow her elsewhere to your best comfort; for, whose fortune it shall ever be to have her, I will constantly profess that she never received any blemish in her honour, but that which came by your own tongue. It is true, I never thought before to have seen the time that I should need to come within the compass of the law, by stealing of a wife against the consent of the parents; considering of the favours that it pleaseth his majesty, though undeservedly, to bestow upon me. So, leaving this to you and your wife's censure, I rest your lordship's servant,

"G. Buckingham."*

The king, it seems, had originally refused his consent to their union, as long as the lady should continue to profess herself a Roman Catholic. The Lord Keeper, Dr. Williams, was selected to effect her conversion, and as the lady's interests were concerned, and her character at stake, he appears to have encountered but little difficulty in performing his task.

Wilson expatiates with much acrimony when he speaks of Buckingham's amours. He says that if the duke's eye "culled out a wanton beauty, he had his setters that could spread his nets, and point a meeting at some lady's house, where he should come as by accident and find accesses, while all his train attended at the door, as if it were an honourable visit." Peyton, of course, joins in the popular cry. "The duke," he says, "vitiated many virgins, gentle and noble in birth, though vicious for yielding to his lust." But, perhaps, the most singular piece of scandal is that of Sir Symonds D'Ewes. After attacking the duke for his want of devotion, he tells us that, at the sacrament of baptism, at which Buckingham

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 192.

happened to be a spectator, with some young and beautiful women, the minister no sooner came to the passage, where it is required of the sponsors to forsake the carnal lusts of the flesh, than Buckingham began to "wink and smile" at his fair companions, by which the solemnity of the ceremony was entirely destroyed. Such highly-coloured accusations are not altogether to be relied upon. Beauty had doubtless its charms for Buckingham, and in all probability his conduct was not immaculate; nevertheless, considering the temptations to which his rank and accomplishments exposed him, his character appears tolerably free from reproach, nor can he reasonably be charged with any violent offence against the laws of society or virtue. Whatever may have been Buckingham's conduct in this particular, at least his own wife was the last to imagine him guilty of the charge. She writes to him during his absence in Spain, 16th July, 1623:

"I am very glad that you have the pearls, and that you like them so well; and am sure they do not help you to win the ladies' hearts. Yourself is a jewel that will win the hearts of all the women in the world; but I am confident it is not in their power to win your heart from a heart that is, was, and ever shall be yours till death. Every body tells me how happy I am in a husband, and how chaste you are; that you will not look at a woman, and yet how they woo you. And Sir Francis Cottington was yesterday telling me, how you made a vow not to touch any woman till you saw me; and though I was confident of it before they told me, yet it is so many cordials to my heart when they tell me of it. God make me thankful to him for giving of me you! Dear love, I did verily hope I should have had a lock of your hair by Killegrew, and I am sorry I had it not; but seeing you have a conceit it may prove unlucky, it is well you sent it not, though I think it but an old wife's tale."*

There is reason to believe, from the letters which passed between them, that Buckingham was a most

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 279.

affectionate husband. Sir Henry Wotton tells us that he loved his wife dearly, and the manner in which he disposed of his estates adds weight to the fact.*

CHAPTER II.

The indomitable pride and headstrong passions of Buckingham, were never more openly displayed, than when he accompanied Charles on his visit to Madrid. The Spaniards were, at least, as much astounded by his insolence, as they were dazzled by his splendour. Spanish etiquette could, with difficulty, comprehend the existence of such a character. They beheld, for the first time, a subject on the most intimate terms of friendship with the prince, his master; the same man placing himself on an equality with their own sovereign, and insulting that sovereign's haughty minister, Olivarez, whenever they came in contact. "He was sometimes covered," says Bishop Hacket, "when the prince was bare; sometimes sitting when the prince stood; capering aloft in sudden fits; and chirping the ends of sonnets."—"He was offensive to the court of Spain in taunting comparisons, and an open derider of their magniloquent phrases and garb of stateliness."†

Whatever may have been the original cause of misunderstanding between Buckingham and Olivarez, it is certain that their enmity was implacable; and that, on one occasion, Buckingham deliberately gave the proud Spaniard the lie. They had been discussing the probability of the prince's conversion to the Romish faith, when Olivarez, in the heat of argument, affirmed that

* Wotton says, "he loved her dearly, and well expressed his love in an act and time of no simulation, towards his end bequeathing her all his mansion-houses during her natural life, and a power to dispose of his whole personal estate, together with a fourth part of his lands in jointure."—*Reliq. Wotton.* p. 236.

† Life of Lord Keeper Williams, part i. p. 133.

Buckingham had given hopes of such a consummation. The Duke, in the most direct manner, insisted that *it was false;* adding, that he felt himself bound, in the character of a gentleman, to support the contrary, in whatsoever manner he might be called upon to maintain its truth. Olivarez naturally flew into a passion; but it appears, that out of respect for the person of Charles, he refrained from demanding the satisfaction which, under other circumstances, would have been exacted.*

There exists a story, which was openly discussed at the time, and which, for some years afterwards, was current in Spain, that attributed the ill-feeling between the two ministers to circumstances of a private nature. Buckingham, it was said, thought proper to make the Countess Olivarez the object of his addresses; but the lady was so far from being flattered by the preference, that she divulged the circumstance to her husband. A plan was then concerted between them, by which a lady, not of the most immaculate virtue, and suffering, moreover, under a disgraceful disease, was substituted in the room of the countess. The plot, we are told, fully answered their expectations.†

This story is confidently told, both by Weldon and Peyton, and hinted at, by Wilson and Sir Philip Warwick. "It should seem," says Weldon, that he made court to Count Olivarez's wife, a very handsome lady, but it was plotted, betwixt the lady, her husband, and Bristol, that, instead of that beauty, he had a notorious stewsbird sent him." Peyton's version is similar, but not so decent. Notwithstanding such various authorities, Lord Clarendon has thrown considerable discredit over the story. "Though the duke," he says, "was naturally carried violently to those passions, when there was any grace or beauty in the object, yet the Duchess of Olivarez was then a woman so old, past children, of so abject a presence, in a word, so crooked and de-

* Wilson, p. 250; Reliq. Wott. p. 217.

† One Wadsworth, who was employed in teaching the English language to the infanta, accuses Buckingham of the most improbable improprieties. Among other charges, he mentions his having introduced the most degraded females into the royal palace of Spain.

formed, that she could neither tempt his appetite, nor magnify his revenge." A passage also in Bishop Hacket's Life of Lord Keeper Williams tends still further to throw discredit on the story. "There was a scandalous error," he says, "made table-talk in England, that our duke had attempted the chastity of the Condessa Olivarez, and was cheated with a diseased strumpet, laid in his bed. This is grossly contumacious. The lady was never solicited by Buckingham to defile her honour with him, as Sir Walter will testify, in a postscript of a letter to the duke:—'The Condessa Olivarez bids me tell you, that she kisseth your grace's hands, and does, every day, recommend you particularly by name, in her prayers to God.'"

It is certain, however, that Buckingham quitted Madrid without having taken leave of the countess. When he parted from Olivarez, he told him that he should always entertain the kindest feeling towards the royal family of Spain; "but as for you, sir, personally," he added, "I shall make no professions of friendship with you, and you must always expect opposition at my hands." Olivarez turned on his heel, telling him, he accepted what was spoken.*

Among the Harleian MSS. are several of the letters which passed between James on the one hand, and Charles and Buckingham on the other, during the period that the latter were absent on their romantic expedition. Those from Madrid are generally subscribed both by Charles and Buckingham, while the king usually addresses them together. The following is a brief specimen of James's mode of writing to the travellers:

"Sweet boys, the news of your going is already so blown abroad, as I am forced, for your safety, to post this bearer [the Earl of Carlisle] after you, who will give you his best advice and attendance in your journey. God bless you both, my sweet babes, and send you a safe and happy return.

"JAMES R."†

* Cabala, p. 358. † Ellis, Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 121.

The travellers thus describe to James one of the clandestine visits which they paid to the interior of the French court, during their short sojourn at Paris.

"SIR,

"Since the closing of our last, we have been at court again, (and, that we might not hold you in pain, we assure you that we have not been known,) where we saw the young queen, little Monsieur, and Madame, at the practising of a mask that is intended, by the queen, to be presented to the king, and in it there danced the queen and Madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst which, the queen is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister. So, in haste, going to bed, we humbly take our leaves and rest.

"Your Majesty's most humble,

"And obedient son and servant,

"CHARLES.*

"And your humble slave and dog,

"STEENIE.

"Paris, the 22d of February, 1623."

The old king, no doubt, felt extremely desolate in the absence of his heir and his favourite, and longed fervently for their safe and speedy return. In one of his letters, he writes to his "sweet boys:"—"I wonder why you should ask me the question if ye should send me any more joint letters or not: alack, sweet hearts, it is all my comfort in your absence that ye write jointly unto me, besides the great ease it is, both to me and you; and ye need not doubt but I will be wary enough, in not acquainting my council with any secret in your letters. But I have been troubled with Hamilton, who, being present, by chance, at my receiving both of your first and second packet out of Madrid, would *needs peer over my shoulder when I was reading them, offering ever to help me to read any hard words;* and, in good faith, he is in

* Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 121.

this business, as in all things else, as variable and uncertain as the moon."

In this letter James gives his son abundance of good advice. He warns him against being too profuse in his expenditure; enjoins him to be careful of his person at the tilting matches, and to practise dancing in private;* "But," he adds, "the news of your glorious reception makes me afraid that ye will both misken your old dad hereafter." He concludes his letter with the same homely expression. "Thus God keep you, my sweet boys, with my fatherly blessing, and send you a happy successful journey, and a joyful and happy return in the arms of your dear dad."

We have already alluded to the profusion of jewels and other sumptuous presents which were lavished by Charles and Buckingham on the Spanish ladies; however, they were not wrested from the old king without much difficulty and repeated entreaties. The duke, we are told, on state occasions, purposely had his diamonds so loosely set, that, on passing a knot of Spanish beauties, he could easily shake a few off at his will. When these were picked up and offered to be returned to their owner, they were of course gracefully presented to the obliging fair ones. No wonder that the visit of Charles and his handsome favourite is still the theme of admiration in Spain. Sir Henry Ellis has published two original letters from Charles and the favourite, beseeching the old king to send them further supplies of jewels: Buckingham, in a postscript to one of the prince's letters, amusingly adds; "I, your dog, say you have many jewels, neither fit for your own, your son's, nor your daughter's wearing, but very fit to bestow on those here who must necessarily have presents; and this way will be least chargeable to your majesty in my poor opinion." Buckingham, in another letter, in which he addresses the king as

* D'Israeli, in his Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I., remarks in a note:—"I find a curious anecdote of that zealous paternal attention of our pedant king, which I have not met elsewhere. James took such minute care of their education, that 'the children of James were well instructed in music and dancing; his majesty desired them to keep up their dancing privately, though they whistle and sing to one another for music."—*Harl. MSS.* 6987. (24).

"Dear dad, gossip and steward," actually presses James to part with some jewels which formed a portion of the king's own wearing apparel: he mentions particularly the king's best hat-band, the Portugal diamond, and the rest of the pendent diamonds, as requisite to make a necklace for the prince to present to his mistress. Buckingham is far from forgetful of his own interests, and takes care to ask for a rich chain or two for himself; or else, he says, *your dog will want a collar.**

Buckingham's conduct appears to have been as personally displeasing to the Spanish king as it was to his minister Olivarez. According to Howell, who was on the spot, there was indeed some doubt whether the king would not actually refuse to treat with him on the subject of the match. The Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador, writes to the Bishop of Lincoln:—"I know not how things may be reconciled here before my lord duke's departure, but at present they are in all extremely ill, betwixt the king, his ministers, and the duke; and they stick not to profess, that they will rather put the infanta headlong into a well than into his hands." In another letter to the bishop, the earl adds: "I protest unto your lordship as a Christian, that I never heard in all the time of his being here, nor since, any one exception taken against him [Charles], unless it were for being supposed to be too much guided by my lord Duke of Buckingham, who is indeed very little beholden to the Spaniards for their good opinion of him; and departed from hence with so little satisfaction, that the Spaniards are in doubt that he will endeavour all that shall be possible, to cross the marriage."† The unsuccessful termination of the Spanish match, or rather, Buckingham's share in procuring its miscarriage, rendered the duke for a short period the favourite of the English Parliament. They spoke openly of that man as the "saviour of his country," whom, but a few months afterwards, they execrated and denounced as a traitor.

As the style of correspondence which was carried on

* Ellis, Original Letters, vol. iii. pp. 145, 146.
† Cabala, pp. 98, 99.

between James and Buckingham can scarcely have failed in affording amusement, another specimen or two may not be unwelcome. Among other instances of the familiarity with which the favourite approached his master, it may be remarked that, in his letters, the duke frequently addresses the old king as his "purveyor." This term undoubtedly had its origin in the quantity of fruit, game, and sweetmeats, which the king was in the habit of sending as presents to the duke and "Kate," as he familiarly styled the duchess. More than once, in his letters, Buckingham returns thanks to his "dear dad and gossip," for some such dainty cargo. The following brief extracts may be taken as specimens:—"A million of thanks for your good melons and pears."—"The best show of true repentance of a fault, is to make a true confession: I did forget to give thanks for my melons, grapes, peaches, and all the things else you sent: I must pass my account under that general term, or else I shall make the same fault again, by leaving out something, your favours are so many:"—"I have received two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violet cakes and chickens, for all which I humbly thank your majesty:"—And again, "The sense and thankfulness of my heart for your excellent melons, pears, sugared beans, and assurance of better fruit planted in your bosom than ever grew in paradise, will best appear in my humble obedience of your commands." The conclusion of the letter from which the last extract is taken, is amusing and characteristic enough:—"My stags," adds the duke, "are all lusty, my calf bold, and others are so too; my Spanish colts are fat, and so is my jovial filly. Mall,* great Mall,† Kate,‡ Sue,§ and Steenie, shall all wait on you on Saturday, and kiss both James's and Charles's feet. To conclude, let this paper assure you, that the last words I spoke to you are so true, that I will not only give my word, sware you on the Holy Evangelists, but

* Lady Mary, the duke's daughter.
† Mary, Countess of Buckingham, the duke's mother.
‡ Catherine, his duchess.
§ Susan, Countess of Denbigh, the duke's youngest sister.

blessed sacrament upon them. So craving your
I rest,
Your majesty's most humble slave and dog,
"STEENIE.

Baby Charles, I kiss thy *warty* hands."*

pears that the term of "Tom Badger," which
in the following letter from James, was one of the
mes by which the frivolous monarch thought
to distinguish his favourite: perhaps his sub-
himself to the duke as "your old purveyor" is
more undignified.

eet hearty blessing, blessing, blessing, on my
Tom Badger, and all his, for breeding me so fine
nel of young hounds, some of them so fair and
aped, and some of them so fine pretty little ones,
y are worthy to lie on Steenie and Kate's bed:
ll of them run together in a lump, and God thank
aster of the horse, for providing me such a number
useful horses, fit for my hand: in a word, I pro-
was never master of such horses and hounds;
earer will tell you what fine running we had yester-
Remember now to take the air discreetly, and for
s sake and mine, keep thyself very warm, especially
ead and shoulders; put thy park of Bewlie to an
and love me still and still, and so God bless thee
my sweet daughter, and god-daughter to the com-
of thy dear dad. JAMES R.

Thy old purveyor sent thee yesternight six partridges
two leverets. I am now going to hawk the
sant."†

here are extant some affectionate letters, addressed
he Duchess of Buckingham to her husband during
absence in Spain, which exhibit the domestic cha-
er of the duke in a very pleasing light. "I think," she
es, "there never was such a man born as you are;

* Letters of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, chiefly ad-
ed to King James I." pp. 2, 15, 21, and 26.—Edinburgh, 1834.
Iuges Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 394; Harl. MSS. 6987.

and how much am I bound to God, that I must be that happy woman to enjoy you from all other women, and the unworthiest of all to have so great a blessing. Only this I can say for myself, you could never have had one that could love you better, than your poor true-loving Kate doth,—poor now, in your absence, but else the happiest and richest woman in the world."

But the following specimen is even more pleasing.

"York House, 16th July, 1623.

"My lord, indeed I must crave your pardon that I did not write you no more particulars of our pretty Moll. I did tell dry-nurse what you wrote to me, and she says, you had one letter from her; and she has sent you word, by every one that has gone, that she was well, and what she could do. But if you will pardon me this fault, I will commit the like no more. She is very well, I thank God, and when she is set to her feet, and held by her sleeves, she will not go softly, but stamp, and set one foot before another very fast, and I think she will run before she can go. She loves dancing extremely, and when the saraband is played, she will get her thumb and finger together, offering to snap; and then, when 'Tom Duff' is sung, then she will shake her apron; and when she hears the tune of the clapping dance my Lady Frances Hubert taught the prince, she will clap both her hands together, and on her breast, and she can tell the tunes as well as any of us can; and as they change the tunes, she will change her dancing. I would you were here but to see her, for you would take much delight in her now she is so full of pretty play and tricks; and she has gotten a trick, that when they dance her, she will cry Hah, hah! and Nicholas will dance with his legs, and she will imitate him as well as she can. She will be excellent at a hat; for if one lay her down, she will kick her legs over her head; but when she is older I hope she will be more modest. Every body says she grows every day more like you; you shall have her picture very shortly."*

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 278.

King James appears to have taken a great interest in his friend's wife, and styles her playfully, in one of his letters, "the poor fool Kate:" We find Buckingham also speaking of her affectionately as "his poor little wife."

Notwithstanding the playful and affectionate letters which were addressed by James to Buckingham during the absence of the latter in Spain, there is reason to believe that, had the king's life been prolonged, the fall of the favourite would have been as rapid as his rise. This supposition indeed is far from improbable, when we remember that James not only grew fretful and suspicious as he approached his end, but that latterly he had actually entertained apprehensions of personal danger at Buckingham's hands.

Certain it is, that a plot was laid by Iniosa, the Spanish ambassador, (who acted probably under the directions of Olivarez,) of which the object was to remove Buckingham for ever from the counsels and affections of his master. The king, however, was so closely watched, that Iniosa found some difficulty in carrying his plans into execution. In order to obtain a private interview, the Spaniard at length hit upon the following expedient. On a certain day, desiring one of his suite by all means to keep the prince and Buckingham in close conversation, he drew from his pocket a document, in which the duke's supposed conspiracy was confidently detailed, and in which a private audience was earnestly demanded for himself. At the same time, he made a sign to the king, that he should instantly conceal the paper from view. The fears of James being thus awakened, he seized an opportunity, when Charles and the duke were absent in the House of Lords, to receive the Spaniard in private. Iniosa lost no time in impressing the pusillanimous monarch with the prospect of his danger, recommending that Buckingham should be restricted to some house in the country for the remainder of his life.

The duke up to this time, had possessed the strongest influence over the king. He used to remove him, we are told, from place to place, as suited his purpose, although, occasionally, the changes were far from pleasing to his

imbecile master. But when James next saw his favourite, he turned to him imploringly, "Ah, Steenie, Steenie," he said, "wilt thou kill me!"* The duke passionately protested his innocence, and insisted on knowing the name of his accuser; but James refused all answer to his inquiries.

Doubtful, apparently, in what manner to act, the king summoned Prince Charles, and prepared to depart for Windsor. Buckingham, as usual, was proceeding to follow him, and had actually set his foot on the step of the coach, when the king invented some excuse for leaving him behind. Unused to such treatment, the favourite burst into tears. According to Bishop Hacket, he addressed a strong appeal to the king, to which his majesty returned an unsatisfactory answer. James admitted, however, that he had not read the duke's letter without weeping; and piteously complained of being the unhappiest person in the world, in being forsaken and betrayed by those who were dearest to him.

In the midst of his distress, Buckingham was visited at Wallingford House, by Lord Keeper Williams. He found the duke lying on his couch, and so overwhelmed with grief, that he could scarcely obtain an answer to his questions. Williams advised him instantly to hasten to the king; adding that, in the event of delay, a very short time would enable his majesty to concert with the Parliament, and that the duke's committal to the Tower would be the inevitable consequence. This rational advice Buckingham lost no time in following. He immediately set off for Windsor; where, by his respectful demeanour, his extraordinary personal influence, and by never leaving James to be worked upon by the machinations of others, he eventually contrived to make his peace.† Perhaps the king was unwilling to doubt the faith of one on whom he had conferred so many and such extraordinary benefits.‡

* Wilson, p. 271.

† Weldon, p. 142. Lives of the Chancellors, vol. i. p. 112.

‡ James, however, if we may judge by one of his own apophthegms, could scarcely have entertained any very great faith in the existence of

It is to be regretted that Lord Clarendon, in alluding to the misunderstanding between Buckingham and his sovereign, enters but slightly into the merits of the case. "Many," he says, "were of opinion, that King James, before his death, grew weary of this favourite; and that, if he had lived, he would have deprived him at least of his large and unlimited power. And this imagination so prevailed with some men, as the Lord Keeper Lincoln, the Earl of Middlesex, Lord High Treasurer of England, and other gentlemen of name, though not in so high stations, that they had the courage to withdraw from their absolute dependence upon the duke, and to make some other essays, which proved to the ruin of every one of them; there appearing no mark, or evidence, that the king did really lessen his affection to him, to the hour of his death." Bishop Kennet expresses his belief in Buckingham's fidelity, and, in order to give weight to his views, has published two letters, addressed at this period by the duke to his sovereign. They must certainly be regarded as bearing the stamp of honesty, but are scarcely of sufficient importance to be transferred from the folios of the indulgent bishop.

It may be remarked, that when Buckingham afterwards discovered in the intrigues of Iniosa the secret of his temporary disgrace, he instantly assailed the ambassador with his usual headstrong impetuosity. Iniosa told the duke that he was a gentleman, and better born than himself: adding, that he accused him of being a traitor to his face, and that he would make good his words with his sword. Charles was afterwards induced to forward a complaint of Iniosa to the court of Madrid, but the charges appear to have been treated in the lightest possible manner by the Spanish court.*

gratitude. He tells us that a king who is in dread of conspiracies, should rather be jealous of those whom he has benefited than of those whom he has discontented; the latter, he says, wanting the power to be dangerous, but the former having the means ever ready at their will. This says but little for human nature.

* Weldon, pp. 142, 143.

CHAPTER III.

THE accession of Charles to the throne was a death-blow to the enemies of Buckingham. It was but too evident that, henceforth, he would be more fully confirmed in his exalted fortunes. The friendships of Charles were known to be, at least, as stable as those of his father had been uncertain; and although, in his affection for Buckingham, the young king had somewhat overrated his favourite's capacity, still, it was not in his nature to be either argued or frightened out of an opinion which he had once maturely formed. On the other hand, there is no reason to doubt but that Buckingham repaid with warm gratitude and a personal attachment, the extraordinary affection of his master.

It is remarkable, that, between Charles and Buckingham, a strong jealousy had existed in early life. Clarendon tells us, that the duke's manner was frequently highly insolent, and that, on one occasion, he was actually on the point of striking the prince. This anecdote, whether correctly or not, is related more circumstantially by Weldon. That writer informs us, that, at Greenwich, before four hundred persons, Buckingham raised his hand over his head, with a *ballon-bracer*, in such a manner, as to draw from Charles the expression, "What, my lord, I think you intend to strike me." Whatever, however, may have been the cause of their juvenile hostility, it is certain that it ceased with their earliest youth. The affection, when once conceived by Charles, remained unshaken to the last. When the tide of public opinion set strongest against the favourite; when the Parliament was threatening him with impeachment, and the sailors thundering for their wages at his doors; when the suspicions of his having poisoned

he late king, were universally believed by the vulgar, ınd sedulously propagated by the great, Charles, at the ·isk of his own popularity, and, indeed, almost of his hrone, still clung to, and supported the friend of his :hoice. It is well known, that when the Parliament were preferring articles against Buckingham, the king howed his contempt of their proceedings, and his love or his favourite, by recommending the University of Cambridge to elect the duke as their chancellor. This ecommendation the university listened to,—it has been aid, to their own disgrace, but, certainly, to the great liscomfiture of the Parliament. Charles, however, ever lenied, in the strongest manner, the duke's supposed nfluence over his actions. He said, that, though it was commonly believed he was ruled by Buckingham, the act was far otherwise; that the duke had ever been ıis most faithful and obedient servant, and that he would ıereafter prove it to the satisfaction of the world.*

In 1625, Buckingham was despatched, with the Earl of Montgomery, to Paris, for the purpose of conducting Henrietta to the arms of her husband. The beauty of ıis person and the singular magnificence of the mission, were equally the admiration of the French king and of ıis court. "He appeared," says Lord Clarendon, "with all the lustre the wealth of England could adorn him with, and outshined all the bravery that court could dress itself in, and overacted the whole nation in their own most peculiar vanities." Louis XIII. remarked that Buckingham was one of the few English gentlemen ıe had ever seen, a sentiment which seems, at least, to ıave been fully reciprocated by his queen.

Whether Buckingham was really actuated by feelings of love, or whether it arose from mere motives of ambition or a desire of amusement, certain it is, that he had the temerity to address the Queen of France as a lover, and that his attentions were far from being ill received by that engaging princess. He had previously beheld her person on his journey to Madrid, and had described

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 263.

her to King James as the handsomest woman he had seen at the French court.

During his short stay at Paris, he brought all his fascinations into play, for the purpose of captivating her heart; and when he quitted that capital, in attendance on Henrietta, his daring aspirations had not only become known to the French minister, but the king's jealousy had been painfully excited. Several of the queen's servants were turned away, and her physician, Outange, her gentleman-usher, and others of her household, were banished from France. Madame de Motteville, who was in all the secrets of Anne of Austria, has left us a very interesting account of this singular affair. "The Duke of Buckingham," she writes, "was the man who appeared to have attacked the queen's heart with the best success. He was handsome, well-shaped, high-spirited, generous, liberal, and favourite to a great king. He had all the royal treasures to spend, and all the jewels of the crown of England to adorn his person. No wonder, then, if with so many lovely qualities, he had such high thoughts, such noble, yet such blameable and dangerous desires; and no wonder if he had the good fortune to persuade those who were witnesses of his addresses that they were not troublesome."

The first instance in which Buckingham appears to have expressed his sentiments, was in the garden of a house near Amiens, where the queen happened to pass the night, while accompanying her sister-in-law, Henrietta, on her way towards England. Buckingham, whilst attending her in her walk, expressing a strong desire to speak with her in private, Putange, her gentleman-usher, out of delicacy, withdrew. How far Buckingham was carried by his feelings cannot now be known. It is probable, however, by what follows, that he made use of more than words to express his tenderness. "Chance," says Madame de Motteville, "having led them into a by-walk, which was hid by a palisade from public view, the queen, at that instant, surprised to find herself alone, and it is likely importuned by some too passionate expression of the duke's sentiments, cried

out; and calling to her gentleman-usher, she blamed him for leaving her. We must form our own conjectures on such a passage. Certainly, it is a tolerably candid confession for a confidant.

Buckingham really appears to have been sincere in the professions which he made. When Henrietta and her suite departed from Amiens, the queen, attended by the Princess de Condé, accompanied them a short way in her coach. The hour of parting having at length arrived, Buckingham came to bid farewell to his mistress. "He kissed her gown," we are told, and, "she being in the fore-seat of the coach, he hid himself in the curtain as if he had something to say to her, but, in reality, to wipe away the tears which came into his eyes."

Buckingham had proceeded almost as far as Calais, when, either unable to bear the pangs of absence, or to conquer the impulse of the moment, he resolved to return to Amiens, and once more to behold his mistress, if it were but for a moment. The queen had learnt from the Duchess de Chevreuse the probability of Buckingham again visiting her, and yet she received him in bed, and almost alone. She spoke of his visit jestingly, and when he entered her apartment (which he appears to have done uninvited), she expressed not the slightest surprise.

The duke's first step, on entering her chamber, was to kneel by her bedside, and to kiss her sheet, with every expression of strong passion. The queen, for some reason, remaining silent, an old lady of honour, in order to prevent "*other liberties*," seated herself in the queen's arm-chair, and, telling him that such behaviour was not usual in France, indignantly desired him to rise. The duke, however, continued obstinately in the same posture, and, disputing the point with the old lady, insisted that he was no native of France, and not bound by its laws. He then addressed himself to the queen, and poured forth the most passionate avowals of his love. By this time her majesty had recovered her speech, and pretending to be extremely indignant, insisted on his quitting the apartment. Buckingham rose

from his knees, and obeyed her commands: it appears, however, that she received him in public on the following day. When the duke again turned his back upon Amiens, it was with the full intention of revisiting France, whenever love or opportunity should favour him.

In perusing this anecdote, we know not what to wonder at most;—the queen, with, of course, a woman's feelings, allowing another to be the champion of her honour; or the lady of the bedchamber, without any apparent sanction from her mistress, presuming to perform the part. Even Buckingham, reckless and chivalrous as he was, dared not have excited apprehensions of his "taking liberties," (such is Houssaie's expression) without great previous encouragement. The fact also of the queen receiving him in bed, Buckingham's rank, beauty, and powers of persuasion, added to the queen's negative submission to his addresses, must lead us still further to the conclusion that such advances were not distasteful.

Buckingham, on his departure for England, sent directions to Sir Balthazar Gerbier to remain at the French court, for the purpose of keeping up a correspondence with his royal mistress. Gerbier was narrowly watched by the agents of Richelieu; however, the queen found means to send by him *her own garter*, as well as a valuable jewel, to her absent lover.* Some time afterwards, the queen happened, in one of her walks in the garden at Ruel, to encounter the poet Voiture. On her inquiring of him the subject of his thoughts, he instantly repeated the following verses:

Je pensois (car nous autres poëtes
Nous pensons extravagement),
Ce que, dans l'humeur où vous êtes,
Vous feriez, si dans ce moment
Vous avisiez en cette place
Venir le Duc de Buckingham;
Et lequel seroit en disgrace,
De lui, ou du Père Vincent.†

* Coke, vol. i. p. 275.

† The queen's confessor. There are two other stanzas, but they are scarcely worth inserting.

Had not Voiture been well aware of the state of the queen's feelings, he would scarcely have ventured on such delicate ground. The queen, too, not only expressed no displeasure, but admired the verses and retained a copy of them.*

The young Earl of Holland, if we rightly interpret the cipher-marks in the following curious letter, was also Buckingham's confidant in his intrigue with the Queen of France, and seems to have exerted all his influence to advance the interests of his friend. The first mark in the letter appears to be intended for the French king, the *heart* very appropriately for the queen; and the *anchor* (alluding to his post of lord high admiral) for Buckingham. After speaking of other affairs, Holland evidently recurs to the duke's projected return to the French court: "I find many things to be feared, and none to be assured of a safe and real welcome. For the ⚜ continues in his suspects, making, as they say, very often discourses of it, and is willing to hear villains say that ♡ hath infinite affections; you imagine which way. They say there is whispered among the foolish young bravadoes of the court, that he is not a good Frenchman, considering the reports that are raised, that suffers ⚓ to return out of France: many such bruits fly up and down. I have, since my coming, given the queen-mother, by way of discourse, occasion to say somewhat concerning your coming, as the other night when she complained to me that things were carried harshly in England towards France; I then said, that the greatest unkindness and harshness came from hence, even to forbid your coming hither, a thing so strange, and so unjust, as our master had cause and was infinitely sensible of it. She fell into discourse of you, desiring you would respect and love her daughter;† and likewise that she had and would ever command her to respect you above all men, and follow all your counsels (the matter of her religion excepted), with many professions of value and respect unto your person; but would never either excuse what I complained of,

* Memoires de Motteville, vol. i. p. 231. † Henrietta Maria.

or write you to come upon that occasion. For though neither the business gives me cause to persuade your coming, nor any reason for the matter of your safety; yet know, you are the most happy, unhappy man alive; for ♡ is beyond imagination right, and would do things to destroy her fortune, rather than want satisfaction in her mind. I dare not speak as I would; I have ventured, I fear, too much, considering what practices accompany the malice of the people here. I tremble to think whether this will find a safe conveyance unto you. Do what you will, I dare not advise you: to come is dangerous; not to come is unfortunate. As I have lived with you, and only in that enjoy my happiness, so I will die with you; and I protest to God for you, to do you the least service."* The letter, unfortunately, is without a date.

There was undoubtedly an intention to assassinate Buckingham, had he persisted in his intentions to return to his mistress. This fact is not only rendered probable by what is hinted at in Holland's letter, but is confidently asserted by Lord Clarendon.

When the bickerings among Henrietta's French servants appeared likely to produce a rupture with France, Buckingham had requested Charles to send him to Paris as a mediator. This, it appears, by the interference of Richelieu, was prevented. Bassompiere informs us, in his Embassy to England, that the duke having sent to apprise him of his having been nominated to the mission to France, the ambassador intimated to him in plain terms that he would not be received. Buckingham's rage at the disappointment exceeded all bounds. He declared openly, says Clarendon, that he "would see and speak with that lady in spite of the strength and power of France." Indeed the war which shortly followed, has been generally attributed to the vexation of Buckingham. Probably it may have hastened hostilities; but the war at this period arose from other and uncontrollable circumstances, and must have ensued had the duke never entertained his daring attachment. He

* Cabala, p. 253.

had declared that if he could not enter France peaceably, he would force a passage with an army.* This, on a first consideration, would appear rather an extraordinary manner of obtaining access to a mistress. However, the difficulty seems to be cleared up by an expression of Madame de Motteville. Buckingham, she says, raised a division between the two crowns, in order that he might hereafter have a reason for returning to France, by the necessity which would be contingent on a treaty of peace. Henrietta, who stood in considerable awe of Buckingham, appears, nevertheless, to have been enlisted by him in his cause. When she was desirous of paying a visit to her relations in France, she wrote to her mother, requesting that the duke might be allowed to accompany her: without whom, she said, she could not think of undertaking the voyage. It is needless to add that the proposal was instantly negatived by the French court.

Buckingham was equally on bad terms with Richelieu at Paris, as he had been with Olivarez at Madrid. It would be curious could we trace their hostility to a rivalship in the court of beauty. Nani, in his History of Venice, speaking of Buckingham's attachment to the queen, affirms that the cardinal was "either inflamed, or feigned to be, with the same passion." Whether it was this fact that exasperated the duke to so violent a degree, cannot now be clearly ascertained. Richelieu, however, triumphed over his rival, though Buckingham did not live to see it. After the death of her husband, Louis the Thirteenth, the queen united herself to the cardinal, his sacerdotal habit, as he had never taken priest's orders, proving no obstacle to their union. Richelieu soon grew tired of her, and treated her unkindly.

The enmity which existed between the two ministers has been illustrated by an anecdote, which, however trivial in other respects, is too characteristic to be omitted. Richelieu had addressed one of his letters to *Monsieur*, instead of *Monseigneur*, le Duc de Bucking-

* Coke, vol. i. p. 275; Nani, Hist. of Venice, p. 251.

ham, leaving, moreover, no vacant space after the title of *Monsieur*. Buckingham repaid the slight by writing to *Monsieur* le Cardinal de Richelieu. This trifling squabble was on the point of leading to serious consequences. However, the cardinal was worsted, and yielded the point with a wretched joke. "The *cannons*," he said, "of the British navy were more powerful than the canons of the church."

But events were passing at home which were calculated to occupy the mind of Buckingham with other notions besides those of romance. The impeachment of the Commons, and the charges brought against him by the Earl of Bristol, had certainly fallen harmless at the time; but still his enemies, though baffled, were not crushed, and his name, whether deservedly or not, was daily becoming more odious with the people. With a view to wiping off the obloquy, he determined to conduct, in person, the unfortunate expedition for the relief of Rochelle. He would make himself, he said, more loved and honoured than was ever the Earl of Essex, his unfortunate predecessor in the smiles of royalty and popular favour. The expedition was a formidable one, but its principal characteristic was its exceeding splendour. "Buckingham," says de Brienne, "appeared in this expedition with the equipage of an amorous knight, rather than the equipage of a general." He carried with him his coach, and, it was even rumoured, his jewels. The vessels were hung with crimson velvet, and bands of music enlivened the tedium of the voyage. Buckingham's valour was undoubted, or such fantastic trappings might have raised suspicions of his effeminacy.*

The history of the enterprise is familiar to every one. Although the personal bravery of the duke achieved for him another laurel, it was one dearly purchased. His countrymen, when they beheld only one-third of his army returning with him to England,—when they beheld the wife weeping for her husband, and the orphan

* D'Israeli's Life and Reign of Charles I. vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

for his father,—readily forgot that, in that sanguinary retreat Buckingham had stood alone on the beach, till his humblest follower had embarked; and that he was the last man who had quitted the shore.

It was in Buckingham's nature to feel deeply the outcry raised against him. In undertaking his second expedition to Rochelle, he seems to have determined either to die in the attempt, or to retrieve the popular favour which he had lost. He told Gerbier, his architect and confidential servant, to add in one of his last despatches to the Rochellers, that "God willing, he would be with them in three weeks, and would either overcome or die there." On quitting the Isle of Rhé, he had promised the gallant Rochellers that he would again come to their relief. So eager indeed was he to redeem his pledge, that he furnished the royal treasury with large sums of money out of his own purse, without even keeping any account of his disbursements.

When the famous Lady Davies sent to him a written prophecy, that he would not outlive the month; "Gerbier," he said, "if God please I will go, and will be the first man that shall set his foot upon the dyke before Rochelle, to die, or do the work; whereby the world shall see the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place."*

Expressions of popular hostility were vented at this period in more than one remarkable manner. On the 19th of June, 1628, two months before the duke's death, a pasquinade was removed from a post in Colman Street, part of which is as follows:—"Who rules the

* See the extracts from Gerbier's MS. in the Curiosities of Literature, vol. v. p. 298. In the second volume of D'Israeli's Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I. will be found an able defence of Buckingham's conduct as a military commander, against the incapacity and inexperience attributed to him by Hume. Charles was certainly very far from dissatisfied with the duke's conduct during the operations. The king writes to him, 6th November, 1627: "Unfeignedly, in my mind, ye have gained as much reputation with wise and honest men in this action, as if ye had performed all your desires. I have no more to say this time, but to conjure thee, for my sake, to have a care for your health, for every day I find new reason to confirm me in being your loving faithful friend, "CHARLES R."

kingdom?—The king. Who rules the king?—The duke. Who rules the duke?—The devil."*

About this period Charles, happening to be in Spring Gardens, watching his favourite game of bowls, Buckingham, who accompanied him, unlike the rest of the company, remained covered. A Scotsman who was present, having first of all kissed the duke's hand, suddenly snatched off his hat, exclaiming, "Off with your hat before the king." Buckingham instantly kicked the Scotchman, and probably would have proceeded farther had not the king interposed.—"Let him alone, George," he said; "he is either mad or a fool." "No, sir," said the offender, "I am a sober man, and if your majesty would give me leave, I will tell you *that* of this man which many know, and none dare speak."† Buckingham showed in more than one instance how deeply he was affected by such and similar instances of his unpopularity. In his farewell banquet to the court, he appeared in a masque, attended by a personification of Envy, and surrounded by a number of barking dogs, supposed to denote the empty revilings of the vulgar.

Uninfluenced by all he saw and heard, the affection of Charles continued unabated for the companion of his youth. Mr. Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville. "This week, about Wednesday, his majesty went with the duke, (taking him into his own coach, and so riding through the city as it were to grace him,) to Deptford to see the ships: where, having seen ten fair ships nearly rigged for Rochelle, they say he uttered these words to the duke: 'George, there are some that wish both these and thou mightest perish. But care not for them. We will both perish together if thou doest.' "‡

A superstitious presentiment of his approaching fate appears not only to have taken possession of the multitude, but even to have influenced, if it could not terrify, the undaunted mind of Buckingham. Lord Clarendon alludes to the many "predictions and prophecies," which forewarned him of his untimely and

* Ellis, Orig. Let. vol. iii. p. 252. † Cur. of Lit. vol. v. p. 298.
‡ Ellis, Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 252.

violent end. The aged sinner, Dr. Lambe, had foretold his own death, as well as Buckingham's. This wretched mountebank, who pretended to prophecy by means of a supernatural agency, was said to be an unworthy creature of the duke, though Carte affirms that Buckingham was not even aquainted with Lambe's person.* The vulgar styled him "the duke's devil." On the day that Lambe was torn to pieces by the mob, Buckingham's picture fell down in the High Commission Chamber at Lambeth; an omen which, when all men were superstitious, and the majority discontented, was eagerly hailed as a certain prognostic of his fall.

But the most extraordinary prediction was that of Lady Eleanor Davies,† who had foretold the time of the duke's death, with wonderful precision. She had been the authoress of several prophecies, many of which proving singularly correct, she acquired so much importance with the vulgar, that it was thought necessary by the government to bring her to trial. One or two anagrams, into which she had twisted her name, considerably raised her in her own estimation. Her maiden name of

Eleanor Audeley,

by transposing the letters she easily converted into—

Reveal, O Daniel.

When the silly lady appeared in court, a clever lawyer turned the laugh against her by producing another anagram, which, as Lady Eleanor's is not a perfect one, has the most credit of the two:

Dame Eleanor Davies,
Never so mad a ladie.

The lawyer was probably not far from the truth.

* Carte's assertion is in a great degree borne out by the evidence of a letter of the time, by which it appears that Lambe was at one time actually engaged in a design against the duke's life.—See *Bishop Goodman's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 377.

† She was the fifth daughter of George Audeley, Earl of Castlehaven, by Lucy his wife, daughter of James Mervin, of Fonthill, in Wiltshire, and wife of the political and quarrelsome Sir John Davies. She died in 1652.—See *Ballard's Memoirs of Eminent Ladies*, p. 271.

CHAPTER IV.

Buckingham, as has been already observed, was himself impressed with an idea that his end was fast approaching. His parting with Charles was remarkable for a solemnity that was foreign to his nature. Being indisposed, the king, attended by the Earl of Holland, came in person to pay him a visit. He found the duke in bed, and remained with him for some time in serious and private conversation. When he at last arose to bid his favourite farewell, "the duke," says Wotton, "embraced him in a very unusual and passionate manner, and in like sort his friend the Earl of Holland, as if his soul had divined he should see them no more."*

So also, when Buckingham took leave of Archbishop Laud, his countenance and manner were strangely foreboding of evil. "I know," he said, "your lordship has good access to the king; pray put his majesty in mind to be good to my poor wife and children." Laud, struck with the peculiarity of his manner, inquired if he had any presentiment that misfortune was likely to befall him. "I think," said the duke, "I am as likely to fall as another man." The likelihood of his dying by the hand of an assassin does not appear to have struck him. When his friends advised him to wear secret armour, "No," he said, "there is no need of it: there are no Roman spirits left." On another occasion, when the necessity

* According to Sir Henry Wotton, the duke's sister, Lady Denbigh, was impressed with the universal presentiment: he writes, "On the very day of his death, the Countess of Denbigh received a letter from him; whereunto all the while she was writing her answer, she bedewed the paper with her tears. And after a most bitter passion, (whereof she could yield no reason, but that her dearest brother was to be gone,) she fell down in a swound. Her said letter ended thus: 'I will pray for your happy return, which I look at with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment; but I hope the great God of heaven will bless you.'"

of secret defence was impressed upon him, "Against popular fury," he said, "a shirt of mail will avail nothing: against a single man I am able to defend myself."

But what bears in the most remarkable manner on this portion of our history, is the ghost story of Sir George Villiers. This strange tale is not only related by more than one contemporary writer, but even Lord Clarendon has departed from the dignity of history, and lent it the credit of his name. The account of Lilly, the astrologer, is as follows:

"An aged gentleman, one Parker, as I remember, having formerly belonged unto the duke, or of great acquaintance with the duke's father, and now retired, had a dæmon appeared several times unto him, in the shape or image of Sir George Villiers, the duke's father. This dæmon walked many times in Parker's bed-chamber, without any action of terror, noise, hurt, or speech, but at last broke out into these words: 'Mr. Parker, I know you loved me formerly, and my son George very well at this time; I would have you go from me; you know me very well to be his father, old Sir George Villiers of Leicestershire; and from me acquaint him that he above all refrain the counsel and company of such and such,' whom he then nominated, 'or else he will come to destruction, and that suddenly.' Parker did partly, though a very discreet man, imagine he himself was in a dream all this time, and being unwilling to proceed upon no better grounds, forbear addressing himself to the duke; for he conceived if he should acquaint the duke with the words of his father, and the manner of his appearance to him, (such apparitions being not usual,) that he should be laughed at and thought to dote, being that he was aged.

"Some few nights passed without further trouble to the old man. But not very many nights after, old Sir George Villiers appeared again, walked quick and furiously in the room, seemed angry with Mr. Parker, and at last said, 'Mr. Parker, I thought you had been my friend so much, and loved my son George so well, that you would have acquainted him with what I de-

sired, but yet I know that you have not done it. By all the friendship that ever was betwixt you and me, and the great respect you bear my son, I desire you to deliver what I formerly commanded you unto my son.' The old man seeing himself thus solicited, promised the dæmon he would, but first argued it thus; that the duke was not easy to be spoke withal, and that he would account him a vain man to come with such a message from the dead; nor did he conceive the duke would give any credit unto him. Whereunto the dæmon thus answered: 'If he will not believe you have this discourse from me, tell him of such a secret,' and named it,' which he knows none in the world ever knew but himself and me."

"Mr. Parker, being now well satisfied that he was not asleep, or that the apparition was a vain delusion, took a fit opportunity therefore and seriously acquainted the duke with his father's words, and the manner of his apparition. The duke heartily laughed at the relation, which put old Parker to the stand; but at last he assumed courage, and told the duke that he acquainted his father's ghost with what he now found to be true, viz. scorn and derision. 'But, my lord,' saith he, 'your father bade me acquaint you by this token, and he said it was such as none in the world but your two selves did yet know.' Hereat the duke was amazed and much astonished; but took no warning or notice thereof, keeping the same company still; advising with such counsellors, and performing such actions, as his father, by Parker, countermanded. Shortly after, old Sir George Villiers, in a very quiet but sorrowful posture, appears again unto Mr. Parker, and said, 'Mr. Parker, I know you delivered my words unto George my son; I thank you for so doing: but he slighted them; and now I only request this more at your hands, that once again you repair unto my son, and tell him, if he will not amend and follow the counsel I have given him, this knife or dagger,' and with that he pulled a knife or dagger from under his gown, 'shall end him; and do you, Mr. Parker, set your house in order, for you shall die at such a time.'

"Mr. Parker once more engaged, though very unwillingly, to acquaint the duke with this last message;

and did so; but the duke desired him to trouble him no farther with such messages and dreams; told him he perceived he was now an old man, and doted. And within a week after, meeting Mr. Parker on Lambeth Bridge, 'Now, Mr. Parker, what say you of your dream?' Who only returned, 'Sir, I wish it may never have success,' &c. But within six weeks after he was stabbed with a knife, according to his father's admonition beforehand; and Mr. Parker died soon after he had seen the dream or vision performed."*

Lord Clarendon gives a somewhat different relation of the duke's manner when Parker acquainted him with the object of his mission. Sir Ralph Freeman, he says, a connexion of Buckingham's, was present, and watching the countenance of the duke closely, observed that his colour changed, and that he showed great commotion during the interview. Parker afterwards told Sir Ralph, that when he alluded to the secret which the apparition had disclosed to him, the duke swore he could only have come to the knowledge of it through the devil. Buckingham was then proceeding on a hunting excursion. During the whole day he paid no attention to the sport, but appeared to be in deep thought, and on his return alighted unexpectedly at his mother's lodgings at Whitehall. Their conversation, which was private, was carried on with so much animation, that their voices were heard in the adjoining apartments. When the duke quitted her, his countenance exhibited much anger; a circumstance the more remarkable, since his intercourse with his mother had ever been distinguished by the most profound respect.

It would appear that the real name of the person whom the spirit selected as his confidant, was not Parker, but Nicholas Towse. Plot, the natural historian, has published a letter addressed to him by a Mr. Edmund Windham, purporting to give an account of the whole affair, as the latter received it from Towse himself. The relation differs but little from those of Clarendon and Lilly. It may be interesting to those who have never seen

* Lilly; Life of Charles I. p 102.

an apparition, to be informed that the ghost, on his last appearance to Towse, had become so familiar to him, that "he was as little troubled with it, as if it had been a friend or acquaintance that came to visit him." Mrs. Towse had also a miraculous story to relate as well as her husband. She told Windham, that on the day Buckingham was stabbed, she was sitting alone with her better half in an apartment in Windsor Castle (where, it may be remarked, Clarendon has also fixed the scene of the drama,) when her husband suddenly started from his chair, exclaiming, "Wife, the Duke of Buckingham is killed." Towse, she says, subsequently prophesied to her the very day on which he should himself die, and, she adds, that the prediction proved true.

The apparition of Sir George Villiers is at least as well authenticated as most of the ghost stories of modern times; and, as in the generality of such cases, we may trace the phenomenon to natural causes. What, indeed, can be more likely, than that the Countess of Buckingham, aware of her son's increasing unpopularity, and trembling for the consequences, should have furnished an old retainer of her family with an important secret, and despatched him on the extravagant errand. The supposition is certainly not at variance with what we know of her character. Buckingham, in all probability, had already suspected the cheat, and when he parted from his mother in anger, it was probably owing to his having elicited from her the truth.

During the duke's fatal journey to Portsmouth there occurred two incidents which may be worthy of mention. He had proceeded some miles, when a messenger rode up to him in great haste. This person had been despatched by Sir George Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich, with a letter to the duke, in which he advertised him of a design against his life, and advised him by all means to adopt a different route to that which he had originally fixed upon. Buckingham put the letter in his pocket without either changing countenance or, apparently, paying the least attention to its contents. He had proceeded some way further, when he was stopped by an old woman, who requested earnestly that she might

be brought to his grace. "She had overheard," she said, "a conversation in the town, through which the travellers were about to pass, in the course of which a party of desperate men had agreed to assassinate his grace." The duke's attendants, who were not above seven or eight in number, strongly recommended their master to take a different road. Buckingham, however, was obstinate, and the party proceeded. "Hereupon," says Sir Henry Wotton, "his young nephew, Lord Fielding, out of a noble spirit, besought him that he would at least honour him with his coat and blue riband through the town; pleading that his uncle's life, whereupon lay the property of his whole family, was of all things, under Heaven, the most precious to him. At which sweet proposition, the duke caught him in his arms and kissed him, yet would not accept of such an offer from a nephew, whose life he tendered as much as himself; and so liberally rewarded the poor creature for her good-will." Just as he entered the suspected town, a drunken or mischievous sailor suddenly caught hold of his bridle; one of the attendants, however, rode violently against the ruffian and disengaged his hold.

The particulars of Buckingham's assassination may be minutely gathered from the letters of the time. The duke, according to Howell, on the morning of the fatal day, having "cut a caper or two," and been under the hands of the barber, descended to breakfast. There were present some French gentlemen, and several influential officers, who were about to accompany him to Rochelle. Soubize, brother to the Duke de Rohan, whispered in his ear that the town was relieved. Buckingham affected to slight the news, on which the conversation became warm and animated, especially on the part of the French, who, by their vehement gesticulations gave it somewhat the appearance of a quarrel. The meal being over, the duke drew towards the door. In passing under some hangings which led to a neighbouring passage, he encountered Colonel Fryar, who came to speak to him on business. At this instant, one Felton, a wretched enthusiast, raising his hand suddenly over Fryar's shoulder, thrust his knife into the duke's heart, who, merely utter-

ing the words "*the villain has killed me*," made a step towards the assassin; laying at the same time his hand on his sword, which he half drew from the scabbard. In another moment he staggered towards a table which was near him, and plucking with his own hand the knife from his body, fell lifeless into the arms of the bystanders. At first it was thought he was in a fit, but the blood which almost instantly gushed from his mouth and wound, discovered the dreadful nature of the disaster.*

The duchess, who was with child at the time, was in the upper room when the accident occurred. Hearing the noise, she came forth from her bed-chamber, and from a balcony beheld her husband weltering in his blood. Lord Carleton describes the scene in his letter to Henrietta Maria: "The Duchess of Buckingham," he says, "and the Countess of Anglesea came forth into a gallery which looked into the hall, where they might behold the blood of their dearest lord gushing from him. Ah, poor ladies! such was their screechings, tears, and distractions, that I never in my life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like again." Such is the fate of greatness, or the ingratitude of mankind, that those, as Philip Warwick tells us, "who a little before had crowded to be his remotest followers, so soon forsook his dead corpse, that he was laid upon the hall table nigh to which he fell, and scarce any of his domestics left to attend him."—"Thus," he adds, "upon the withdrawing of the sun does the shadow depart from the painted dial." Wotton says that there was "no living creature in either of the chambers, no more than if he had lain on the sands of Æthiopia."

So admirably had Felton selected both time and place, that had it not been for his own recklessness or imprudence, he would probably have escaped with impunity. Suspicion (awakened by the angry tones in which they had so lately conversed) at first rested on the foreigners; and had not some in authority interposed their cooler

* Sir Symonds D'Ewes says, that he was placed upon a table, where he continued struggling for life for about a quarter of an hour. This is opposed to the accounts of other writers, and does not appear to have been the fact.

judgments, the innocent Frenchmen would in all probability have instantly fallen by the swords of the bystanders. In the mean time the assassin had passed through the throng, and in the midst of the uproar was standing quietly and unnoted in the kitchen. He had tied his horse to a hedge in the neighbourhood of the town, but whether from being bewildered, or having missed his way in the passages of the house, he neglected to avail himself of the means of flight. Felton, in the hurry of the moment, had lost his hat, which was discovered almost immediately afterwards by those who went in quest of the murderer. In it were found the following remarkable documents,—intended, no doubt, as an apology for his conduct, in the event of his being slain by the duke's friends on the spot:

"If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself; it is for our sins that our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished. "JOHN FELTON."

"*He* is unworthy of the name of a gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his king, and country.

"JOHN FELTON."

It was evident that the owner of the hat could be no other than the murderer of the duke. In the mean time, Felton had quitted the kitchen, and was walking composedly in front of the house. A bystander, suddenly observing the stranger without a hat, exclaimed, "Here is the fellow that killed the duke." Others crying, "Where is the villain? where is the butcher?"—he quietly drew his sword, and advancing amongst them, "I am the man," he said; "here I am." Several persons rushed upon him with their drawn swords, to which Felton coolly exposed his breast, preferring to die thus, than by the hands of the executioner. Lord Carleton, who has himself described the scene, assisted by Sir Thomas Morton and others, preserved him, though with considerable difficulty, from the fury of the duke's retainers.

Felton, having been conveyed to a private apartment, exhibited neither remorse for the crime which he had committed, nor fear for its consequences. When, in order to aid the purposes of justice, it was pretended to him that the duke was only dangerously wounded, he smiled incredulously; observing, "that the blow," he was certain, "had determined their hopes." When asked, "at whose instigation he had committed so execrable a crime?" he answered, "that no man living possessed sufficient influence to have persuaded him to it; that though he himself had been twice passed in his regiment, yet that he had been far from actuated by private wrongs; that his conduct had alone been swayed by a feeling of duty; by the manner in which Buckingham had been branded in Parliament, and by his own firm belief that the duke was an enemy to the state." He afterwards added, "that Eglesham's scurrilous pamphlet had, in a great degree, instigated him to commit the crime."

Felton, who was a lieutenant in the army, though a man of small stature, had been remarkable among his own associates for his decided disposition and undaunted courage. On one occasion of his receiving an insult, he sent his adversary a challenge, accompanied by a piece of his little finger, which he had himself amputated.* It was intended to denote how little he cared for pain, and how ready he was to peril his life. The patriots, of course, regarded him as a Brutus; and it was hoped that he would uphold his sentiments, and justify his conduct to the last. As he passed through Kingston-on-Thames, an old woman, alluding to the death of Goliath, called out to him, "Now, God bless the little David!" His admirers lost no opportunity of doing him honour. The letters which composed his name were formed into the anagram of

No flie not,
John Felton.

The conceit will be found imperfect; the letter *h* being omitted.

* Rushworth, vol. i. p. 638.

It may be remarked that the weapon which cut short the life of Buckingham, was a common knife, purchased for tenpence at a cutler's shop on Tower Hill. Felton, having one of his arms maimed, in order that he might effect his purpose with the remaining hand, had sown the sheath in the lining of his pocket. Being extremely poor, the fanatic had travelled to Portsmouth partly on foot, and partly on horseback, in the best manner his means permitted him.*

On his being brought to the Tower, a multitude of people flocked thither in order to feast their eyes on the political martyr; he constantly beseeching them to pray for him, and they, on the other hand, with a general voice, crying, "Lord comfort thee! the Lord be merciful unto thee!" or such like words. We are informed that he was well lodged in the Tower, being allowed two dishes of meat a day.

The manner in which Felton subsequently humbled himself, and expressed his penitence at his trial, was as far from agreeable to his admirers, as it was gratifying to the court. The world without had regarded the act as one of Roman devotion, and looked upon the homicide as a martyr. One Alexander Gill,† a Bachelor of Divinity at Oxford, and an under master of St. Paul's School, was fined two thousand pounds, and degraded from his ministry and degrees, for having drunk Felton's health, and expressed his regret at being deprived of the honour of the deed. There were two other charges against this disciple of the murderer;—one, that he had made use of the expression, "the duke is gone down to hell to meet King James there;" the other, his saying,

* Reliq. Wott. p. 232.

† This Gill was the son of Dr. Gill, head master of St. Paul's, and the schoolmaster of Milton. The son was also the friend of the poet, as appears by three Latin epistles addressed to him by Milton. He appears to have been a vulgar and boisterous demagogue, and was once tossed by the scholars of Trinity College for his indecent conduct in the chapel, when performing the duties of reading-clerk. Wood tells us that he was several times imprisoned; and in 1635 he was compelled to resign his office at St. Paul's, on account of severity to the scholars. Eventually his republican principles brought him into the Star Chamber, where he was sentenced to lose both his ears and pay a fine of 2,000*l*. His ears, however, were saved at the entreaties of his father.

that "the king, instead of ruling a kingdom, was fitter to stand in a shop in Cheapside, crying, What lack ye?" The expression respecting the king was omitted in open court.

Felton, at his trial, expressed in more than one remarkable manner, his contrition for his crime. When the knife with which he had stabbed Buckingham was produced in court, he is said to have shed tears; and when asked "why sentence of death should not be passed upon him?" he lifted up the hand which had done the deed, requesting "that it might be first cut off, and that afterwards he might suffer death in the manner the court should think fit."

There being reason to suspect that he was instigated by the Puritans, it was proposed to put him to the torture, in order to elicit from him the names of his accomplices. When Laud, then Bishop of London, hinted to him this intention of the court, he replied "he could not tell what extreme anguish might draw from him, as in that case he might implicate his lordship himself, or any of the peers present." The question, whether he could legally be put to the rack, was referred to the principal law officers, who decided in the negative.* William, Earl of Pembroke, who was present at Felton's examinations, remarked, "that he had never seen valour and piety more temperately mixed in the same person."†

After his condemnation, he made two requests to the king; one that he might be allowed to receive the communion before he suffered; and the other, that on the scaffold he might be clothed with sackcloth, with ashes on his head, and a halter round his neck, in testimony of his sincere repentance. He sent a message to the Duchess of Buckingham, imploring her to pardon him for the death of her husband. She kindly sent him her forgiveness, a boon which he acknowledged with gratitude in his last moments. Felton mentioned a curious fact to those who were about him. He said, that at the instant he stabbed the duke, he repeated the words, "God have mercy on thy soul!" No wonder it was

* Rushworth, vol. i. p. 638. † Osborne's Works, p. 169.

imagined he had been instigated by the Puritans. "When I struck," he said, "I felt the force of forty men in me." Felton was hanged at Tyburn, from whence his body was conveyed to Portsmouth, where it remained suspended for a considerable time in chains.

The court was about four miles from Portsmouth when the news of Buckingham's fate was conveyed to the king. Charles was at public prayers when Sir John Hippesly suddenly entered the room, and without heeding the sacredness of the occasion, went directly to the king, and whispered the tidings in his ear. Much as Charles loved his favourite, he respected his religious duties more; and whatever might have been the shock to his feelings, he allowed the ceremony to proceed, and even preserved his countenance unmoved. As soon as prayers were over, he went suddenly to his bed-chamber, and throwing himself on his bed, he paid an affectionate tribute to the memory of his earliest companion, by the many tears which he shed, and the passionate grief which he displayed.* It would appear that he endeavoured to drown his sorrow by a stricter application to public affairs. According to a letter of the period,—"The king, in fourteen days after the duke's death, despatched more business than the duke had done in three months before: some that observe the passages in court, say, the king seems as much affected to the duke's memory as he was to his person; minding nothing so much for the present as the advancement of his friends and followers."† Lord Carleton writes, "His majesty's grief for the loss of him was expressed to be more than great, by the many tears he hath shed for him."

The duke's body was conveyed in a hearse to his residence at York House in the Strand. His bowels were inhumed at Portsmouth, where his sister, the Countess of Denbigh, erected a monument to his memory. It was the king's intention to honour his favourite with a magnificent funeral at the royal ex-

* Clarendon, vol. i. p. 54; Heylin; Life of Laud.
† Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 262.

expense; the preparations for which are thus spoken of in a letter from a person on the spot:—"On Thursday last the heralds were sent for by my lord treasurer, who gave them order to project as ample and sumptuous a funeral as could be performed; and so they brought in a proportion of some things larger than were in the funeral of King James. And all this must be done at the king's charge; and is said by the courtiers, would stand his majesty in 40,000*l.*; and that my Lord Fielding, Master of the Wardrobe, would gain by the London measure and the lists, 5,000*l.*"

However, the amount of Buckingham's debts, and the murmurs which a magnificent funeral would have excited when his memory was odious to so many, doubtless precluded the execution of these splendid designs. Moreover, an argument of the treasurer, whose resources were not superabundant, appears to have added its weight on the occasion. He told the king that a sumptuous interment would be but the show of an hour, while a monument would be not only less expensive, but would remain a lasting memorial to the duke's honour. Charles fell into this view, but when he afterwards reminded the treasurer of what they had agreed upon, "I should be loth," said the latter, "to tell your majesty what the world would say, not only here but all Christendom over, if you should erect a monument for the duke, before you set up one for King James your father." The manner in which Buckingham's obsequies were eventually conducted, may afford food for meditation to the despiser of human greatness. Mr. Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville,—"Notwithstanding that on yesterday was se'nnight all the heralds were consulting with my lord treasurer to project as great a funeral for the duke as ever any subject of England had; nevertheless, last night, at ten of the clock, his funeral was solemnized in as poor and confused a manner as hath been seen, marching from Wallingford House over against Whitehall to Westminster Abbey; there being not much above one hundred mourners, who attended upon an empty coffin borne upon six men's shoulders,

the duke's corpse itself being there interred yesterday, as if it had been doubted the people in their madness might have surprised it. But to prevent all disorder, the trainbands kept a guard on both sides of the way all along, from Wallingford House to Westminster church, beating up their drums loud, and carrying their pikes and muskets upon their shoulders as in a march, not trailing them at their heels, as is usual at a mourning. As soon as the coffin was entered the church, they came all away, without giving any volley of shot at all. And this was the obscure catastrophe of that great man."* Buckingham was assassinated on the 23d of August, 1628, having scarcely completed his thirty-sixth year. At the time of his death he is said to have possessed about 4,000*l.* a-year, and 300,000*l.* in jewels; and that his debts amounted to 61,000*l.* Clarendon says, that though he died possessed of a large estate, yet the love of money had never swayed him either to an unjust or an unkind action.

Of the duke's widow, the particulars which have been recorded are not important. According to the fashion of the age, Sir William Davenant addressed a copy of verses to her on the assassination of her husband, in which the virtues of the duke form the principal topic :—

> —— "gone is now the pilot of the state,
> The court's bright star, the clergy's advocate;
> The poet's brightest theme, the lover's flame,
> The soldier's glory, mighty Buckingham."

Wilson says that the duchess was bred a Papist by her mother; became a zealous Protestant after her marriage; but that afterwards, at her mother's instigation, she reverted to the Romish faith. Lord Clarendon, who was personally acquainted with her, says nothing of these tergiversations, but, on the contrary, speaks highly of her wit and spirit. The following lines are annexed to a scarce print of the duchess, engraved by Delaram :

* Ellis, Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 265.

The ancients, who three Graces only knew,
Were rude and ignorant: look here and view
Thousands in this one visage; yea in this,
Which of the living but a shadow is.
If these her outward graces be refined,
What be the interior beauties of her mind.*

Cowley also addressed a copy of verses to her, in which encomium almost amounts to hyperbole:

If I should say that in your face were seen
Nature's best picture of the Cyprian Queen;
If I should swear under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;
The future age would think it flattery;
But to the present, which can witness be,
'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,
As you above the rest of women are.

The duchess, after the death of her husband, married Randolph Macdonald, Earl and Marquis of Antrim. The king was much displeased with the match, though he afterwards forgave the widow of his friend. Buckingham had four children by his duchess; Charles, who died an infant; George, the witty duke, who succeeded him; Francis, who fell in the civil wars; and Mary, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. The king ever regarded and treated them as his own children, and educated them in his own family.

* Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 218.

THOMAS WENTWORTH,

EARL OF STRAFFORD.

They were a remarkable party who assembled round the council-table of Charles I. Besides the unfortunate monarch, there sat the magnificent Buckingham, the loyal Hamilton, the severe Strafford, the high-churchman Laud, the melancholy Falkland, and the gay and graceful Holland. In the midst of their haughty councils and high resolves, how little did they foresee the wretched fate which awaited them! There was not one of that assembly whose death was not violent. Charles, Hamilton, Strafford, Laud, and Holland, died on the scaffold; Buckingham fell by the hand of an assassin; and Falkland, under circumstances of peculiar bitterness, on the battle-field.

Were we to select from the royal party a single individual, whose brilliant qualities and open character would most strongly contrast with the wily fanatics and mushroom politicians of the age of Charles, our choice would undoubtedly fall on the stately Strafford. The nobleness of his disposition, his undeviating rectitude, his mental accomplishments, and steadfast fidelity to his sovereign; his high bearing, his long line of ancestry, and his graceful manners, are in strong relief, not only to the Harrisons and Barebones, but even to the Cromwells, and Pyms, and Iretons of the day.

The subject of the present memoir, the eldest son of Sir William Wentworth, of Wentworth-Woodhouse, in the county of York, was born in Chancery Lane, London, 13th of April, 1593. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, whence he proceeded on his

travels with his tutor, a Mr. John Greenwood, for whose character he ever retained a particular respect. He returned to England early in 1613, and was shortly afterwards married to Margaret, eldest daughter of Francis Clifford, fourth Earl of Cumberland. He had no issue by this lady, who died in 1622, and was buried at York.

About the period of his marriage, Wentworth had been knighted. In 1614, he succeeded to the estates and title of his family, his father having been created a baronet by James the First, at the original institution of that order. In the Parliament of 1621 he was returned as one of the representatives of Yorkshire, having, previous to his election, been sheriff of that county. On the 24th of February, 1625, he united himself to Arabella, second daughter of John Holles, first Earl of Clare. This lady died in October, 1631, leaving him with three children: William, who, in 1665, was restored to his father's titles; Anne, married to Edward Watson, Earl of Rockingham; and Arabella, married to John M'Carthy, Viscount Mountcashel, in Ireland.

The Lady Arabella, his second wife, is described not only as very beautiful, but as possessing all those mental qualities which were likely to endear her to such a man as Strafford. He appears to have loved her sincerely, and to have deeply lamented her loss. It was of her, and of the children which she bequeathed him, that he spoke so feelingly on his trial. The enemies of Strafford, indeed, raised a scandalous report respecting the manner of this lady's death. It was asserted, that some letters, addressed by her husband to one of his mistresses, had fallen into her hands; that, on remonstrating with him on his infidelity, he struck her on the breast; and that, being with child at the time, she died of the consequences of the blow. The story is undoubtedly an utter falsehood.

There is no passage in Strafford's life where his character appears in a more amiable light, than in his love for his young offspring. When, in 1639, owing to the troubles of the period, he was compelled to send his

daughters to their grandmother the Countess of Clare, he addressed a letter to that lady, which strongly exhibits his affection, and his unwillingness to be deprived of their society. "I must confess," he says, "it was not without difficulty before I could persuade myself thus to be deprived the looking upon them, who, with their brother, are the pledges of all the comfort, the greatest at least, of my old age, if it shall please God I attain thereunto. But I have been brought up in afflictions of this kind, so that I still fear to have that taken first that is dearest unto me." He afterwards adds—"Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily; which I wish, if with convenience it might be, were not lost; more to give her a comely grace in the carriage of her body than that I wish they should much delight or practise it when they are women. Arabella is a small practitioner that way also; and they are both very apt to learn that, or any thing they are taught. Nan, I think, speaks French prettily, which yet I might have been better able to judge, had her mother lived. The other also speaks, but her maid being of Guernsey, the accent is not good. But your ladyship is in this excellent, as that, as indeed all things which may befit them, they may, and I hope will, learn better with your ladyship than they can with their poor father, ignorant in what belongs to women, and otherways, God knows, distracted, and so wanting unto them in all, save in loving them; and therein, in truth, I shall never be less than the dearest parent in the world."*

The Lady Anne, or, as her father styles her, "Nan," was Strafford's favourite daughter; indeed, as much may be gleaned from the manner in which he dwells on her accomplishments in the foregoing extract. When Strafford was absent from Yorkshire, during the progress of some family buildings in that county, the little lady, then between three and four years old, used to overlook the workmen, and took much interest in seeing their work advance. Sir William Pennyman writes to Strafford:—"Your children are all very well, and your lordship needs not fear the going forward of your building, when

* Strafford Letters, vol. ii. p. 379.

you have so careful a steward as Mrs. Anne. She complained to me very much of two rainy days, which, as she said, *hindered her from coming down, and the building from going up.*"* The affectionate father was, doubtless, pleased with this precocious humour—indeed, older people have said worse things.

Strafford, as is well known, had been long distinguished among the popular leaders of the House of Commons for his violent opposition to the court. Whether his defection was owing to ambition, the love of power, or to an awakened dread for the constitution of his country; whether it was the splendid promises of Charles, eager to gain over so powerful a mind, or a fear that his associates were proceeding to too great lengths, it is now impossible to determine. However, his sudden leap from a patriot to a courtier was as severe a blow to his own party as it was a triumph to the court. To the astonishment of all men, he was created suddenly, 22d July, 1628, Baron Wentworth, Newmarsh, and Oversley. Shortly after his elevation, he met his old friend Pym. "You see," said Strafford, "I have left you." "So I perceive," was the demagogue's reply; "but we shall never leave *you* as long as you have a head on your shoulders." Pym kept his word, and never lost sight of Strafford till he had brought him to the block. It would be curious to discover whether a rivalship for the favours of the enchanting Countess of Carlisle had any share in their animosity. They were certainly both of them admirers of her beauty, and at different times successful candidates for her favours; but the supposition can only rest on conjecture, and that too an improbable one.

As Strafford had no apparent claims to the peerage, it was given out that his elevation was solely owing to his illustrious ancestry. Accordingly, the preamble to his patent is emblazoned with a long list of honourable names, and his descent deduced lineally from John of Gaunt; a circumstance, which, of course, would prove his alliance to the blood royal. When the latter fact was mentioned to Lord Powis,—"*Damme!*" he said,

* Strafford Letters, vol. i. p. 55.

"*if ever he comes to be King of England, I'll turn rebel!*" On the 10th of December, 1628, Strafford was advanced to be Viscount Wentworth, and, in 1629, was made a Privy Councillor, appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, and President of the North. In February, 1633, he was nominated Lord-Deputy of Ireland, in which country his splendid services are well known.

Previously to his departure for his government, he united himself, a third time, in October, 1632, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhodes, Knt., of Great Houghton in Yorkshire. He seems to have been somewhat ashamed of the match, for the ceremony took place in private, and it was some time before it was divulged to the world. His letters to this lady are commonplace, and, though they do not want affection, exhibit no remarkable evidence of her influence, or of her intellectual capacity. The earl was undoubtedly a great admirer of female charms; and in this instance had probably been captivated by mere personal beauty. The following letter may be taken as a specimen of his correspondence with his third wife. The allusion to the two ladies who had gone before her, could scarcely have been gratifying to the young bride. The letter is dated 19th November, 1632, the month after their marriage.

"Dear Bess,

"Your first lines were welcome unto me, and I will keep them, in regard I take them to be full, as of kindness, so of truth. It is no presumption for you to write unto me: the fellowship of marriage ought to carry with it more of love and equality than any other apprehension. So I desire it may ever be betwixt us; nor shall it ever break of my part. Virtue is the highest value we can set upon ourselves in this world, and the chief which others are to esteem us by. That preserved, we become capable of the noblest impressions which can be imparted unto us. You succeed in this family two of the rarest ladies of their time. Equal them in those excellent dispositions of your mind, and you become every ways equally worthy of any thing that they had, or that the

rest of the world can give. And be you ever assured to be by me cherished and assisted the best I can through the whole course of my life, wherein I shall be no other to you than I was to them, to wit,

"Your loving husband,

"WENTWORTH."

Strafford mixes strangely the care of his wife's morals with that of her personal appearance. In the postscript of a letter, dated a few days afterwards, he writes:—"If you will speak to my cousin Radcliffe for the paste I told you of for your teeth, and desire him to speak to Dr. Moore in my name, for two pots of it, and that the doctor will see it be good—for this last indeed were not so—you may bring me one down, and keep the other yourself." By his third wife Strafford had two children, Thomas and Margaret, who both died unmarried.

In 1640, his final honours were conferred on him. On the 12th of January, 1640, he was created Baron Raby, of Raby Castle, in the Bishopric of Durham; with a special remainder, and Earl of Strafford; and on the 12th of September following, he was invested with the Order of the Garter.

Strafford's defection from his friends, his powerful intellect, his entire devotion to his sovereign and to the Church of England, and the lofty tone which he adopted in council, had long aroused the fear and hatred of the popular party. In England it was the fashion to speak of him as the common enemy of freedom and mankind. In Scotland, his vigorous opposition to the rebels and the covenanters, in the cabinet as well as in the field, had long rendered him detested. In Ireland, for centuries the hot-bed of faction, he was certain to find enemies. The conduct which rendered him the idol of one party, was sure to entail the hatred of the other; and the Irish Parliament, which had so lately lauded him to the skies, were the first to buzz around the sick lion.

With three kingdoms thus arrayed against him, and with every advantage of those petty means of which

power, though only dishonourably, can avail itself; deserted by the sovereign whom he had so splendidly served; the friend, who might most have assisted him; unconstitutionally imprisoned; and himself deprived of the aid of legal advice, this great man stood on his trial unsupported and alone.

Strafford had no sooner arrived from Ireland, than his former friend and now sworn enemy, Pym, commenced the attack. He informed the House of Commons that he had matter of the utmost importance to communicate to them, desiring, at the same time, that the doors might be locked, and the keys laid upon the table. Pym's famous speech is well known. Though he spoke of the earl as an enemy to his country, and even descended to a low vituperation of his private character, as regarded his admiration of women, he alluded to his courage, enterprise, and capacity, with the highest encomiums. Strafford was impeached of high treason; and before he could even be made aware of the proceedings, Pym was deputed by the Commons to carry up the accusation to the House of Lords.

There is extant a curious journal, addressed by Dr. Robert Baillie, Principal of the University of Glasgow, to the Presbytery of Irvine in Scotland. This person had been delegated by the covenanting lords in Scotland to draw up the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud. He was on the spot at the time, and gives the following interesting account of the apprehension of Strafford.

"All things go here as we could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland came but on Monday to town, late; on Tuesday rested, and on Wednesday came to Parliament; but ere night he was caged. Intolerable pride and oppression call to Heaven for vengeance! The lower House closed their doors; the speaker kept the keys till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter Mr. Pym went up with a member at his back to the higher House, and, in a pretty short speech, did in the name of the Commons of all England accuse Thomas Lord Strafford of high treason, and required his person to be arrested till probation might be made: so Mr. Pym and his pack

were removed. The Lords began to consult upon that strange and unpremeditated motion. The word goes in haste to the lord lieutenant, where he was with the king. With speed he comes to the House of Peers, and calls rudely at the door. James Maxwell, keeper of the black rod, opens. His lordship, with a proud glooming countenance, makes towards his place at the board head; but at once many bid him void the house. So he is forced in confusion to go to the door till he is called. After consultation, he stands, but is told to kneel, and on his knees to hear the sentence. Being on his knees, he is delivered to the black rod to be prisoner till he is cleared of the crimes he is charged with. He offered to speak, but was commanded to begone without a word. In the outer room, James Maxwell required of him, as prisoner, to deliver him his sword. When he had got it, with a loud voice he told his man to carry the lord lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would have stood uncovered, all crying, 'What is the matter?' He said, 'A small matter, I warrant you.' They replied, 'Yes, indeed, high treason is a small matter!' Coming to the place where he expected his coach, it was not there; so behoved to return the same way through a world of gazing people. When at last he had found his coach, and was entering it, James Maxwell told him, 'My lord, you are my prisoner, and must go in my coach!' so he behoved to do so. For some days too many went to see him: but since, the Parliament has commanded his keepers to be straiter. Pursuivants are despatched to Ireland to open all the ports, and to proclaim that all who had grievances might come over."

The famous trial scene of the Earl of Strafford took place in Westminster Hall, 22d March, 1641. At the upper end of the hall was placed a throne for the king, and a chair for the prince: the king, however, though present, did not publicly exhibit himself. On each side of the throne were erected temporary closets, covered with tapestry. In one of these sat some French nobles

who were then in England; and in the other the king and queen, with several ladies of the court. A curtain had been attached to the front of this box, which was intended to preserve the royal party unseen, but Charles, for some reason, instantly tore it down with his own hands. The queen, we are told, and the court ladies, were constantly observed employed in taking notes during the trial.

Immediately beneath the throne, on seats covered with green cloth, sat the Peers in their parliamentary robes; and near them the judges on "sacks of wool," in their scarlet gowns. Lower down, were ten ranges of seats for the members of the House of Commons. A bar, covered with green cloth, ran across the centre of the hall. Behind this was placed a table and desk for the convenience of the prisoner, and a chair which he could make use of if he felt himself fatigued. Close to him stood Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower. Strafford employed four secretaries, who sat at a desk behind him; and on one side of them were the witnesses for the prosecution. Galleries were erected on each side of the hall, which were filled with spectators, including members of the House of Commons not actually concerned in the impeachment.

Strafford, on each day of the trial, was brought from the Tower, attended by six barges, and guarded by a hundred soldiers. On his landing at Westminster, he was received by a hundred of the train-bands, who conducted him to the hall, and afterwards guarded the doors. Strafford and the peers generally arrived about eight in the morning; the king usually preceding them by about half an hour.

Rushworth, who was employed to take notes of the evidence, has supplied most of these particulars. Principal Baillie speaks of it as "daily, the most glorious assembly the isle could afford," and supplies some interesting particulars of Strafford's carriage. "All being set," he writes, "the prince in his robes, in a little chair on the side of the throne, the chamberlain and black rod went in and brought in my Lord Strafford. He

was always in the same suit of black. At the entry he made a low courtesy; proceeding a little, he gave a second; when he came to his desk, a third; then, at the bar, the fore face of his desk, he kneeled: rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the house, and then sat down. Some few of the lords lifted their hats to him. This was his daily carriage."

The judgment and ability with which Strafford defended his cause, and the entire illegality of the whole proceedings, are matters of history. Had he not been foredoomed, his unanswerable arguments and pathetic eloquence must undoubtedly have acquitted him. Pointing to his children who stood beside him, he thus concluded his brilliant speech: "My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest of these pledges that a saint in heaven has left me." He then paused and wept. "I should be loth, my lords,—what I forfeit for myself is nothing: but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity; something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, and therefore I will leave it. And now, my lords, for myself, I thank God, I have been, by his good blessing towards me, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared with that eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed to us hereafter. And so, my lords, even so with all humility and all tranquillity of mind, I do submit myself clearly and freely to your judgments, and whether that righteous judgment shall be to life or to death,

Te Deum laudamus, Te Deum confitemur."*

Even his enemies beheld his demeanour, and listened to his eloquence, with admiration. After giving his evidence against Strafford, Sir William Pennyman burst into tears. But the strongest testimony is that of White-

* Rushworth, Trial of Straff. p. 660.

lock, who was chairman of the committee that drew up the impeachment. "Never," he says, "any man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person, and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity."* When Cardinal Richelieu was told of Strafford's execution, "The English nation," he said, "were so foolish, that they would not let the wisest head among them stand upon its own shoulders."

While the trial was still proceeding the earl had received the following memorable letter from Charles.

"STRAFFORD,

"The misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjunction of these times, being such that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs, yet I cannot satisfy in honour or conscience, without assuring you, now in all our troubles, that, *upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune.* This is but justice, and, therefore, a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant, as you have shown yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being

"Your constant faithful friend,

"CHARLES R."†

This solemn promise of Charles, and the certainty that no crime amounting to treason could be proved against him, appears to have satisfied Strafford that his punishment would at least not be capital. "Sweet heart," he writes to his wife; "albeit all be done against me that art and malice can devise, with all the rigour possible, yet I am in great inward quietness, and a strong belief God will deliver me out of all these troubles. The

* Whitelock's Memorials, p. 44. † Strafford Letters, vol. ii. p. 416.

more I look into my case the more hope I have, and sure, if there be any honour and justice left, my life will not be in danger." In another letter he writes; "Your carriage, upon this occasion, I should advise to be calm, not seeming to be neglective of my trouble, and yet as there may appear no dejection in you. Continue in the family as formerly, and make much of your children. Tell Will, Nan, and Arabella, I will write to them by the next. In the mean time I shall pray for them to God, that he may bless them, and, for their sakes, deliver me out of the furious malice of my enemies, which yet, I trust, through the goodness of God, shall do me no hurt. God have us all in his blessed keeping.

"Your very loving husband,

"STRAFFORD."

It is painful to perceive how confident was the earl's reliance on the king's promise. He says, in one of his last letters to his wife, "I know, at the worst his majesty will pardon without hurting my fortune, and then I shall be happy. Therefore comfort yourself, for I trust these clouds will away, and that we shall have fair weather afterwards."

There can be no doubt but that a most alarming popular convulsion would have ensued, had Charles exercised the royal prerogative, and refused his assent to Strafford's death. Whitelock says, "A rabble of about six thousand men, out of the city, came thronging down to Westminster, with swords, cudgels, and staves; calling out for justice against the Earl of Strafford, and pretending decay of trade and want of bread." Fear had already prevailed over the lords; but something more was wanting to induce the king to break his word, and to put his hand to the death-warrant of his most faithful friend. However, the patriots still hoped to obtain their end by intimidation. Reports of foreign invasion, of conspiracies against the Commons, and of a general rising in England, were ingeniously and successfully promulgated. So terrified, indeed, were the king's personal friends, that, almost to a man, they endeavoured

to persuade him to his dishonour; and the queen, who had formerly been on bad terms with Strafford, though she had more recently exerted herself strenuously in his favour, beseeched the king, with tears in her eyes, to consult the safety of his family, and listen to the fearful outcry which was raised.

There were none of his own misfortunes which so painfully affected Charles as the agony of these distressing moments. On the one hand were the tears and entreaties of his family and friends; the prospect of civil war; and, in all human probability, of utter ruin: on the other hand, there was dishonour and the sacrifice of his friend. A more terrible conflict can scarcely be conceived. That Charles yielded to the emergency; that his own miserable fate was the fruit of that untoward concession, exemplifies in an admirable manner the Christian tenet, not to do evil that good may come.

Charles, however, before he could be induced to assent to the death of Strafford, strained every nerve to save his life. On the 1st of May he summoned together the two Houses of Parliament, and fervently implored them not to proceed too harshly against the earl. He said, that, as regarded most of the charges, he was satisfied of Strafford's innocence; that, in his heart, he could not accuse him of high treason, and that neither fear nor any other motive should induce him to consent to his death. The earl, he said, had doubtless been guilty of many misdemeanours; indeed, so satisfied was he of that fact, that he solemnly promised them never again to employ him in any place of trust; "no," he added pointedly, "not even in that of a constable."

But, unfortunately, the security of the patriots was in the death of Strafford, and the king's entreaties were unavailing. Finally, on the 11th of May, the day preceding the earl's death he sent the Prince of Wales to the House of Lords, with a letter written in his own hand, in which he implored them, as a favour to himself, to seek a conference with the Commons, and to use their

utmost endeavours to spare the earl's life.* When, eventually, Charles put his hand to the death-warrant, "My lord of Strafford's condition," he said, "is more enviable than mine."

The injustice which Charles thus allowed himself to be guilty of, was looked back upon with the deepest remorse and penitence during the misfortunes which afterwards overwhelmed him. We have seen him making a solemn vow, that should opportunities hereafter offer, he would perform public penance for the death of his servant. To the queen he writes in one of his letters, "Nothing can be more evident, than that Strafford's innocent blood hath been one of the great causes of God's just judgments upon this nation, by a furious civil war; both sides being hitherto almost equally punished, as being in a manner almost equally guilty."† He afterwards put to paper some reflections on Strafford's death, which afford painful evidence of his remorse: "I never," he says, "bore any touch of conscience with greater regret, and I have often with sorrow confessed it both to God and man."‡ The bitter recollection still haunted him on the scaffold. Almost in his last moments he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian, as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me. Many times he doth pay justice by an unjust sentence: that is ordinary. I will only say this,—that an unjust sentence, that I suffered to take effect, is punished by an unjust sentence upon me."§ If the world blamed Charles, Charles at least blamed himself more.

The king, in all probability, would never have consented to Strafford's execution, but for the famous letter which the earl himself sent him; in which he prayed him to pass the bill for his attainder, as the only means of setting the conscience of his sovereign at liberty, and of restoring him to the affections of his people. The fact, however, of Strafford so nobly offering his life, to insure

* Whitelock, p. 46. † The King's Cabinet Opened, p. 24.
‡ Rushworth, Trial of the Earl of Strafford, p. 275.
§ King Charles's Works, p. 208.

the welfare of his master, should rather have acted as an additional inducement to Charles in refusing his assent. Strafford's letter, the authenticity of which has been most unreasonably called in question by Carte, will be found in the Harleian Miscellany. After using many arguments to persuade Charles to consent to his execution; "Sir," he concludes, "my consent shall more acquit you to God, than all the world can do besides. To a willing mind there is no injury done; and as by God's grace, I forgive all the world, so, I can give up the life of this world with all cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favour; and only beg that, in your goodness, you would youchsafe to cast your gracious regard upon my poor son and his sisters, less or more; and no otherwise than their unfortunate father shall appear more or less worthy of his death. God long preserve your majesty."

Whether or not the crimes or misdemeanours of Strafford rendered his punishment a just one, did not so much weigh on Charles's conscience, as the fact that no charge whatever which had been brought against him was *legally* punishable by death. It is this fact which made him say to the queen, that "both sides are equally guilty." The world will more readily forgive the faults of Strafford, than they will acquit Charles for having consented to his death.

The king had no sooner given his assent to Strafford's attainder, than he despatched Secretary Carleton, to the Tower, to communicate to the earl the reasons which had influenced him. He laid considerable weight on the circumstance of Strafford having himself importuned him to sacrifice his life. When Carleton had concluded, the earl could scarcely credit his senses. Whitelock says, he "seriously asked the secretary whether his majesty had passed the bill or not; as not believing, without some astonishment, that the king would have done it." When the other assured him it was but too true, he rose from his chair, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and laying his hands upon his heart, exclaimed, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them

there is no salvation." In a letter to his faithful secretary, Slingsby, "Your going to the king," says Strafford, "is to no purpose. I am lost: my body is theirs, but my soul is God's. There is little trust in man."*

Strafford was no sooner convinced that Charles was either unable or unwilling to exercise the royal prerogative, than he set himself to devise a plan of escape from the Tower. There was a scheme, to which Charles himself was certainly a party, of carrying him away by water. It was unfortunately discovered by some women listening at a keyhole, who contrived to overhear the conversation between Strafford and the captain of a vessel in which he was to have embarked. An examination took place before a joint committee of the Lords and Commons, when it appeared, by the evidence produced, that either a Captain Billingsley, or the earl's secretary, Slingsby, (for the identity is doubtful,) had received the king's private authority to convey a hundred men into the Tower. Moreover, it was sworn to by Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower, that Strafford had offered him twenty-two thousand pounds to connive at his flight; offering at the same time to exonerate him with the Parliament, by placing in his hands a warrant, signed by the king himself, which would authorize him to remove his prisoner to some other place of safety therein named. The remaining witnesses were the women. They deposed, that being anxious to obtain a sight of the earl, they had been led to the back door of the gallery in which his apartments were situated; by which means they had observed the prisoner pacing up and down with Billingsley, and had overheard them conversing as to the best means of effecting his escape, and the degree of reliance which could safely be placed in the lieutenant.† Mrs. Hutchinson also, in her Memoirs, speaks of a plot for releasing Strafford from prison, and afterwards placing him at the head of eight thousand Irish.

* Rushworth, Trial, p. 774.
† Whitelock, p. 44; Rushworth, Trial, p. 746.

Strafford, at length perceiving all earthly hope to be at an end, prepared himself for the fatal stroke with a piety suited to a Christian, and the dignity becoming a great man. He addressed an affectionate letter of advice to his young son, and another to his secretary, Guildford Slingsby; the latter undoubtedly the most beautiful composition which has issued from his pen. The brief but honourable career of this person is worthy of being rescued from oblivion. He was the eldest son of Sir Guildford Slingsby, of a good family in Yorkshire. Strafford had long kept him about his person; had trusted him with his most important papers, and he was present with him both at his trial and after his condemnation. Subsequently to the death of his master, Slingsby went abroad, but on the return of Henrietta Maria to England he came in the train of that princess, and retired to Cleveland, where he possessed a small estate. Here, his popularity was so great, that in a short time he levied a body of eight hundred foot and eighty horse, to aid the fortunes of his sovereign. But before this little army had been half disciplined, they were set upon by Sir Hugh Cholmley, with a force nearly double in numbers. Slingsby was too chivalrous to decline an engagement, and succeeded in routing the enemy's horse. Having effected so much, he placed himself at the head of his infantry, but, unfortunately, receiving a severe wound, and his horse falling, he was taken prisoner. Sir Hugh Cholmley had generosity enough to feel for a brave adversary. He had Slingsby conveyed to Gisborough, where it was found necessary to amputate both his legs. He survived the terrible operation but three days. His mother hastened to Gisborough, where she found the hope of her family, and the prop of her old age, a corpse. Sir Hugh, we are told, lamented almost as deeply as the bereaved parent the loss of "so accomplished a gentleman."

Strafford passed to his execution less like a condemned criminal than like a gentleman at the head of his army. The Lieutenant of the Tower had strongly recommended him to make use of a coach, lest the people, he said,

should rush on him, and tear him to pieces. "No," said the earl, "I dare look death in the face, and trust the people too. Have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the executioner, or the fury of the people."* He is reported to have composed a copy of verses the night previous to his execution, but as there is considerable doubt whether they are genuine, it has not been thought necessary to insert them.

Strafford was accompanied to the scaffold by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Earl of Cleveland, his brother Sir George Wentworth, and others of his friends. Something of his former contempt of the vulgar seems to have clung to him even in that awful moment. His parting speech was addressed rather to the archbishop and to his immediate friends, than to the rabble who hooted him to his death. His last address was such as might be expected from such a man. He asserted that never at any moment had he entertained a thought which he believed to be in opposition to the welfare and happiness, either of the king or the people. He expressed himself to be a true son of the Church of England, adding that he bore enmity to no man, and that he freely forgave all. "Since I was twenty-one years of age," he said, "unto this day, I never had thought or doubt of the truth of this religion; nor had any ever the boldness to suggest to me the contrary, to my best remembrance."

Having shaken hands with his friends, his chaplain laid the book of common prayer on a chair, and kneeling down together, they remained praying for about half an hour. He then rose, and beckoning his brother to him, desired him to bear his love to his wife and sister. Further, he requested him to give his blessing to his son, with these solemn injunctions,—that he should continue firm in the doctrine of the Church of England, and in his duty to his king; that he should entertain no thought of revenge against his father's enemies, and that he should aim at no higher distinction, than to dispense justice on

* Heylin, Life of Laud, p. 440.

his own estate. "Carry my blessing also," he added, "to my daughters Anne and Arabella. Charge them to serve and fear God, and he will bless them; not forgetting my little infant, that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself; God speak for it and bless it. I have well nigh done. One stroke more will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brothers and all my friends; but let God be to you and them all in all."

The earl then took off his doublet. "I thank God," he said, "I am no more afraid of death; but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." Having put on a white cap, he thrust his hair underneath it with his own hands. He then inquired for the executioner, who came forward and requested his forgiveness. "I forgive you," said Strafford, "and all the world." Kneeling down at the block, the archbishop being on one side of him and another clergyman on the other, the latter clasped the earl's hands in his, while they prayed. Their devotions being at an end, he told the executioner that he would first make an experiment of the block by laying his head on it, but desired him not to strike till he gave him a sign by stretching out his hands. Shortly afterwards, placing his head a second time on the block, he gave the appointed signal, and at one blow his head was severed from the body. The executioner held it up to the people, exclaiming at the same time, "God save the king!"

Such was the fate of the great Lord Strafford, whose political faults were those of principle and conscience, while his private virtues were at least as eminent as his genius. The eulogium of his enemy Whitelock deserves to be his epitaph. "Thus," he says, "fell this noble earl, who for natural parts and abilities, and for improvement of knowledge by experience, in the greatest affairs; for wisdom, faithfulness, and gallantry of mind, hath left few behind him that can be ranked as his equals." Strafford was executed on Tower Hill, on the 12th May, 1641, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

WILLIAM LAUD,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A good man, but a petulant and mischievous statesman. Undoubtedly his piety was sincere, his industry great, his learning extensive, and his private conduct unimpeachable. On the other hand, he was intemperate and over-zealous in matters of Church and State, and perhaps no enemy to arbitrary measures. He was meek and amiable in his intercourse with his own family, and not uncourteous in his manners; but in his public capacity the warmth of his temper was too often displayed, and his address was generally haughty, and not unfrequently even rude. He loved his king, but above all things regarded the welfare and honour of the Church. Unfortunately his zeal was productive of intolerance, and almost amounted to bigotry. His conscientious severity in the Starchamber; his rigorous prosecutions of the Puritans, Separatists, Brownists, and other sects; and his introduction of pictures and other paraphernalia into churches, at a time, too, when such innovations were most unseasonable, obtained for him more enemies than he had the power to resist. The vulgar require strong colouring to excite their enmities to a proper pitch. Their leaders described Laud to them as more than a monster, something between a prelatical Draco and a Romish priest.

Laud was born at Reading on the 7th of October, 1573. He was educated at the free-school of that town, and afterwards removed to St. John's College, Oxford. He was inducted into the vicarage of Stanford, in Northamptonshire, in 1607, and from thence rose,

through a gradation of church preferments, and after enjoying successively the bishoprics of St. Davids, Bath and Wells, and London, to be Primate of England in 1633.* His predecessor in the See of Canterbury was the amiable but puritanical Abbot. At the period of that prelate's death, Laud was on his way from Scotland, and probably little anticipated the elevation that awaited him. It was first announced to him by Charles himself. When Laud entered the presence chamber, the king addressed him somewhat playfully,—"My lord's grace of Canterbury, you are welcome," and instantly issued directions for his translation.†

Heylin, the archbishop's biographer, makes a good defence against the charge of extreme meanness of birth, which had been brought against his patron by Lord Brook; and which was echoed in the thousand libels which his splendour and unpopularity called into birth. His origin is what might be termed respectable. His father was a clothier of Reading, and his mother, sister to Sir William Webbe, afterwards Lord Mayor of London.

Laud, in the days of his magnificence, was, no doubt, much annoyed by these scurrilous attacks on his birth and parentage. Heylin mentions a particular occasion of his paying a visit to his patron, when he was admitted to the episcopal gardens at Lambeth, and found the countenance of the archbishop full of care. He held in his hand a gross pasquinade, which was seized shortly before it issued from the press. He told Heylin, that he was accused in this document of as mean a parentage as if he had been raked out of a *dunghill*. At the same time he exclaimed, (and his countenance cleared up as he dwelt on the virtues of his parents,) "that though he had

* Those who murmur at the plurality of church benefices at the present time, will scarcely credit the extent to which favouritism was carried in the reign of the first James. Bishop Williams, the enemy, and as some would say the victim, of Laud, had been, at one and the same time, Keeper of the Great Seal, Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of Westminster, Prebend and Residentiary of Lincoln Cathedral, and Rector of Walgrave in Northamptonshire.

† Clar. vol. i. p. 158.

not the good fortune to have been born a gentleman, yet that his parents had been honest; that they had lived in good circumstances; had employed the poor, and had left a good name behind them." Heylin's ingenious attempt at consolation is worth recording. He reminded his patron of what had been retorted by Pope Sextus the Fifth when similarly attacked. "If the sun's beams," said that pontiff, "found their way through the rugged roof and broken walls of my father's cottage, they at least illumined every corner of the humble dwelling in which I was born." The comparison implied in this beautiful anecdote, was far from displeasing to Laud.

Our imaginations would naturally depict this exalted prelate as of lofty stature and commanding appearance. The contrary, however, was the case. Sir Symonds D'Ewes speaks somewhat ill-naturedly of him, as a "little, low, red-faced man." He was, indeed, below the common height, and his complexion was florid. Fuller describes him as "one of low stature, but high parts; piercing eyes, and cheerful countenance, wherein gravity and pleasantness were well compounded." But he concludes with higher praise. "He was admirable in his naturals, unblameable in his morals, and very strict in his conversation." In a curious parallel between Wolsey and Laud, published in the lifetime of the latter, "Laud," says the writer, "was of less size, but might be called a pretty man: both of ingenious and acute aspects, as may appear by this man's face, the other's picture." It is singular that, at the university, Wolsey should have been nicknamed the *boy-bachelor*, and Laud the *little bachelor*.

Laud's abhorrence of Puritanism, and his high notions of the dignity of the Church, are amusingly illustrated by the following anecdote. He had accompanied Charles the First into Scotland, on his progress into that country to be crowned. It was proposed that, during the ceremony, the king should be supported, on each side, by the Archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow. The latter prelate, being inclined to the tenets of the Puritans, appeared purposely in the procession

without his episcopal robes. The high-churchman Laud actually thrust him from the king's side. "Are you a churchman," he said, "and want the coat of your order?"

This enlightened man appears to have been singularly superstitious, even for the age in which he lived. His elevation to the See of Canterbury was received with mixed satisfaction, owing to a strange presentiment which he conceived of coming evil. In a letter to the Earl of Strafford, dated Fulham, 9th September, 1633, alluding to his change of residence from that place to the palace of Lambeth, he writes as follows: "I doubt I shall never be able to hold my health there one year, for instead of all the jolting which I had over the stones between London House and Whitehall, which was almost daily, I shall now have no exercise, but slide over in a barge to the Court and Starchamber; and, in truth, my lord, I speak seriously, I have had a heaviness hang upon me since I was appointed to this place, and I can give myself no account of it, unless it proceed from an apprehension that there is more expected from me than the craziness of these times will give me leave to do."* His curious diary is full of the most idle fancies and ridiculous prognostics. The falling of the episcopal arms at Canterbury cathedral in a storm, and of his own picture by the breaking of a string unequal to its weight, were circumstances sufficiently ominous to cause him real uneasiness and pain. Even the idle predictions of the mad prophetess, Lady Davies, appear to have excited distress, and are more than once alluded to in his letters: on the 15th of November, 1633, he writes from Fulham, to his friend the Earl of Strafford: "The indisposition of which I spake unto your lordship, I thank God, passed over quickly, though I find I cannot follow your counsel, for Croydon is too far off to go often to it, and my leisure here hath hitherto been extremely little, I may truly call it none; besides, the Lady Davies hath prophesied against me, that I shall

* Strafford Letters, vol. i. p. 111.

not many days outlive the 5th of November, and then to what end should I trouble myself with exercise, or the like."* He attached much importance to dreams, and usually committed them to his commonplace book. Among his papers was discovered a curious account of his father's spirit presenting itself to him in a dream, in 1639, forty-six years after his death. Laud describes his father as looking as well and cheerful as he had ever seen him in his lifetime. After a short conversation, Laud inquired of the spirit the proposed length of his visit. The latter added portentously, that he should remain till they departed together. Laud was then in the sixty-seventh year of his age; at least old enough to attach a due share of importance to such phenomena.

Some of the visions which he has chronicled, have, however, a somewhat suspicious reference to the tenor of his waking thoughts. The following were dreamed in the height of his hostility to his old patron, the Lord Keeper Williams, and will be curious to the minute observer of history.

"December 14, Sunday night.—I did dream that the lord keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. The dream did trouble me."

"January 14, Sunday.—Towards morning dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln (the lord keeper) came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But returning loosed from them, leaped on horseback; went away, neither could I overtake him."

His attachment to church ceremonials, and a praiseworthy but impracticable scheme of reconciling the religions of Rome and England by mutual concessions, obtained for him the character of being papistically inclined; an imputation, however, which was certainly very far from being deserved. It is an undoubted fact that the Pope sent him a serious offer of a cardinal's hat: indeed Laud tells us as much in his diary. Arthur

* Strafford Letters, vol. i. p. 115.

Wilson, in his life of himself, mentions an interview he had with one Dr. Weston, a Catholic, at Bruges, the particulars of which are not uninteresting. "The little Archbishop of Canterbury," he says, "Weston could not endure. I pulled a book out of my pocket, written by the provincial of the English friars, which tended to reconcile the Church of England and the Church of Rome. 'I know the man,' said Weston, 'he is one of Canterbury's trencher-flies, and eats perpetually at his table; a creature of his making.' 'Then,' said I, 'you should better approve of my lord of Canterbury's actions, seeing he tends so much to your way.' 'No,' replied he, 'he is too subtle to be yoked; too ambitious to have a superior. He will never submit to Rome. He means to frame a motley religion of his own, and be lord of it himself.'"*

The rigorous persecution of Franciscus, a Franciscan Friar, (or, as we should style him, Father Davenport,) who published a work in which he endeavoured to unite the two religions by mutual concession, is sufficient evidence that such a project was any thing but favourably contemplated by the Papal See. The Catholics, we are told, regarded it as "a union between hell and heaven, Christ and Luther!"

One of the daughters of William, Earl of Devonshire, having turned Catholic, she was questioned by Laud as to the motives of her conversion. She replied that her principal reason was a dislike to travel in a crowd. The meaning being obscure, the archbishop asked her what she meant. "I perceive," she said, "your grace and many others are making haste to Rome, and, therefore, to prevent being crowded, I have gone before you." Notwithstanding the satire of this lively lady, proof might be readily adduced, that not only was Laud regarded by the Catholics as unfriendly to the interests of their faith, but that he was even considered at Rome as its greatest enemy.

The private virtues and munificent benefactions of

* Desid. Curiosa, lib. xii. p. 22.

Laud were naturally overlooked by his enemies. Nevertheless he did much for learning and humanity, and would have done more but for the disasters which overtook him. There was found among his papers a long list of benefits which he had intended to have conferred upon mankind. "But for his untimely fate," says Anthony Wood, "St. Paul's would have silenced the fame of ancient wonders; the English clergy would have been the glory of the world; the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, had outstripped the Vatican, and his public structures overtopped the Escurial." As it was, his services to the public are of no mean order. He subscribed munificently to the building of St. Paul's. He procured an important charter for the University of Oxford; he founded there an Arabic lecture, and presented them with a magnificent collection of books. He adorned St. John's College, Oxford, and obtained for it the valuable living of St. Lawrence, Reading, in which parish he was born. Moreover, he obtained a charter for Dublin College; established a Greek press in London; and also founded some alms-houses at Reading, with a revenue of two hundred a-year.

The dissolution of the Parliament, on the 5th of May, 1640, was generally attributed to the instigation of Laud. His unpopularity had now reached its height. Two thousand persons entered St. Paul's at the same time, exclaming, "No bishop!" "No high commission!" The most scurrilous libels were affixed to the walls in every quarter of the town; ballads were composed, and sung in the streets; and pictures, in which he was exhibited in the most undignified postures, were publicly displayed. The songs, in which he was held up to derision, were usually first sung in the ale-houses, and other scenes of low debauchery. When this was told to the archbishop, "His lot," he said, "was not worse than that of David;" —at the same time quoting the sixty-ninth Psalm, "*They that sat in the gate spake against me, and I was the song of the drunkards.*" He is styled in a lampoon of the time—

"One of Rome's calves, far better fed than taught."

His enemies, alluding to the title with which he was addressed, said of him, with some humour, "*that he had better have had more grace, or no grace at all.*" But, a paper which was posted in the Exchange, had nearly led to important consequences. In this document the apprentices were incited to rise in a body and attack the house of the archbishop. Accordingly, in the dead of the night, about five hundred persons came to Lambeth, and endeavoured to effect a violent entrance into the palace. Laud, however, was prepared for them; and the rabble, after venting a good deal of abusive and treasonable language, and breaking a few windows, eventually took to their heels. The next day some of the ringleaders were arrested and carried to prison. However, the doors of the prison were broken open by the mob, and the offenders liberated by their companions. Only one person, Bensted, a sailor, was executed, and his quarters exposed on the gates of the city.

On the subject of Laud's impeachment and iniquitous trial, it would be needless to dwell at length. He was accused of high treason, in endeavouring to subvert the laws and constitution of his country. Added to this, the unfounded charge of Popery was confidently insisted upon. The proceedings were as unjust and tyrannical as they had previously been in the case of Strafford. Evidence was accumulated in the same dishonourable manner; the same threats were exercised towards the House of Peers; and the sentence passed was equally illegal.

After a deliberation in the House of Commons of only half an hour, the charges against the archbishop were carried up to the lords by Denzil Holles, son of the Earl of Clare. On this, Laud was committed to the custody of the black rod; and ten weeks afterwards the old prelate was voted guilty of high treason, and sent to the Tower. His enemies, the Commons, attacked him in the most opprobrious terms. Harbottle Grimston spoke of him in his speech, as the great and common foe of goodness and good men; a viper, who instilled his poison into the sacred ear of majesty. "This man," said Sergeant Wilde, "is like Naaman, the Syrian, a great man, but a

leper." Nicholas, another lawyer, in his violent attack, styled him repeatedly, "*the pander to the whore of Babylon.*" When the lords voted him guilty there were but *seven* peers in the house; the rest, either from too much shame, or too little courage, refraining from being present.

Laud was conveyed to the Tower amidst the shouts and revilings of the populace. The crowd had first collected in Cheapside, and from thence to the Exchange their behaviour and language are described as "beyond barbarity." Laud all the time sat quietly in his coach. He exhibited neither the contempt, which he must have felt, nor the fear, which was a stranger to him. "I look," he said, "upon a higher cause than the tongues of Shimei and his children."

Laud, on his first committal, had sent the key of his cabinet to Warner, Bishop of Rochester, desiring him either to burn or conceal such papers as might be prejudicial to his own interests or those of his friends. Warner was engaged for three hours at the task, and had only just completed it when a messenger from the House of Lords came to seal up the cabinet. Among the documents carried off by Warner was the original Magna Charta. This valuable piece of antiquity was found among Warner's papers at his death. It was afterwards presented to Bishop Burnet, and is now in the British Museum.

In the absence of all proof of guilt, the House of Commons had the baseness to seize and publish the archbishop's private diary. He was in bed at the Tower when Prynne, followed by a guard of soldiers, suddenly entered the apartment, and advancing to where his clothes lay by the bedside, drew the volume from one of the pockets. Prynne afterwards published it, with the concurrence of the Commons, and with several infamous additions of his own.

When Laud was first brought to the Tower, the lieutenant was proceeding to conduct his prisoner to the apartments recently occupied by Bishop Williams, as affording the best accommodation in the place. Laud requested he might be lodged in any other rooms;—"he

was certain," he said, "they would smell so of Puritanism." His enemies have accused him of undue severity towards Williams. They forgot, however, how much harsher was their own conduct towards an old man of seventy-one, whom they persecuted tyrannically, and executed unjustly.

A friend who came to visit the aged prelate in his confinement, inquired of him, how he fared. "I thank God," he said, "I am well. The king has provided me with a comfortable lodging; I have good and wholesome fare, and by none of my troubles have I been deprived of an hour's rest." He said of the Tower, that if he ever quitted it, he would take care to have it beautified and improved. At this period he frequently repeated two verses of the eighty-second Psalm:—"I have said, ye are gods, and all of you children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes."

There had long existed a strong affection between Laud and Strafford. The earl, on the night previous to his execution, expressed a great desire to have an interview with his friend, but the boon was barbarously denied. However, he sent a message to the archbishop, desiring to be remembered by him in his prayers, and requesting that his fellow-prisoner would appear at his window the next morning, in order that he might bid him a last farewell as he passed to his execution. The message was delivered to Laud by the Primate of Ireland. The old man expressed his fears that, owing to the weakness of his frame, he should be prevented from acceding to the wishes of his friend. The next morning, as Strafford passed by to the scaffold, he looked up to Laud's window, but the archbishop was not there. "Though I do not see him," said Strafford to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "give me leave, I pray you, to do my last observance towards his rooms." In the mean time, Laud, having been informed of the earl's approach, had been assisted to the window. These two great men thus beheld each other for the last time. Strafford requested the prayers and blessing of the archbishop. Laud lifted up his hands to heaven, and fervently blessed and prayed for him. A moment after, overcome with

grief and natural infirmity, be sunk to the ground. On his recovery, he expressed much concern lest his weakness should be attributed to dread of his own approaching fate. "I hope," he said, "by God's assistance, and through my own innocency, that when I come to my own execution, I shall show the world how much more sensible I am of my Lord Strafford's loss than I am of my own."

When the fatal sentence was communicated to Laud, he received the intimation with the composure and fortitude of a Christian. "No one," he said, "can be more desirous to send me out of life than I am to go." The period between his sentence and execution was principally spent in prayer, having with some difficulty obtained the attendance of one of his chaplains. The night previous to his death was passed in a sound sleep. When he was awakened on the fatal morning, by the Lieutenant of the Tower, he expressed not the slightest dismay; and it was remarked that his countenance exhibited the same freshness of colour which it had ever worn.

He passed to the scaffold as to a triumph. The mob barbarously reviled and hooted him as he went along; but his hopes were not of this world; and his temper appeared as even, and his countenance as cheerful, as they had ever been. He would seem even to have sported with his fate, and to have exhibited instances of that anomalous merriment which has not unfrequently been displayed by the criminal in his last moments. In his discourse on the scaffold, he says, "I am not in love with this passage through the *red sea*, for I have the weaknesses and infirmities of flesh and blood plentifully in me; and I have prayed with my Saviour, *ut transiret calix iste*, that this cup of *red wine* might pass from me; but, if not, God's will, not mine, be done." Happening to perceive, through a chink in the boards, that some people were standing underneath the scaffold, and indeed immediately below the spot where the block was placed, he called for the authorities to remove them. "He was unwilling," he said, "that his blood should fall on the heads of the people."

The bitter revilings of the mob, which continued to follow him to the last moment, had no power to ruffle the composure of his mind. One fanatic, in particular, Sir John Clotworthy, a prominent speaker in the House of Commons, continued harassing him with impertinent questions, and attempted to draw him into a controversy. The answers of Laud were mild and pertinent; but his tormentor persisting in his ill-timed zeal, he turned to the executioner, and presenting him with some money, he appealed to him to do his duty, requesting him to perform his task with as much adroitness as possible. Kneeling down, he repeated a short and appropriate prayer for the happiness of the kingdom, and his own eternal salvation through the merits of his Redeemer. Then, laying his head upon the block, he gave the appointed sign to the executioner by uttering aloud, "Lord, receive my soul!" and at one blow his head was severed from his body.

Laud suffered on Tower Hill, on the 10th of January, 1645, in the seventy-second year of his age. His old friend, Judge Whitelock, described his character in a few words. "He was too full of fire, though a just and a good man. His want of experience in state matters, and his too much heat and zeal for the Church, had he proceeded in the way he was then in, would have set the nation on fire." The insight of King James into his character is more remarkable, and does credit to the penetration of that monarch. When pressed by Buckingham and Williams to consent to Laud's advancement, "Laud," he said "is a restless spirit, to be kept back from all places of authority; for he cannot see when matters are well, but loves to toss and change, and bring things to a reformation floating in his own brain." Phillips tells us, in his Life of Lord Keeper Williams, that the king, having been wearied into a compliance, exclaimed, passionately, as he quitted the apartment, "Then take him to you, but on my soul you will repent it." The remains of Laud were decently interred in the church of Allhallowes, Barking. In 1663 they were removed to Oxford, and deposited with some ceremony near the altar of St. John's College chapel, in that University.

HENRY RICH,

EARL OF HOLLAND.

The personal beauty and untimely fate of Holland have thrown an interest over his history, which neither his capacity nor his conduct would otherwise have justified. It is to the credit of human nature, that meanness and ingratitude are crimes which the world is the least inclined to forgive. The despicable apostacy of Holland can never be excused. Without any especial merit of his own, he had risen to wealth, honour, and titles, by the personal regard of two sovereigns. Charles had more than once incurred obloquy by preferring him to offices for which others were either more competent, or at least considered themselves to have greater claims. And yet, after basking for more than a quarter of a century in the sunshine of royalty, he deserted his unfortunate master in his utmost need, and leagued himself with the most inveterate enemies of his benefactor. Verily, he had his reward. The once brilliant courtier was dragged to the scaffold, sick, miserable, and unregretted.

Henry Rich was a younger son of Robert, Lord Rich, (created Earl of Warwick in 1610,) by Penelope, sister of Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex. The date of his birth is uncertain, but must have been previous to the commencement of the seventeenth century. As his family, though noble, were not wealthy, and, moreover, were extremely numerous, the future favourite was content to enlist as a volunteer in the Dutch wars.

After two or three campaigns, the army being in winter quarters, he paid a visit to his friends in England. His handsome person soon caught the eye of James, and honours were heaped on him with almost unexampled rapidity. Within a few years, he was made Knight of the Bath, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, Captain of the King's Guard, and created Viscount Fenton in Scotland in 1615, Baron Kensington in Middlesex, 8th March, 1622, and 24th September, 1624, Earl of Holland in Lincolnshire. He was also made a privy counsellor and a Knight of the Garter. Holland was employed in Spain at the period of Prince Charles's matrimonial visit; and the following year was sent to Paris, with Hay, Earl of Carlisle, (two as accomplished courtiers, we are told, "as were to be found in the palaces of all the princes of Europe,") to negotiate the marriage between the prince and Henrietta Maria. Here, according to some writers, he gained the affections of that princess.

Holland, on his first introduction to the royal favour, had encountered a dangerous rival in the Duke of Buckingham. Perceiving, however, the improbability of his superseding that great favourite, and unwilling to risk the chances of a hazardous competition, he wisely contented himself with occupying the second place in the royal affections. His politic conduct on this occasion is dwelt upon by Lord Clarendon. "He took all the ways he could to endear himself to the duke, and to his confidence, and wisely declined the receiving any grace or favour but as his donation; above all, avoided the suspicion that the king had any kindness for him, upon any account but of the duke, whose creature he desired to be esteemed, though the Earl of Carlisle's friend: and he prospered so well in that pretence, that the king scarcely made more haste to advance the duke, than the duke did to promote the other." It was suspected by his contemporaries, that Holland's attachment to the sumptuous Carlisle had originated in interested motives, and that he too frequently availed himself of the purse of his friend. In whatever manner their intimacy may have commenced, it certainly outlasted the

period when such surmises were at all probable, and only ceased with their lives.

King James is said to have conferred on Holland, within a few years, nearly 150,000*l.** On his first coming to court he presented him with 3,000*l.* at a single gift. In addition to these favours, he exercised the royal prerogative, by uniting his handsome favourite to one of the richest heiresses in England. This lady was Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Cope, and by his marriage with her the manor and seat of Kensington came into his possession. The family residence of the Copes, which, from this period, has borne the title of Holland House, had been built by the father of his bride in 1607. It was afterwards purchased by Henry Fox, who from this circumstance assumed the title of Baron Holland, on his elevation to the peerage in 1762.

The advantages of wealth and beauty rendered Holland in an eminent degree the idol of the fair sex. He was perhaps the handsomest man of his time, and even some fulsome verses, addressed to him by Mercer, appear scarcely to exaggerate his personal advantages:

> Thy beauty too exceeds the sex of men;
> Thy courtly presence, and thy princely grace,
> Add to the splendour of thy royal race.

In early life his manners were gay and joyous, and his conversation extremely fascinating; while a love of magnificence formed a prominent feature in his character. The world was naturally captivated by so brilliant a combination of shining qualities, and from the queen to the maid of honour there were too many who confessed his influence over their hearts. Arthur Wilson speaks of his "features and pleasant aspect as equalling the most beautiful women;" to which he adds, that he had excellent natural parts, but was "youthfully expensive." Lord Clarendon mentions his "lovely and winning presence," and does credit to his courage; though, according to Sir Philip Warwick, he was far more fitted for the show than for the field.

* Peyton, Divine Catastrophe.

In 1639 Holland was employed as lord general of the horse under the Earl of Arundel in the expedition against the Scots. From his conduct on this occasion, either his loyalty or his valour may be reasonably called in question. Subsequently, in 1641, having been denied a trifling boon by his sovereign, which it was extremely inexpedient to grant, he turned rebel, betrayed the secrets of his benefactor, and joined, as cordially as was in his nature, with the opposite party. Probably he had other reasons for this scandalous defection. The tide of royalty was beginning to ebb, and the sun, in which he had long basked, was necessarily withdrawing his beams. "Whilst the weather was fair," says Lord Clarendon, "he continued to flourish, but the storm no sooner arose than he changed as quickly, and declined from that character of honour of which he was formerly supposed to be master."

If the queen's attachment to Holland had ever amounted to tenderness, it was shortly converted into anger and contempt. In 1642, at her express desire, he was dismissed from his post of first gentleman of the bedchamber; Henrietta affirming that she would never live in the court as long as he continued to keep his place. From this period his conduct was so vacillating, that he was trusted by no party and despised by all.

In 1643, the king's affairs presenting a more favourable aspect, Holland seceded from his new friends, and renewed his professions of duty and allegiance to his sovereign. He presented himself to Charles at the siege of Gloucester, and, notwithstanding the coldness of his reception, persisted in following him to the battle of Newbury, where he behaved himself with much credit. The queen, after these circumstances, not only restored him to her favour, but showed a strong inclination to trust him as before.

After the battle of Newbury, the earl again hastened to the king, who was then at Oxford. He had imagined that the services he had so recently performed for his sovereign, the renewed confidence of the queen, his return to his allegiance, and the fact that he had induced

many influential persons to follow his example, would have been sufficient to obliterate all recollection of his former misconduct. He had flattered himself that the king would have opened his arms to receive him; that all unkindness would have been forgotten; and that he should have been honourably restored to the royal confidence and his former places and honours. So confident indeed was he that he had fairly earned not only his pardon, but the gratitude of his sovereign, that he attempted not the least excuse for his apostacy, nor condescended to make the slightest apology for his past conduct.

Charles might have pardoned a rebel, but his notions of friendship were too sacred ever to have restored Holland to familiarity and esteem. He received him indeed with all proper civility, and even admitted him to his private parties; but his intercourse was reserved, and his manner undisguisedly cold and dignified. The queen had exerted herself in Holland's favour, and had he made a proper concession and admitted his fault, he might have been restored to his former posts, and ostensibly have been reinstated in the royal favour. But he foolishly fancied himself aggrieved, and adopted so high a ground that Charles complained of it to his friends. The spirit of the king's complaints is given by Lord Clarendon. "His majesty," he says, "observed, that the earl behaved himself with the same confidence and assurance as he had done when he was most in his favour; and that he retained still the old artifice at court, to be seen to whisper in the king's and queen's ear, by which people thought there was some secret, when the matter of those whispers was nothing but what might be said in the open court; and that the Earl of Holland had several times seemed to say somewhat in private to him, upon which he had withdrawn from the company to the end or corner of the room, and, at first, expected and apprehended that he would say somewhat in his own excuse; but that he had never then said one word, but what he might have spoke in the circle; with which, the king said, he was the better pleased, and that he believed

he had not been more particular in his discourse with the queen, save that he used to entertain her with the wisdom and power of the Parliament, and what great things they would be able to do, and how much they were respected in foreign parts; which, his majesty said, was a strange discourse for a man to make, who had so lately left them because he thought the king's condition the better of the two." Lord Clarendon himself sought out the earl, and endeavoured to persuade him to confess his fault and sue for the king's pardon. Holland indignantly refused to make the first advances; insisting that his faults were extremely venial; that he had committed no crime which could call for the formality of a humble submission; but adding, that should the king in the first instance confer on him any public mark of his favour, his own inclination would then induce him to make the apology required. Charles, though anxious to secure his services, would of course reject such an arrangement; and Holland, whether imagining the king's affairs to be in a worse posture than before, or disliking the cold looks which he every where encountered in the court at Oxford, again deserted to the Parliament.

He seems to have met with some difficulty in effecting his escape. Having, however, in the first instance retired to a small village in the neighbourhood of Oxford, he contrived to take advantage of a dark night, and sought refuge in the quarters of the enemy. His reception was different from what he had anticipated. The Parliament committed him to prison and sequestrated his estate. After a short confinement, his liberty and property were restored to him, and he was allowed to retire to his own house. He published a defence of his conduct, which was chiefly conspicuous for its want of truth, and was only productive of contempt. By both parties Holland was regarded as one whose services could do them no good, and whose enmity no harm.

His rising in favour of the king, in 1648, appears to have been a last effort to wipe away the infamy which attached to him, and to retrieve his character and fortunes. Doubtless in his heart he had ever preferred royalty to republicanism, and if praise can decently be

conferred on so weak and vacillating a person, his last effort for his sovereign, entailing a bloody campaign in an almost hopeless cause, may claim some slight commiseration for the apostate. The defeat at Nonsuch; the hurried pursuit into Kingston on Thames; the romantic death of the beautiful Francis Villiers, and the flight of the young Duke of Buckingham and of Holland himself, are tolerably well known. Holland fled into Huntingdonshire, and was seized at an inn, near St. Neots, by the parliamentary horse. He delivered himself to the officer of the troop without a struggle, and was carried as a prisoner to Warwick Castle.

The last scenes of his life did little credit to his character. Bishop Warburton says, "that he lived like a knave and died like a fool." But Holland was in extremely bad health, and under such circumstances, a public trial and execution are little calculated to throw romance or dignity over human suffering. At his trial he said but little in his defence; his manner being rather as if he would have received life as a favour, than as claiming it from the goodness of his cause. Heath tells us that he was so extremely weak, that when he made his defence, a spoonful of cordial was handed to him at the end of every sentence.

Having been found guilty of treason by the court, of which, it may be remarked, the president was the famous Bradshaw, whom Walker styles "the horse-leech of hell,"* the question of reprieve or execution was put to the vote of the Commons; when "this unfortunate fine gentleman" (as he is styled by Echard) was condemned to death, though by a majority only of three or four votes.† Much interest was used to save

* Hist. of Independency, part iv. p. 2.

† At the same time with the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel, Sir John Owen, a gallant and loyal Welshman, was also condemned to the block. When the latter heard his sentence, he made a bow to the court, and returned them his most grateful thanks: "It was a very great honour," he said, "to a poor gentleman of Wales, to lose his head in such noble company,"—and making use of a great oath,—"he was afraid," he added, "they would have hanged him." Owen, however, at the intercession of Ireton, was afterwards pardoned. —*Echard*, vol. ii. p. 655.

his life. His brother, the Earl of Warwick, exerted his powerful influence, and the Presbyterian members were favourable to him to a man. He owed his death, it is said, to the animosity of Cromwell, of whom he had formerly spoken contemptuously, but who must otherwise have despised and detested him for his mean and vacillating conduct.

After his condemnation, Holland was sent to St. James's Palace, where he remained till his execution. Previously to his case being submitted to the Commons, his friends had frequently sent assurances to him that they had obtained a sufficient number of votes to insure his life. But ill-health had generated superstition, and he invariably expressed his belief that a few days would terminate his career. On the other hand, Goring, the reprobate Earl of Norwich, who had no friends in the Parliament, and whose case appeared entirely hopeless, had expressed a similar conviction that he should escape. They were both right in their superstitious conjectures. The one was condemned by an extremely small majority, the other saved by the single vote of the speaker.

It was decided that the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and the gallant Lord Capel, should be executed on the same day, and on the same stage. Horace Walpole writes: "It was a remarkable scene exhibited on the scaffold on which Lord Capel fell. At the same time was executed the once gay, beautiful, gallant Earl of Holland, whom neither the honours showered on him by his prince, nor his former more tender connexions with the queen could preserve from betraying, and engaging against both. He now appeared sunk beneath the indignities and cruelty he received from men, to whom and from whom he had deserted,—while the brave Capel, who, having shunned the splendour of Charles's fortunes, had stood forth to guard them on their decline, trod the fatal stage with all the dignity of valour and conscious integrity." That memorable scaffold was erected in front of Westminster Hall. On the 9th of March, 1649, not six weeks after the murder of the king, the three prisoners were conducted from

St. James's to the residence of Sir Robert Cotton, at the upper end of the hall,—a house of some note, from so many great and unfortunate men having at different times partaken of its melancholy hospitality, in their last step to the grave.

The Duke of Hamilton was the first who was brought forth to execution. The judges were sitting when he passed into the hall, and from their places beheld the fatal scene. Hamilton, who to the last had entertained hopes of a reprieve, lingered for some time in the hall; but the Earl of Denbigh coming up to him, and whispering in his ear that there was no hope, he forthwith mounted the scaffold, and, after an address to the people submitted himself to the executioner with decent courage.

Holland came next. He was so exhausted by his long illness that it was with extreme difficulty he could harangue the crowd. Walker, in his "History of Independency," supplies some interesting particulars relating to his last moments:—"After some divine conference with Mr. Bolton for near a quarter of an hour, and having spoken to a soldier that took him prisoner, and others, he embraced Lieutenant-Colonel Beecher, and took his leave of him. After which he came to Mr. Bolton, and having embraced him, and returned him many thanks for his great pains and affection to his soul, he prepared himself to the block; whereupon, turning to the executioner, he said: 'Here, my friend, let my clothes and my body alone; there is ten pounds for thee; that is better than my clothes. I am now fit. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap.' Then taking farewell of his servants, he kneeled down and prayed for a pretty space with much earnestness. Then going to the front of the scaffold, he said to the people—'God bless you all; God give all happiness to this kingdom, to this people, to this nation.' Then laying himself down, he seemed to pray with much affection for a short space; and then lifting up his head, seeing the executioner by him, he said, 'Stay while I give the sign;' and presently after, stretching out his hand, and saying, 'Now! now!' Just as the words were coming out of his mouth the executioner at one

blow severed his head from his body." In his last moments he had expressed deep regret for the desertion of his master, and died penitent and a Christian. When his head was struck off, his bodily weakness was rendered sufficiently apparent by the little blood which flowed.

Lord Capel was the last summoned. He passed through Westminster Hall with a serene countenance, greeting his friends and acquaintances as he went along. Having ascended the scaffold, he inquired whether the other lords had addressed the people bareheaded. Being assured that they had, he took off his hat, and delivered that fine and effective appeal which, more than any other circumstance, elevated the character of monarchy, and disgusted the people with their fanatical and republican leaders. "Like Sampson," says Heath, "he did the Philistines more harm by his death than he had done by his life." His demeanour at the last afforded a beautiful picture of dignified virtue and Christian courage. Even Cromwell, though he refused to save his life, did honour to the talents which he feared, and the probity, which it would have been well if he had imitated.

On the other hand, the meanness and tergiversation of the unfortunate Holland, as it had entailed only contempt in his lifetime, so it excluded all commiseration for his fate. It was no argument, that he had laid down his life for his sovereign, for had he lived longer, who could tell but that he might again have proved a traitor. With the exception of his numerous family, there was perhaps not a single person who felt regret for his loss. It is said, that he had ever anticipated poverty as the most intolerable of human evils; and when the hour of trial came, when it was found imperative to forfeit either his honour on the one hand, or his ease on the other, he unfortunately made choice of the former. The end was answerable to the means. Misconduct was followed by misfortune, and his last hours were embittered by that deepest curse of wickedness, the memory of a crime committed in vain.

LUCIUS CARY,

VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

Lord Clarendon has drawn the character of this nobleman, as it developed itself to him during a friendship of more than twenty years. Nothing can be more exquisite than the portraiture, or apparently more admirable than the person, whom he introduces. The historian dwells fondly on the virtues of his friend, till admiration warms into enthusiasm, and we distrust the truth of the colouring almost from its very beauty. Wit, learning, eloquence, and generosity; the highest sense of honour, and a feminine tenderness of heart; transcendant parts, and the most admirable virtue, added to the sweetest Christian humility:—such is the assemblage of excellences with which Lord Clarendon has invested his friend. "There never," says Horace Walpole, "was a stronger instance of what the magic of words, and the art of an historian, can effect, than in the character of this lord; who seems to have been a virtuous well-meaning man, with a moderate understanding, who got knocked on the head early in the civil war because it boded ill; and yet, by the happy solemnity of my Lord Clarendon's diction, Lord Falkland is the favourite personage of that noble work." Between the sneer of Walpole, and the somewhat exaggerated encomiums of Clarendon, it is not difficult to form a proper estimate of his character.

The conduct indeed of Lord Falkland, both in public and private life, appears almost faultless. He was pos-

sessed of deep scholastic knowledge; his memory was extraordinary, and his eloquence, if not first-rate, was considerable. He was superior to the passions and artifices of vulgar minds; was favourable to religious toleration; was most exemplary in his private conduct, and loved truth and justice for their own sake. On the other hand, his genius has undoubtedly been greatly exaggerated; and there was a weakness of mind, arising, it may be, from too scrupulous notions of probity, which, though they detract not from the amiability of his character, divest it to a certain degree of its power.

Lucius Cary, eldest son of Henry, Lord Falkland, is supposed to have been born at Burford in Oxfordshire, about the year 1610.* His father being Lord Deputy of Ireland, his boyhood was passed in that country, and he was for some time a student of Trinity College, Dublin. He was afterwards removed to St. John's College, Cambridge.

In early life, the future statesman and moralist appears only remarkable for wildness and frolic. Aubrey says: "My lord in his youth was very wild, and also mischievous, as being apt to state and do bloody mischiefs; but it was not long before he took up to be serious, and then grew to be an extraordinary hard student." For one of his indiscretions he was confined in the Fleet. There is extant a moving petition, addressed by his father to the king, in which he prays for the release and pardon of his offending son. Shortly after this period, accompanied by a suitable tutor, he departed on his travels; and from this time we hear nothing more of the profligacy or extravagance of Lord Falkland.

He was not of age when his grandmother, heiress of Lord Chief Baron Tanfield, bequeathed him a large property, independent of his parents, who were both alive.

* Anthony Wood says: "Whether this Lucius was born at Burford, as some think he was, the public register of that place, which commences about the beginning of the reign of King James I. takes no notice of it. However, that he was mostly nursed there by a wet and dry nurse, the ancients of that town, who remember their names, have some years since informed me."—*Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 586.

He had scarcely come into possession of the estate, when he unfortunately offended his father by an imprudent marriage; the circumstances, as related by Lord Clarendon in his "Life of Himself," are, however, far from discreditable to Lord Falkland's heart. "Before he was of age, he committed a fault against his father, in marrying a young lady whom he passionately loved, without any considerable portion, which exceedingly offended him, and disappointed all his reasonable hopes and expectation of redeeming and repairing his own broken fortune, and desperate hopes in court, by some advantageous marriage of his son, about which he had then some probable treaty. Sir Lucius Cary was very conscious to himself of his offence and transgression, and the consequence of it, which, though he could not repent, having married a lady of a most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced, and who brought him many hopeful children, in which he took great delight, yet he confessed it with the most dutiful and sincere applications to his father for his pardon, that could be made; and, for the prejudice he had brought upon his fortune by bringing no portion to him, he offered to repair it by resigning his whole estate to his disposal, and to rely wholly upon his kindness for his own maintenance and support; and to that purpose he had caused conveyances to be drawn by counsel, which he brought, ready engrossed, to his father, and was willing to seal and execute them, that they might be valid. But his father's passion and indignation so far transported him, though he was a gentleman of excellent parts, that he refused any reconciliation, and rejected all the offers that were made him of the estate; so that his son remained still in possession of his estate against his will, for which he found great reason afterwards to rejoice. But he was for the present so much afflicted with his father's displeasure that he transported himself and his wife into Holland, resolving to buy some military command, and to spend the remainder of his life in that profession; but being disappointed in the

treaty he expected, and finding no opportunity to accommodate himself with such a command, he returned again into England, resolving to retire to a country life, and to his books, that, since he was not like to improve himself in arms, he might advance in letters."

Lord Falkland persevered in his resolution; and though extremely attached to the society of London, determined to absent himself from the capital for some years, and to devote himself entirely to study. The death of his father compelled him to visit the metropolis before the period of his self-exile had expired; however, as soon as was practicable, he returned to his house in the country, and to the severe course of study which he had prescribed for himself. Before he was twenty-three, he had obtained a profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, and was deeply conversant with all theological controversies. His house at Burford, within twelve miles of Oxford, was resorted to by the principal persons of the university, and frequently by the most learned scholars of the metropolis. Lord Clarendon says, "They found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came there to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society." According to Wood, such was the opinion entertained by the University of Oxford of Lord Falkland's reasoning powers, that it was a common remark at the time, that if the Devil or the Grand Turk were to be converted, his lordship and Chillingworth would be able to effect it. Lord Falkland was, at this time, a gay and cheerful man, and his delightful conversation was not the least attraction to this happy academical retreat. He continued this laudable course of life for a few years, and when he again entered the

world at twenty-six, was acknowledged to be one of the deepest scholars of his time.

It would be useless to dwell on the writings of Lord Falkland, which have doubtless their merit, but are now either forgotten, or remembered only by name. In early life he had been an ardent admirer of the Muses, and of the lighter literature of the times: indeed, he was himself a poet. Suckling pays him a beautiful compliment in his Session of the Poets. Apollo has summoned Falkland to his presence, but,

> He was of late so gone with divinity,
> That he had almost forgot his poetry;
> Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,
> He might have been both, his priest and his poet.

Swift tells us (it is doubtful on what authority) that Lord Falkland, in his writings, whenever he entertained any doubts as to the intelligibility of a sentence, "used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids (not the waiting woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgment was guided, whether to receive or to reject it."* Lord Falkland used to remark, that "he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a wet day."

Not a few of his contemporaries have paid a grateful tribute to his genius and social qualities. Cowley addressed a poem to him, on his return from the expedition against the Scots. It commences,

> Great is thy charge, O North! be wise and just;
> England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
> Return him safe. Learning would rather choose
> Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose.
> All things that are but writ or printed there,
> In his unbounded breast engraven are.
> There all the sciences together meet,
> And every art does all her kindred greet.

* "Letter to a Young Gentleman, lately entered into Holy Orders." Something of the same story is related of Rousseau.

Waller, also, in a poem on the same subject, thus panegyrizes him:

> Brave Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes;
> Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose
> We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
> To civilize and to instruct the North!

Lord Falkland's reverence for parliaments, and a representative form of government; a preconceived distaste to the manners and practices of a court; and an especial admiration of the character of Hampden, had early induced him to connect himself with the popular party. Even when he had come fully to comprehend the dangerous lengths to which the patriots were proceeding, and had entirely seceded from his former friends, it was with extreme difficulty that he could be induced to declare himself an adherent of the court. So jealous was he, lest his conduct should be attributed to interested motives, that although Charles openly courted his friendship, and invited him to several personal interviews, his manners to his sovereign, to say the least, were far from conciliatory, while, to the hangers-on at court, they were morose and almost insulting. When disinclination at length yielded to duty, and he accepted the appointment of secretary of state, he carried his high sense of probity to a laudable, though unfortunate weakness. At a period when the meanest advantages were seized upon by the republicans, his chivalrous notions of honour prevented him either from employing spies, or opening a suspected letter. A statesman may be a man of sense, without being a Machiavelli. Lord Falkland was too pure for his generation, and became the dupe of knaves and hypocrites.

His personal advantages were not considerable. Lord Clarendon says in his autobiography, "His person and presence were in no degree attractive or promising. His stature was low, and smaller than most men; his motion not graceful, and his aspect so far from inviting, that it had somewhat in it of simplicity; and his voice, the worst of the three, so untuned, that instead of recon-

ciling, it offended the ear, so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue; and sure no man was less beholden to nature for its recommendation into the world." Such a description adds little to our romantic notions of Lord Falkland. Anthony Wood tells us "that he had no great strength; that his hair was black and somewhat flaggy, and his eye black and lively."

Lord Falkland's marriage, imprudent as it was considered by the votaries of the world, was productive, as far as can be ascertained, of no unhappiness to himself. Wood informs us that "her Christian name was Lettice, and that she was daughter of Sir Richard Morison, Knight, of Tooley Park, Leicestershire." Lord Clarendon styles her "a lady of most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life." Aubrey, however, affords us a more amusing insight into Lord Falkland's domestic history. "I will tell you," he says, "a pretty story from Will Hawes, of Trinity College, who told me that my lady was, after the manner of women, much governed by, and indulgent to, the nursery. When she had a mind to beg any thing of my lord, for one of her maids, women, nurses, &c., she would not do it of herself, if she could help it, but put this gentleman, Lord Falkland's former tutor, upon it, to move it to my lord. My lord had but a small estate to his title, and the old gentleman would say, 'Madam, this is so unreasonable a motion to propose to my lord, that I am certain he will never grant it;' *e. g.* one time to let a bargain, a farm, twenty pounds per annum under value. At length, when she could not prevail on him, she would say, 'I warrant you, for all this, I will obtain it of my lord; *it will cost me but the expense of a few tears.*' Now she would make her words good, and this great wit, the greatest master of reason and judgment of his time, at the long run being stormed by *her tears* (I presume there were kisses and secret embraces that were also ingredients,) would this pious lady obtain her unreasonable desires of her poor lord."

Wood speaks of Lady Falkland as "a disconsolate

widow, and the most devout, pious, and virtuous lady of the time she lived in." Granger also remarks, "When that great and amiable man was no more, she fixed her eyes on heaven, and, though sunk in the deepest affliction, she soon found that relief from acts of piety and devotion, which nothing else could have administered." It appears, that the greatest portion of her time was spent in religious worship, in family prayer, "singing psalms," and catechising her children and her servants. She visited her poor neighbours, and read aloud from religious books while they employed themselves in spinning. Lord Falkland bequeathed her the whole of his property, and committed his three sons to her care.

Of these sons, Lucius, Lord Falkland, a young man of great parts, died at an early age at Paris. Henry, who succeeded to the title, appears to have been principally remarkable for the mildness of his disposition, and an early taste for dissipation. He is even said to have parted with his father's splendid library for "a horse and a mare." He afterwards reformed, and, like his father, by his great diligence made up for time misspent, and talents misapplied. He was elected member for Oxfordshire, and was afterwards lord lieutenant for that county. When he first took his seat in the House of Commons, an old senator objected to his youthful appearance, and questioned whether he had yet sown his "wild oats"—"Then," said the young lord, "I am come to the properest place, where there are so many geese to pick them up." The youngest son, who also became Lord Falkland, was a lord of the admiralty, and died in 1693.

To return to the subject of the present memoir. The breaking out of the civil war, and the miseries which threatened his country, embittered more and more the happiness of his life. In moments of mental anguish he was frequently heard to exclaim, *Peace, peace;* and he himself remarked, "that the calamities of the kingdom robbed him of his sleep, and would shortly break his heart." Depressed as his spirits usually were, on the morning of a battle he appeared invariably cheerful, and

his spirits rose with the increasing excitement. According to his own statement, inclination led him to be a soldier, and the camp had especial charms for the philosopher. Though merely a volunteer, he ever took his share in the hour of danger, and attached himself to the most daring and reckless commander, who was likely to lead his followers into the thickest of the fight. At Edgehill he incurred considerable risk, by interposing in favour of the flying and defenceless wretches, who had thrown down their arms. "Some thought," says Lord Clarendon, "that he had come into the field out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and out of charity to prevent the shedding of blood."

There can be no doubt but that Lord Falkland voluntarily threw away his life at the battle of Newbury. He flung himself into the middle of the fight, and opened his breast to the weapons of his foes. Whitelock tells us, that on the morning of the battle, he asked for a clean shirt, and being asked the reason of it,* "If I am slain," he said, "they shall not find my body in foul linen." When his friends would have dissuaded him risking his life, on the ground that he filled no ostensible post, and could not be considered as a military officer: "I am weary," he said, "of the times, and foresee the misery of my country: I believe I shall be out of it before night." At another time, when remonstrated with by a friend, he replied, "that he made himself so conspicuous from his desire of peace, that it was necessary to show how little he dreaded the worst hazards of war." It has been generally supposed that grief for the impending miseries of his country was Lord Falkland's inducement in sacrificing his life. Aubrey, however, who is in some degree borne out by other authority, attributes his rashness to his private sorrows. "At Newbury," he says, "my Lord Falkland being there, and having nothing to do but to charge, as the two armies were engaging, rode in, like a madman as he was, between them, and was,

* It is amusing to find so daily an act of cleanliness requiring an explanation. If the days of chivalry are over, the days of comfort are at least improved.

as he needs must be, shot. Some would attribute it to the unfortunate advice which he had given Charles, but I have been well informed by those that best knew him and knew intrigues behind the curtain, that it was the grief of the death of Mrs. Moray, a handsome lady at court, who was his mistress, and whom he loved above all creatures, was the true cause of his being so madly guilty of his own death. The next day, when they went to bury the dead, they could not find his lordship's body: it was stripped, and trod upon, and mangled. So there was one that waited on him in his chamber, would undertake to know it from all other bodies, by a certain mole his lordship had in his neck, and by that mark did find it."

There is a passage in Clarendon's Life of himself, which evidently bears on the scandal of Aubrey. "Those who did not know him very well," (writes the noble historian,) "imputed, very unjustly, much of his sadness to a violent passion he had for a noble lady; and it was the more spoken of, because she died the same day, and, as some computed it, in the same hour that he was killed. But they who knew either the lord or the lady, knew well that neither of them was capable of an ill imagination. She was of the most unspotted virtue; never married; of an extraordinary talent of mind, but of no alluring beauty, nor of a constitution of tolerable health, being in a deep consumption, and not like to have lived so long by many months." There will be found a material difference between the accounts of Aubrey and Clarendon. The lady alluded to by the former was not possessed of rank, and it is to the *fact* of her death that Falkland's grief is attributed. Lord Clarendon's heroine is evidently of noble birth, and, for any thing that Falkland knew to the contrary, was alive to the hour of his death.

On the morning of the battle of Newbury, Lord Falkland, as was usual on such occasions, appeared remarkably cheerful. He had insisted on placing himself in front of Sir John Byron's regiment, which it was supposed would be engaged in the hottest of the action. If

his prayer was for death, it was not breathed in vain. In charging a body of infantry, he was shot from behind a hedge, in the lower part of the stomach, and instantly fell dead from his horse: his body, as related by Aubrey, was not discovered till the following day.

Lord Clarendon mourns affectionately over his unfortunate friend:—"In that unhappy battle," he says, "was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts, of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it would be most infamous and execrable to all posterity." The praise of Whitelock is almost equally fervent, while his political hostility renders it more valuable.

Lord Falkland was killed on the 20th of September, 1643, having only completed his thirty-third year. He was buried in the church of Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.

LUCY,

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

This "Erynnys of her time," as she is styled by Bishop Warburton, was undoubtedly the most enchanting woman at the court of Charles. Next to the far-famed Sacharissa, she was the goddess of Waller's idolatry; the mistress of the high-minded Strafford, and of the demagogue Pym; celebrated by Voiture, Suckling, and half the poets of the day, it would nevertheless have been better for her had she courted respect more, and admiration less. Such, however, were her wit and loveliness, and such was the fascination of her address, that her very foibles rendered her more charming. Though she never understood her own mind, she imagined that she had a deep insight into that of others. Dissatisfied with the influence which a combination of wit, youth, and beauty, are able to confer, and with an unhappy distaste to the duties and pleasures of domestic life, it was her object to become the queen of a political party; and though disqualified both by her sex and her incapacity from attaining that object, yet her accomplishments and talents for intrigue rendered her an acquisition to her own friends, and frequently caused embarrassments to the court. However, had she quite deserved the strong epithet of Warburton, it is probable that her admirers would have been fewer, and their praises less warm.

The Lady Lucy Percy was the youngest daughter of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland. On the 6th of November, 1617, she was married, without her father's consent, to James Hay, the fantastic spendthrift, after-

wards created Earl of Carlisle. We know little of the terms on which they lived together; but it appears certain that her intimacy with Strafford commenced during the lifetime of her husband. The name of Lady Carlisle is frequently mentioned with interest in the Strafford Letters. On the 9th of January, 1633, Mr. Garrard writes to the earl in Ireland: "My Lady Carlisle hath not been well of late, looks well, but hath utterly lost her stomach, insomuch that she is forced to leave the court for a while, and be at Mr. Thomas Cary's house in the Strand, for the taking of physic and recovery of her health; which house her lord hath taken at £150 a year rent, ever since Mr. Cary was designed ambassador for Venice." The fact of her intrigue with Strafford has been questioned, but their intimacy is sufficiently established by more than one letter among the Sidney Papers.

In 1636 her husband left her a young and beautiful widow. It was on this occasion that Waller composed his fine verses, "To the Countess of Carlisle in mourning;" when he addresses her so happily, as—

A Venus rising from a sea of jet.

Perhaps she did not mourn deeply for her eccentric lord, for the poet proceeds in his consolation in rather a singular strain:

We find not that the laughter-loving dame
Mourned for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed;
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffused, had marred the funeral.

Sir William Davenant, also, addressed a copy of verses to her on the same melancholy occasion. They commence with some elegance:

This cypress folded here, instead of lawn!
These tapers winking, and these curtains drawn!
What may they mean?

Voiture, who was probably acquainted with her when he was in England, has also celebrated her charms.

There is a character of Lady Carlisle, drawn by Sir Toby Matthews, which, notwithstanding its bombastic solemnity, obtained considerable note at the time. It is scarcely of sufficient importance to be transcribed at length, but an extract may not be unacceptable. Though intended for a panegyric, it leaves an impression as little favourable to the lady's character as to the author's sense. Sir Toby proceeds: "She will freely discourse of love, and hear both the fancies and powers of it; but if you will needs bring it within knowledge, and boldly direct it to herself, she is likely to divert the discourse; or at least seem not to understand it. By which you may know her humour and her justice; for since she cannot love in earnest, she would have nothing from love; so contenteth herself to play with love as with a child. She hath too great a heart to have naturally any strong inclination to others. Though she be observed not to be very careful in the public exercises of our religion; yet I agree not with their opinion who hold her likely to abandon and change it. She is in disposition inclined to be choleric, which she suppresses, not perhaps in consideration of the persons who occasion it, but upon a belief that it is unhandsome towards herself; which yet, being thus covered, doth so kindle and fire her wit, as that in very few words, it says somewhat so extracted, as that it hath a sharpness, and strength, and taste, to disrelish, if not to kill, the proudest hopes which you can have of her value of you. She more willingly allows of the conversation of men than of women; yet when she is amongst those of her own sex, her discourse is of fashions and dresses, which she hath ever so perfect upon herself, as she likewise teaches them by seeing her." Sir Toby attributes to her another, and more rare accomplishment of her sex. He tells us that she said what she had to say in the fewest words.

It is to this "Character," that Suckling alludes in his Session of the Poets. In introducing Sir Toby to

Apollo's notice as one of the candidates for the laurel, he proceeds with much pleasantness:

> Toby Matthews (plague on him!) how came he there?
> Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear;
> When he had the honour to be named in court,
> But, sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for 't.
> For had not her character furnished you out
> With something of handsome, beyond all doubt
> You and your sorry lady-muse had been
> In the number of those that were not let in.

Another poem of Suckling's, entitled "On the Lady Carlisle's walking in Hampton Court Gardens," consists of an amusing dialogue between Suckling and his friend Thomas Carew. The latter appears to have been deeply smitten, and apostrophizes the lady's charms in the following exquisite verse.

> Didst thou not find the place inspired?
> And flowers, as if they had desired
> No other sun, start from their beds,
> And for a sight steal out their heads?
> Heardst thou not music when she talked?
> And didst not find that as she walked
> She threw rare perfumes all about,
> Such as bean-blossoms newly out,
> Or chafed spices give?—

Suckling naturally amuses himself with the romance of his friend, on which the latter breaks out passionately,—

> 'Twas well for thee she left the place,
> There is great danger in that face.

But Carew's praises grow far too glowing and enthusiastic for further insertion.

A poem of Waller's on Lady Carlisle's bedchamber, commences with the following happy couplet:

> They taste of death that do at Heaven arrive,
> But we this paradise approach alive.

How strange are the anomalies of the human mind! This frivolous lady, worldly, beautiful, and unprincipled,

deserted the gay and refined society in which she had basked from her childhood, to become the companion of gloomy enthusiasts and sanctimonious hypocrites. Her panegyrist tells us that ambition often led her into extremes, and that notoriety was as dear to her as life. Probably the court had grown unusually dull; her charms might have become less attractive, or the death of Lord Strafford might have weakened her influence. Weariness, disgust, vanity, such are too often the real motives of human actions.

Lady Carlisle had been under many obligations to Queen Henrietta Maria, and had been trusted by her in her most private affairs. Moreover her intimacy with Strafford, and her acquaintance with the leading politicians of the time, had initiated her in many of the secrets of the council-table, and with the projects and sentiments of the court;* the defection of the fair renegade was therefore hailed with delight by the republicans. She discovered to them whatever she had been intrusted with, and zealously plotted and intrigued against her former friends; indeed, if we are to credit Sir Philip Warwick, she, who had won the affection, and listened to the eloquence of the lofty Strafford, became the mistress of his most deadly enemy, Pym. Probably the Puritan was really dazzled with her charms. However, it is certain that she attended the worship of the enthusiasts; affected to listen to their sermons, and even took notes of their discourse.†

At the Restoration, the politics of this volatile lady appear to have undergone another change, and to have hurried her into fresh intrigues. In a letter from Ignatius White to Sir G. Lane, dated 12th May, 1660, it is stated, —"The Queen of England's party is much dejected, their designs and projects being totally defeated. They have daily consultations at the Lady Carlisle's and some of them have expressed that they wished things had not succeeded in this manner, if the Marquess of Ormond

* Clarendon, Rebellion, vol. ii. p. 603, Appendix.
† Sir P. Warwick's Memoirs, p. 204.

and Sir E. Hyde must govern." This passage evidently refers to the disinclination of the Parliament to consent to the return of Henrietta into England. However, Lady Carlisle survived the date of this letter but a very few months; dying on the 5th of November, 1660, about the sixtieth year of her age.

Her death took place suddenly at Little Cashiobury House. She had dined heartily about two hours before, and having ordered her chair for the purpose of visiting the queen-mother, was employed in cutting some riband, when she suddenly fell lifeless without uttering a word. The Earl of Leicester says in his diary,—"It may be observed that she died upon the 5th of November, the day of the powder treason, for which her father was suspected and imprisoned."* The coincidence loses its ill-natured point, since Lord Leicester must have well known, that the stout old earl was as innocent of that detestable treason as himself.

The countess was buried near her father at Petworth.

* Journal of the Earl of Leicester; Blencowe's Sydney Papers, p. 160.

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Graceful, eloquent, and chivalrous even for the age in which he lived, with a genius as diversified as that of the admirable Crichton, and with the wonderful promise of a Picus de Mirandola, to whom he has been happily compared; with a vast capacity and amazing knowledge; how singular that littleness, vanity, and wrong-headedness, should have been the drawbacks of so many accomplishments. Changeable in religion, fantastic in his ideas of virtue, and false in his notions of honour, the hero turns braggart, the philosopher disregards truth, the orator wastes his eloquence in the drawing-room, the royalist becomes a suppliant to republicans, and the metaphysician condescends to write a cookery-book!

Sir Kenelm was born on the 11th of June, 1603.* His father was Sir Everard Digby, the handsomest man of his time, and the misled but conscientious fanatic, who suffered at the age of twenty-four, for his share in the gunpowder conspiracy. His mother was Mary, daughter and sole heiress of William Mulsho, Esq., of Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire. By the attainder of Sir Everard a portion of their large property was lost to the Digbys, and his son complains bitterly that a "foul stain on his blood" was the whole of his inheritance. At another time he speaks of the "scanty relics of a shipwrecked estate." Lord Clarendon, however, informs us, that he inherited a "fair and plentiful estate;" and we are told that so much of Sir Everard's property as was entailed, and consequently escaped confiscation by the crown,

* See a heavy discussion on the day of his birth in the Biographia Britannica, 2d edition, vol. v. p. 184.

amounted annually to the then considerable income of 3000*l.*

Sir Kenelm was entered at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in his fifteenth year. His tutor was Mr. Thomas Allen, a scholar of great eminence, whom he ever treated with regard and respect. In 1621, accompanied by Mr. Aston Cockaine, a person of graceful character and literary attainments, he proceeded on his travels into France, Italy, and Germany. In 1623 we find him at Madrid; being the period when Prince Charles and Buckingham were on their visit to that capital. In October following he was knighted by King James at Hinchinbroke, when only in his twenty-first year, the monarch paying him, in the presence of Prince Charles and the court, a very handsome compliment on his scholastic acquirements. He held, at different times, the appointments of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Commissioner of the Navy, and Governor of the Trinity House.

Sir Kenelm was exactly formed for a courtier, and was consequently consulted in all the gay plans and elegant diversions of the court of Charles. The king admired him for his genius, the queen for his grace and figure, and the courtiers for his good-nature, his vivacity, and the delightful powers of his conversation.

There is a peculiar and universal charm in the name of Venetia Stanley. Her singular story, her connexion with the eccentric philosopher, her accomplishments, and the portraits which still bloom with her unexampled loveliness, will ever excite an interest in whatever is connected with her name. It is a strange and undefinable feeling which attracts us to the erring beauties of former times. Jane Shore, the Fair Rosamond, and Nell Gwynne; La Belle Gabrielle, La Valière, and a hundred others; how singular, that those who were shunned and contemned in their lifetime, over whose sorrows and frailties the prude triumphed and the virtuous wept, should excite so deep an interest by the sight of their portraits, or the tale of their lives;—that the grave of tainted beauty should be brightened by the sunshine of romance and sympathy, while its maligners are unnoticed or

forgotten! There have been attempts to rescue the fair fame of Venetia Stanley from the attacks of Aubrey and the scandal-mongers. It is to be feared, however, after a candid examination of all the facts, that none but a very gallant, or a very simple-minded person would become the champion of such questionable virtue.

Sir Kenelm has written the memoirs of his own life under the title of Loose Fantasies, in which he introduces himself under the name of Theagenes, and Venetia Stanley as Stelliana. They were written after his marriage, and were never intended to see the light.* Admiration of Venetia's beauty appears to have chiefly prompted him to the task, and perhaps he was desirous of flattering himself with the purity of his bride; his apologies for her conduct were doubtless received from her own mouth.

Venetia Stanley was daughter of Sir Edward Stanley of Tongue Castle, in Shropshire, a Knight of the Bath, and grandson of Edward, third Earl of Derby. Her mother, who died when Venetia was but a few months old, was Lucy, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland. Sir Kenelm may well boast of the genealogy of his bride.

Sir Edward, Venetia's father, is said to have been so deeply affected at his wife's death, (whom, however, he had neglected in his lifetime,) that he secluded himself altogether from the world, and committed his infant to the care of a kinsman. Aubrey places the scene of her childhood at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire, where he asserts that she was under the sole charge of the tenant and his servants. It is difficult to authenticate such minute facts.

The residence of Lady Digby, Sir Kenelm's mother, was in the neighbourhood of Euston, and consequently the two children were frequently in each other's society. Their early, indeed almost infantine attachment, is re-

* They have been published within the last few years by Sir Harris Nicolas from the original among the Harleian MSS. The introductory memoir will be considered by many readers as more entertaining than the autobiography itself.

verted to in after-life with considerable pathos by the handsome philosopher. "The first time," he says, "that ever they had sight of one another they grew so fond of each other's company, that all who saw them said assuredly that something above their tender capacity breathed this sweet affection into their hearts. They would mingle serious kisses among their innocent sports; and whereas other children of like age did delight in fond play and light toys, these two would spend the day in looking upon each other's face, and in accompanying these looks with gentle sighs, which seemed to portend that much sorrow was laid up for their understanding years; and if at any time they happened to use such recreations as were suitable to their age, they demeaned themselves therein so prettily and so affectionately, that one would have said love was grown a child again, and took delight to play with them. And when the time of parting came, they would take their leaves with such abundance of tears and sighs as made it evident that so deep a sorrow could not be borne and nursed in children's breasts, without a nobler cause than the usual fondness in others."

According to Sir Kenelm, the fair Venetia was still extremely young when she accompanied her father to London on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. with the Elector Palatine. "Her beauty and discretion," he says, "did soon draw the eyes and thoughts of all men to admiration." Aubrey's account of her visit is very different. "She was a most beautiful desirable creature," he says, "and being *matura viro*, was left by her father to live with a tenant and servants at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire; but as private as that place was, it seems her beauty could not lie hid. The young eagles had spied her, and she was sanguine and tractable, and of much suavity, which to abuse was great pity. I have now forgot who first brought her to town, but I have heard my uncle Danvers say, who was her contemporary, that she was so commonly courted that it was written over her lodging one night *in literis uncialibus*,

Pray come not near,
For Dame Venetia Stanley lodgeth here."

Aubrey enters still further into exaggerated details. "In those days," he says, "Richard, Earl of Dorset, eldest son and heir to the lord treasurer, lived in the greatest splendour of any nobleman in England. Among other pleasures that he enjoyed, Venus was not the least. This pretty creature's fame came to his lordship's ears, who made no delay to catch at such an opportunity. He was her greatest gallant, was extremely enamoured of her, and had one or more children by her. He settled on her an annuity of five hundred per annum."

How much of this scandal may be true, we will not now wait to determine, but rather follow Sir Kenelm in his narrative of his bride. According to the strange account in the "Loose Fantasies," Venetia was wooed about this period by a nobleman of the court, who is distinguished by the name of Ursatius. By the knight's own statement it seems, that Ursatius had not the remotest thoughts of marriage, and that he offered an indignity to her, which, considering her proud connexions, it was impossible he could have been guilty of had her conduct been previously irreproachable. Faithful to her old lover, Venetia rejects Ursatius. Ursatius, however, bribes her attendant, who, by persuading her mistress that she has made an appointment for her with Digby, contrives to decoy Venetia into the hands of Ursatius. Sir Kenelm thus describes what follows:—"She was scarce gone half way to the appointed place, when five or six horsemen, well mounted overtook the coach; who, speaking to the coachman that was instructed what to do, he stayed his horses, and two of them alighting, came into the coach to her, and drawing their poniards, threatened her with death if she cried out or made any noise, assuring her withal, that from them she should receive no violence if she would sit quietly: and there withal drew the curtains, that none might see who was in the coach as they passed by." Venetia is hurried to a house in the country, and, overcome with fatigue and distress, retires to her bed. She is awoke shortly after-

wards by a person stumbling at her chamber-door, and rising half upright in her bed, perceives that she is alone with Ursatius. The intruder falls on his knees, and after a long conversation, the house-keeper enters with supper. The meal being over, they take a long walk in the garden; till the evening drawing on, they again return to Venetia's bed-chamber, which, "by this time being dressed up, and the bed made to receive her," Ursatius leaves her to her rest. During the whole of this scene, as is justly observed by Sir Kenelm's biographer, there is no notice as to what time Venetia rose, or whether her admirer quitted the room while she made her toilet. And yet all this is related by her own husband.

Ursatius having retired, Venetia ties her sheets together and lets herself drop from the window. In her flight she is attacked by a wolf, from whose fangs she is rescued by a young nobleman, who after becomes her lover, and by whom she is conducted to the house of a female relation, in the neighbourhood. Here Venetia meets her old lover Sir Kenelm; but his mother is so averse to their union, and they are so closely watched, that a meeting is rendered almost impracticable. Fortunately, however, Venetia drops her glove, and Sir Kenelm picking it up, and first kissing it, places in it a letter, in which he points out a very feasible plan for ensuring an interview. The following day, being out hunting, and having managed to separate themselves from the rest of the company, Venetia turns her horse into a secluded path. She is of course followed by her lover. Having entered a thicket they recline themselves on the turf, and with their horses grazing beside them, renew their tender speeches, and vows of everlasting attachment.

Shortly after this period, Sir Kenelm departed on his travels. His prowess and erudition, his extraordinary personal strength and his gigantic stature, rendered him the wonder and admiration of foreign courts. It was said of him, in allusion to his address and powers of per-

suasion, that had he dropped from the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected. The Jesuits admitted the truth of the flattery: they added, however, that he must first have remained in the place where he fell at least six weeks,* in order to give time for his accomplishments to develope themselves. According to Lloyd, a certain Italian prince, who had no children, considered Sir Kenelm so perfect a standard of perfection, that he was desirous his wife should have a son by him.† Aubrey says, alluding to his personal advantages, —"He was a person of extraordinary strength. I remember one at Shirburne protested to us, that he, being a middling man, being set in a chair, Sir K. took him up, chair and all, with one arm: he was of an undaunted courage, yet not apt in the least to give offence." But we must follow the philosopher in his discourse of himself.

Sir Kenelm informs us, that during his stay at Paris, the Queen of France, Mary de Medicis, not only fell deeply in love with him at a masque, but her admiration, he says, increased to such violence, that in order to preserve his faith to Venetia, he was compelled to quit the French court; and that, further, to avoid the effects of her jealousy, he caused a report to be spread of his death. It is singular that, many years afterwards, Sir Kenelm was released from confinement in Winchester House, (to which he had been sentenced by the Parliament,) at the express intercession of this princess.

From Paris, Sir Kenelm proceeded to Angers, and thence into Italy. At Florence, in which town he fixed his residence, he wrote a letter to Venetia, cautioning her to place no credence in the reports of his death, and renewing his protestations of unalterable love. Unfortunately his letters were intercepted by his mother, and Venetia continued impressed with the conviction that he was no more. Overcome with grief, she excluded herself from all society, with the exception only of the young nobleman who had rescued her from the fangs of the

* Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 351. † Loyal Sufferers, p. 580.

wolf. As they were known to be constantly in each other's society, the world soon busied itself with their names; and though, according to Sir Kenelm, she persisted in rejecting her new lover, and remained constant to the memory of their former loves, yet he admits that she "so much forgot her wonted discretion as to admit his rival to a nearer familiarity than, in terms of rigour, was fit for her." He further adds, that she consented to sit for her picture, which her admirer "used afterwards to show as a glorious trophy of her conquered affections."

It is impossible to fix with any certainty the name of this fortunate rival, although there is a passage in Aubrey which may be considered to throw some light on the story. "Venetia Stanley," says Aubrey, "was first a miss to Sir Edmund Wyld; so he had her picture, which, after his death, Serjeant Wyld, his executor, had; and since the serjeant's death, hangs now in an entertaining-room, at Droitwich, in Worcestershire: the serjeant lived at Droitwich." Aubrey repeats the same story in another place. "Sir Edmund Wyld," he says, "had her picture, and you may imagine, was very familiar with her; which picture is now at Droitwich, in Worcestershire, at an inn." Sir Kenelm, as we shall see presently, disposes of the picture in a different manner.

According to Sir Kenelm, Venetia, after mourning her early lover for more than a year, at length gave a cold consent to become the wife of his rival. Her long silence had for some time plunged him into a deep melancholy; but when the news of her approaching marriage was at length brought to him at Florence, "coupled," he says, "with such circumstances as went to the prejudice of her honour," such were his misery and despair, that not all his philosophical precepts, nor his long course of study and reflection, proved of the least avail to mitigate the heart-rending blow. In the mean time, however, the match had been broken off. His rival, it seems, while on a visit to his country-seat, had been captivated by "a new rural beauty," and Venetia, being informed of his defection, disdainfully refused to admit him to an inter-

view, and encountered all his overtures for a reconciliation with hatred and scorn.

At this period, Sir Kenelm, ignorant of what was passing in England, was proceeding on his way to Madrid, where his relation, the Earl of Bristol, was then playing so prominent a part in the Spanish match; and whither Charles and the Duke of Buckingham were also progressing. In his journey he encountered a Brahmin, who not only convinced him that Venetia's honour remained unspotted, but even conjured up her spirit to his view. His description of her supernatural appearance, "seated," he says, "in the attitude of grief, at the foot of a blasted tree, her long hair hanging dishevelled over her white shoulders, and her head leaning on her hand," is given in the most poetical language; but of course, can only be considered as a beautiful picture.

After more than one singular adventure, in which it is extremely difficult to draw the exact line between truth and fiction, so highly are they coloured by the vanity of the narrator, Digby sailed from Spain in company with Prince Charles, and landed at Portsmouth on the 5th of October, 1623. As he entered London, he accidentally encountered Venetia. "After so long an absence," he says, "her beauty seemed brighter to him than when he left her: but she sat pensively in one side of the coach by herself, as Apelles might have taken her counterfeit to express Venus sorrowing for her beloved Adonis." He instantly sent his servant to make inquiries where she lived, and having respectfully solicited an interview, was admitted to her presence on the following day. Though fully convinced of her unworthiness, he describes their meeting as rapturous in the extreme. "It can be conceived," he says, "by no one, but such as have loved in a divine manner, and have had their affections suspended by misfortunes and mistakes." The interview concludes by Venetia, like a true woman, convincing her lover of her purity and faith.

Whoever has studied human nature, or been in any degree conversant with the dispositions of women, will discover internal evidence in Sir Kenelm's own relation,

that he himself discredited the purity of his beautiful mistress. There is, indeed, throughout his narrative, an entire want of candour; a plausible and manifest apology for his weak marriage; and a desire to cloak folly under the garb of romance. Considering how frequent are his allusions to their "high and divine friendship," it will scarcely be credited that the philosopher made more than one attempt to induce her to become his mistress. Such insults *to virtue* are impossible. With a name far prouder than his own, had Venetia Stanley been really as unspotted, and his own love as pure and "divine," as he would make us believe, he would scarcely have ventured upon such an insult even in thought.

Let us hear the metaphysician's own apology for his conduct. Her excessive beauty and gracefulness, he says, did so win upon his senses, that after some time, when he thought he had re-established himself in a good place of her well-liking, he attempted her to consent to his passion, and prosecuted his suit with all the vehemence and subtlety that an earnest and well-experienced lover could use, without mention of any provision to her honour; which she no sooner perceived, but that her heart swelling with a noble anger and disdain, she banished him from her presence; and it was a long time before he could take off that hard sentence, though he daily offered up to her indignation much sorrow and unfeigned sighs of deep repentance. Venetia, however, relents, and their hearts are again joined in a "fraternal affection." The comedy continues to the end. Digby is in raptures at her dignified reception of his lawless overtures, and deduces fresh arguments in favour of her chastity. And yet, after a short period he entered her bed-chamber, and actually stole into bed with her while she was fast asleep. Venetia awakes, and the same picture of offended virtue is again retouched. Digby eventually consents to withdraw himself, on condition *that she will sing to him while he dresses himself!**

There must have been much temptation in that beautiful face. Aubrey says: "She had a most lovely

* Private Memoirs, Introd. p. 25.

sweet-turned face, delicate dark-brown hair. She had a perfect healthy constitution; strong; good skin; well-proportioned, inclining to *bona roba*. Her face, a short oval; dark-brown eyebrow, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eyelids. The colour of her cheeks was just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. She was of a just stature, not very tall." No wonder, when Sir Kenelm quitted her chamber, that he meditated on the "miraculous perfections" which he had seen. There are none of her contemporaries who do not speak of Venetia Stanley as the loveliest creature they had ever beheld.

Considering the opposition of his mother, his own doubts as to the purity of his mistress, and the arguments of his friends, it seems that Digby would never have made Venetia his wife, but for an act of feminine generosity which the real nobleness of his nature could well enable him to appreciate. Having been selected to accompany the Duke of Buckingham in his splendid mission to France, to conduct Henrietta Maria to England, his means scarcely enabled him to present a proper figure in so illustrious a pageant. It was his Venetia who averted the mortification. She lost no time in pawning both her plate and jewels, and at once made him master of all she possessed in the world. Digby's heart relented, and, forgetting or scorning the stories against her honour, he made her the offer of his hand. But Sir Kenelm says he received from her an answer much contrary to what he expected; "the effect of which was a flat refusal, pronounced with much settledness and a constant gravity, which yet she could not deliver without many tears." "She had consented," she said, "to marry another man, and had allowed him to possess himself of her picture." "Hereafter," she added, "the heat and edge of his passion might be somewhat abated, and he might give another interpretation to her past actions than now he did, and peradventure deem her not so worthy of his affection and respect." A hint to the most chivalrous person of his age, was of course sufficient. He challenged his former rival to single

combat; but the latter proved "unworthy to be his enemy." He returned the picture into Sir Kenelm's hands; at the same time proclaiming in writing, that he had been guilty of falsehood if he had ever slandered her honour.

Sir Kenelm's mother continuing strongly opposed to his union with Venetia, their marriage took place in private. Their first child was born in October, 1625; Lady Digby's confinement having been hastened by a fall from her horse, and her labour attended by considerable danger.

We have already referred to the probability of Sir Kenelm being himself satisfied of the unworthiness of his bride; and as his notions regarding the female character were as indelicate as they were peculiar, the supposition acquires additional weight.—"He would say," observes Aubrey, "that a handsome lusty man that was discreet, might make a virtuous wife out of a brothel-house." Probably he really said as much, for in one of the suppressed passages of his memoirs he affirms that circumstances may possibly occur, when a man may be justified in consenting to his wife's dishonour.* Certainly either his notions of women were far from refined, or the arguments for his marriage are most absurdly casuistical.

It is not willingly that we admit the further scandal of Aubrey. "Much against his mother's consent," says that writer, "he married that celebrated beauty and courtezan, Mistress Venetia Stanley, whom Richard, Earl of Dorset kept as concubine, had children by, and settled an annuity of five hundred a year upon; which, after Sir Kenelm Digby married, was unpaid by the earl. Sir Kenelm sued the earl after marriage, and recovered it." Again adds the same writer:—"Richard, Earl of Dorset invited her and her husband once a year, when, with much desire and passion he beheld her, and only kissed her hand; Sir Kenelm being still by." Lord Clarendon merely remarks on his friend Digby's union:

* Introduction, p. 31.

"He married a lady of extraordinary beauty, and of *as extraordinary a fame.*"

Considering all the circumstances of the case, the purity of Venetia Stanley is undoubtedly a very questionable matter: the reader, however, has the facts before him, and will form his own opinions of her immaculacy. He must avoid, however, placing too much reliance either on Digby's graceful apology or Aubrey's amusing scandal. The former had an evident object in discolouring truth, and the latter, though there is no ground for accusing him of wilful misrepresentation, is more than once guilty of palpable inconsistencies. It must be admitted, that scandal seldom fastens on a woman's character without some cause. If Venetia Stanley were indeed pure, never was virtue so infamously maligned. "A wise man," says Sir Kenelm, "should not confine himself to what may be said of the past actions of his wife;" and yet he challenged a gentleman of the bedchamber, who had boasted of the favours which had been conferred upon him by Venetia. "His adversary," he says, "avoided the combat by admitting the falsehood; proving himself thereby an indiscreet, rash, and dishonest coward."

The activity of Digby's character seems to have been little impaired by marriage, and, as he himself informs us, he longed to give proof of it to the world. At this period, in consequence of some disputes with the Venetians, and especially from the frequent piracies of the Algerines, the English trade in the Mediterranean had suffered to a ruinous extent. Accordingly, having succeeded in obtaining the king's commission, and having fitted out a squadron at his own cost, Sir Kenelm sailed from England on the 29th of December, 1627, in pursuit of fame for himself and satisfaction for his countrymen. This was about three years after his marriage; and his parting with Venetia is affectingly described. It may be remarked, that previous to quitting England he announced his union to the world.

Shortly after sailing, a disease broke out in his ships, and made a great havoc amongst his men. His officers

would have persuaded him to return, but he was obstinate in pursuing his course. Fortune at length favoured him. After capturing several armed vessels of the Algerines, and setting many English slaves at liberty, he suddenly fell in with a combined French and Venetian squadron in the Bay of Scanderoon. Though his own force was greatly inferior in point of numbers, he determined on giving them battle; and, setting a gallant example to his followers by bringing his own vessel alongside the flag-ship of the enemy, the action was speedily decided in his favour. Lord Clarendon says: "He encountered their whole fleet, killed many of their men, and sunk one of their galleasses; which, in that drowsy and inactive time, was looked upon with a general estimation, though the crown disavowed it:" Ben Jonson thus celebrates the engagement:

> Witness thy action done at Scanderoon,
> Upon thy birth-day, the eleventh of June.

Owing to the difficulty in fixing the precise day of Digby's birth, this indifferent couplet has given rise to far more controversy than it would otherwise have deserved. The merit of such a conceit can only consist in the truth of the coincidence, and unfortunately there is a question in both instances as to the poet's chronological accuracy. Both Anthony Wood and Aubrey, the latter on the authority of Ashmole and Napier, insist that his birth took place on the 11th of *July*, and consequently, that Jonson altered the month for the sake of the rhyme. It appears, moreover, by Digby's own letter, describing the action at Scanderoon, that the battle was fought on the *sixteenth* of June. As the 16th would have served the metre as well as the 11th, probably Jonson in this instance was really misled. In the other case, the merits of his correctness are not so easily decided.*

After all, it is singular that the 11th of June should

* See Biog. Brit. vol. v. p. 185, second edition, where the question is more fully discussed.

have proved the day of Digby's decease. Ferrar's epitaph, while it echoes the conceit of Jonson, improves it by this important addition to the coincidence:

> Born on the day he died, the eleventh of June,
> And that day bravely fought at Scanderoon;
> It's rare that one and the same day should be
> His day of birth, of death, and victory!

With the relation of his famous action, Sir Kenelm's autobiography concludes. But for the difficulty of arriving at plain facts, and the vanity and hectoring which occasionally sully its pages, it would be an extremely valuable, as it is certainly an entertaining work. Were we to place confidence in one half of what the author relates of his own feelings, the partition between eccentricity and madness would indeed be slender. But it is to be feared (though to have expressed such an opinion might have been dangerous in the lifetime of the knight) that truth was not the golden mean in the code of Sir Kenelm's philosophy. Agreeable as his conversation is admitted to have been, his stories of what he had seen and heard were received with considerable caution by his auditors, whom he appears to have astounded, almost as much as he delighted them. Henry Stubbe, the physician, called him "the Pliny of his age for lying;"* and Anthony Wood mentions an especial story of his, which, he adds, "put men to very great wonder:"—"viz. of a city in Barbary, under the King of Tripoli, that was turned into stone in a very few hours by a petrifying vapour that fell upon the place, that is, men, beasts, trees, houses, utensils, &c.; every thing remaining in the same posture, as children at their mother's breasts, &c." It is but fair to add, that, although the account was certainly transmitted by him to England, Sir Kenelm was not the originator of this absurd fiction. His authority was the librarian to the grand duke at Florence, who it appears received it from the grand duke himself.†

* Birch, Lives of Illustrious Persons, p. 152.

† See Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 352; and Biog. Brit. vol. v. p. 195, 2d ed.

But a story, almost as strange, is related by the philosopher himself in his Powder of Sympathy. A beautiful female relation, he says, who was on the point of becoming a mother, had not only fallen into the detestable fashion of wearing patches on the face, but was conspicuous for the number which she wore, and the nicety of their arrangement. Sir Kenelm had a peculiar abhorrence of this new and unbecoming mode. "Have you," he said to the lady, "no apprehension that the child may be born with half-moons upon its face; or rather, that all the black patches which you bear up and down in small portions, may assemble in one, and appear in the middle of his forehead?" His words had the effect of frightening the lady, and the patches were discarded. Sir Kenelm asserts, however, that such was the power of imagination, that the child, which proved to be a daughter, had the misfortune of being born with a mark, "as large as a crown of gold," in the centre of its forehead.

Lady Fanshawe, in her Memoirs, mentions her having met Sir Kenelm at dinner, at the house of the Governor of Calais, where several French gentlemen were present. She informs us, that he took the lead in the conversation, and entertained them with a number of stories, far too marvellous to be true. "But," she adds, "the concluding one was that barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish to appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird: after some consideration, they unanimously burst out in laughter, believing it altogether false; and to say the truth, it was the only thing true that he had discoursed with them; that was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts and a very fine-bred gentleman."

On another occasion, at the house of a chemist in France, a question having arisen among the company respecting the dissolvent of gold, we find this strange person relating another of his astonishing stories. "One of the royal houses in England," he said, "having stood covered with lead for five or six ages, and being sold after that time, was found to contain three-fourths of silver in the lead;" he further said, "that a fixed salt,

drawn out of a certain potter's earth at Arcueil in France, being for some time exposed to the sunbeams, became saltpetre, then vitriol, then lead, tin, copper, silver, and, at the end of fourteen months, gold; which he affirmed to have experienced himself, as well as another able naturalist."*

Although, as Lady Fanshawe observes, Sir Kenelm was a "very fine-bred gentleman," and although he was good-natured in the extreme, (two circumstances extremely opposed to the general idea of a bully,) still, his fantastic notions of honour, and a natural love of a fray, were constantly leading him into quarrels. There is a curious tract in the British Museum, entitled, "Sir Kenelm's Honour Maintained, by a most courageous combat which he fought with the Lord Mount le Ros," &c.† It seems that Digby (then an exile in France, in consequence of some disgrace, the cause of which it is now fruitless to inquire into,) received an invitation from a French nobleman, Monsieur Mount le Ros, to dinner. In the course of the entertainment several healths were drunk, and, among others, the kings of France, Spain, and Portugal. At last their host proposed the health of the arrantest coward in the world. Sir Kenelm inquired who was meant. The host replied, that after the health was drunk he would acquaint him. Having drained their glasses,—"I mean," he said, "Sir Kenelm's master, the King of England."‡

Digby said nothing at the time, but invited his host to dine with him on the following day. During the evening, he desired his company to fill their glasses, and drink to the bravest king upon earth. He then named his own sovereign, at which the Frenchman laughed, and repeated his opinion of the previous day. Sir Kenelm told him, that though a disgraced man he was still loyal, and challenged him to single combat with the sword. Accordingly, dinner being over, they proceeded to a retired spot, and having taken off their

* Letters from Mr. Oldenberg to Mr. Boyle, dated Paris, 20th March, 1660.—*Birch, Lives of Illust. Persons*, p. 152.

† London, 1641.

‡ James the First.

doublets, commenced the encounter. At the fourth bout, Sir Kenelm ran his rapier through the Frenchman's breast till it came out at his throat. Sir Kenelm instantly set off to the French court, and, introducing himself to the king, acquainted him with the particulars of the quarrel. His majesty praised him for what he had done; assuring him that the proudest noble in France should not with impunity revile his brother monarch. He even sent a guard with Sir Kenelm to conduct him in safety through Flanders, whence he shortly afterwards set sail for England; his gallant conduct having probably obtained for him his pardon. The tract ends with the following doggrel verses:

> Now I conclude, commanding fame to show
> Brave Digby's worthy deed, that all may know
> He loved his king; may all so loyal prove,
> And like this Digby to their king show love.

But we must conclude the strange story of Venetia Stanley. After the period of her marriage, even her stern stigmatizer Aubrey admits that her conduct was irreproachable; and yet Sir Kenelm appears to have been continually jealous of her unrivalled loveliness. To his uxorious adoration we owe many of the beautiful portraits which remain of her: in the picture at Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, once the seat of Sir Kenelm, she is painted in a Roman habit, a serpent in one hand, and a pair of white doves resting on the other. At Windsor she is painted in a different dress, but with the same emblems. The doves seem to denote her innocence, and the serpent her triumph over the envenomed malignancy of her detractors.* Beneath her is a prostrate Cupid, and behind, a figure of Calumny bound to the earth. These devices were doubtless invented by her eccentric husband: notwithstanding his professed indifference to female virtue, many circumstances denote how gladly

* These emblems, however, may possibly have reference to the text in the Scriptures—"Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves;" such at least is the ingenious suggestion of a literary friend.

he would have been a believer in the chastity of his wife.

Sir Kenelm had several portraits painted of her by Vandyke. In one of these she is represented as treading on Malice and Envy, unhurt by a serpent which twines round her arm. At Althorpe there is another picture of her by that great artist, taken after she was dead.

At Gothurst there are two busts of her in brass; and Sir Kenelm had her feet, her hands, and her face, taken in plaister. Ben Jonson says,—

> Sitting and ready to be drawn,
> What mean these tiffany, silk, and lawn,
> Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
> When every limb takes like a face!

It is believed that her husband made use of the most singular expedients to increase the lustre of her charms, —that he invented cosmetics with this object, and among other fantastic experiments, supplied her with the flesh of capons which had been fed with vipers. After her death, but little brains being found in her head, Sir Kenelm attributed it to her drinking viper wine; but says Aubrey, "spiteful women would say it was a viper husband who was jealous of her." Pennant tells us,* that the most northern residence of the great snail, or *pomatia*, which is of exotic origin, is in the woods in the neighbourhood of Gothurst. He adds, "tradition says it was introduced by Sir Kenelm, as a medicine for the use of his lady."

Digby's jealousy, and the application of these strange medicaments, gave rise to a report that he had administered poison to his wife. Probably her dissolution was in reality hastened by his experiments. This beautiful woman was found dead in her bed, on the 1st of May, 1633, in her thirty-third year. She was discovered in the attitude of sleep, her head resting upon her hand. She was interred in Christ Church, near Newgate, under a monument of black marble, which supported her bust

* Journey from Chester to London, p. 452.

in copper gilt. This tomb was completely destroyed by the great fire, and her vault partially opened by its fall; but the bust escaped and was afterwards seen by Aubrey, exposed for sale in a brazier's stall. He neglected to purchase it, and he afterwards discovered that it had been melted down.

Ben Jonson composed no less that ten pieces on the death of Lady Digby. Of her descent he says:

I sing the just and uncontrouled descent
Of Dame Venetia Digby, styled the fair;
For mind and body the most excellent,
That ever nature, or the latter Ayre
Gave two such houses as Northumberland,
And Stanley, to the which she was coheir.
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand
At either stem, and know the veins of good
Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
Meeting of graces, that so swelled the flood
Of virtues in her, as in short, she grew
The wonder of her sex, and of your blood.

But the poet joins still higher praises:

She was in one a many parts of life;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife;
A solemn mistress: and so good a friend,
So charitable to religious end;
In all her petite actions so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness.

Jonson called her *his muse*, and lingers on her person and character with unbounded admiration.

Sir Kenelm appears to have felt deeply the loss of his wife. He shut himself up in Gresham College, where he amused himself with the study of chemistry, and the conversation of the professor. His garb at this time was a long mourning cloak and a high-crowned hat; and he allowed his beard to grow in testimony of his grief. His eccentricity, however, had scarcely been less conspicuous in happier days. "No man," says Aubrey, "became grandeur better; yet sometimes he would live

only with a lackey, and a horse with a foot-cloth." At the commencement of the civil troubles Sir Kenelm enlisted on the side of royalty; and having made himself obnoxious to the popular party was confined in Winchester House,* by order of the long Parliament, till 1643. Having at length obtained his release, at the intercession of his old admirer the Queen-Mother of France, he retired to that country, where he divided his time between his philosophical pursuits and the brilliant society of the French metropolis. About the year 1648, he was sent by Henrietta Maria as her envoy to the Pope. His profession of the Catholic religion, his majestic appearance, and his great learning, caused him to be much admired by the enthusiastic Romans. His eccentricity, however, soon led him into scrapes, and the Pope declared that he was mad. Wood tells us, that he "grew high and huffed his holiness," adding, what is perhaps not exactly true, that having been trusted with some of the funds of the Catholics, he proved an indifferent steward on the occasion. It has been asserted that, on one occasion, he flatly gave his holiness the lie.

It is difficult to decide at what period Sir Kenelm be-

* Winchester House, one of the most interesting ancient dwelling-houses left in London, is in the act of being demolished (1839) while these sheets are in the press. It stands, or rather stood, in a street which bears its name, to the west of Bishopsgate Street. In the windows, within the few last weeks, was still to be seen the motto of the Powletts, "*Aimez Loyaulté.*" Every one remembers the glorious defence of Basing House, from 1643 to 1645, during which its gallant lord, John, fifth Marquis of Winchester, wrote that famous motto of his family with a diamond in every window. Winchester House, of which we are now speaking, stood on the site of a monastery of Augustine Friars, which had been granted to William Lord St. John, afterwards Marquis of Winchester, by Henry the Eighth. In 1602, William Powlett, fourth Marquis, was reduced to such extremities by his magnificent style of living, as to be compelled to dispose of it for the payment of his debts. It appears to have been purchased by John Swinnerton, a rich merchant, and afterwards Lord Mayor, from whom it came into the family of the present proprietor, who reports it to have been the property of his forefathers for about two centuries. When the author recently bade farewell to apartments which had entertained Elizabeth and her courtiers, he found them the scene of busy trade, and was told that their occupants were packers!

came a Roman Catholic; or indeed if he was ever at heart of any other religion. Later in life, his political conduct also appears as strange and vacillating as his religious principles. Cromwell had no sooner assumed the Protectorate, than Digby, notwithstanding that he lay under the ban of the government, returned to England. To the astonishment of all men, he was not only well received by Cromwell, who is said to have taken great pleasure in his society, but there was evidently some great design on foot, of which the Protector had invited him to the discussion. Probably it was a reconciliation of the Papists with the new government; but, whatever may have been the secret of so strange an intimacy, any inquiry into the subject would now be in vain. Mysterious as seems to have been Digby's conduct at this period, we must be cautious not to regard it in too harsh a light. As there is no reason to suppose that his connexion with Cromwell was productive of injury to his rightful master, it would be unfair to brand him with the name of a traitor. Considering also the eccentricity of his character, it is quite as possible that he may have been actuated by a regard for his sovereign, and a desire to promote his interests, as that he should have been influenced by a selfish expectation of advancing his own.

The summer of 1656 was passed at Toulouse, and part of the following year at Montpelier. He had been suffering for some time under severe attacks of the stone, and had sought the south of France in hopes of relief. At Montpelier it was his good fortune to encounter several learned and scientific persons, who had formed themselves into a kind of academy, and to whom he read his famous discourse on the Sympathetic Powder. Part of 1658 and 1659 was spent in Lower Germany, where he went by the name of Count Digby; and in 1660 we again find him at Paris. At the Restoration he returned to England, and at the formation of the Royal Society was appointed one of the council. The few remaining years of his life were passed in literary and scientific pursuits. Chemistry, mathematics, and

philosophy, had severally their charms for him; and from the meetings of the new society he was but rarely absent. His residence was a house westward of the north portico of Covent Garden, where he had his laboratory, and where Wood informs us that he died.

His admiration of genius, and thirst after knowledge, induced him to pay rather an interesting visit to a brother philosopher. The story is related by Des Maizeaux in his "Life of St. Evremond." According to that writer, Sir Kenelm himself assured St. Evremond that, having perused the writings of Des Cartes with great interest, he conceived so strong a desire to become personally acquainted with him, as to undertake a journey to Holland expressly with that object. Having discovered the philosopher in his retirement, he engaged him in conversation, and, without revealing his name, continued to discourse with him for some time on philosophical matters. At last, Des Cartes, who was acquainted with some of Digby's writings, on a sudden remarked, inquiringly, that "It must certainly be the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby with whom he was conversing?" "And if you were not the celebrated Des Cartes," said the other, "I should not have quitted England on purpose to visit you."

Lord Clarendon's character of his friend is too admirably drawn to be passed over in silence: "He was a person," he says, "very eminent and notorious throughout the whole course of his life, from his cradle to his grave; and inherited a fair and plentiful fortune, notwithstanding the attainder of his father. He was a man of a very extraordinary person and presence, which drew the eyes of all men upon him, which were more fixed by a wonderful graceful behaviour, a flowing courtesy and civility, and such a volubility of language, as surprised and delighted; and though in another man it might have appeared to have somewhat of affectation, it was marvellous graceful in him, and seemed natural to his size and mould of his person, to the gravity of his motion, and the tune of his voice and delivery. He had a fair reputation in arms, of which he gave an early

testimony in his youth, in some encounters in Spain and Italy, and afterwards in an action in the Mediterranean Sea. In a word, he had all the advantages that nature and art, and an excellent education, could give him; which, with a great confidence and presentness of mind, buoyed him up against all those prejudices and disadvantages, as the attainder and execution of his father for a crime of the highest nature; his own marriage with a lady, though of an extraordinary beauty, of as extraordinary a fame; his changing and re-changing his religion; and some personal vices and licences in his life, which would have suppressed and sunk any other man, but never clouded and eclipsed him, from appearing in the best places and the best company, and with the best estimation and satisfaction."

We must each form our own opinions of so remarkable a man. Whatever may be Sir Kenelm's merit as an author, his magnificent donation of books to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, will ever procure for him the gratitude of the learned. His death took place on the 11th of June, 1665, at the age of sixty-two. He desired, by his will, to be buried in the same vault with his wife, and that no inscription should be placed on his tomb.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

The delight of the court and the darling of the Muses; at least, such are the encomiums of his contemporaries. He was the sweetest poet, the most refined gentleman, and perhaps the wildest and most reckless cavalier of the age in which he lived. There were many among the younger of Charles's followers, who, in proportion as the Puritans cropped their hair closer, and affected an increased sourness in their looks, considered it imperative on their part to add to the gaudiness of their attire, and to startle by the dissipation of their lives. Such may have been, in some degree, the case with Suckling; but, on the other hand, he had faults of the heart as well as of the age. There is fortunately some interest in the memoir of his life, though his reputation as a poet has faded in the eyes of posterity.

He was the son of Sir John Suckling, one of the principal secretaries of state in the reign of James, and who was afterwards a privy councillor, and comptroller of the household, in the reign of Charles. The father is spoken of as a person of great gravity, though Aubrey passes him over as a "dull fellow."

His son, the poet, according to Lloyd, was born at Witham, in Middlesex, in April, 1613. The writers, however, of the "Biographia Dramatica," without stating their authority, place his birth at Twickenham in February, 1608-9. As his death is generally stated to have taken place either in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, the period to which Lloyd ascribes his birth is probably

correct.* When only eleven years of age he was sent to Cambridge, where he remained three or four years, though, like most persons of a vivacious genius, he appears never to have taken a degree. He is said to have conversed in Latin when only five years old.

Shortly after leaving Cambridge, he set out on his travels over Europe, and eventually made a campaign under the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, during which he was present in three battles and five sieges. He returned to England with somewhat of foreign effeminacy in his manners, but with an openness of heart, a sprightliness of conversation, and an utter recklessness of conduct, which distinguished him to the close of his career.

His agreeable discourse, and showy person, rendered him a great favourite at court. Aubrey styles him an "extraordinary and accomplished gentleman;" and adds, that, "he was incomparably ready at repartееing; and his wit was most sparkling when set upon and provoked." As long as his finances lasted, he presented a splendid figure at the court of Charles. His entertainments were costly in the extreme; and one of them is especially mentioned, to which only the young and the beautiful appear to have been invited, and where every rarity that gold could purchase met the eye, and gratified the taste, of his guest. The last service was fantastic enough: it consisted of silk stockings, gloves, and garters. When his play of "Aglaura" was acted at court, he thought proper to provide the splendid dresses of the actors out of his own purse. Their was no tinsel, we are told, but all was "pure gold and silver." Such lavish expenditure would naturally reduce a moderate fortune to its lowest ebb; and after a time, we are informed, that there was not a single shopkeeper who would trust him with sixpence.

Probably he practised gaming, or rather the foul arts which insure success, to a greater extent than had hitherto been known in England. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham,

* However, Anthony Wood states, that at the decease of his father, in March, 1627, he was nineteen, which would place his birth in 1608.

declared to Pope, on the authority of Lady Dorset, that Suckling had contrived certain marks, known only to himself, to be affixed to all the cards that came from the principal makers in Paris.* Like all who follow that most unhappy vice, he was affluent at one time and a beggar at another. However, he always affected the most splendour when in the greatest distress. He contended that it raised his spirits. He used to practise cards in bed.

He was a skilful player at bowls, at that time the most fashionable game in England. The great resort of the bowlers, and indeed of all the gay society of London, was the Peccadillo, a place then far removed from the bustle of the metropolis, but which has given a name to one of our principal streets, Piccadilly. On one occasion, we are told, his sisters followed him to this place, and, finding him engaged in his favourite pastime, entreated him, with tears in their eyes, not to risk their all. In his "Session of the Poets" Suckling himself alludes to his delight in the game:

> Suckling was next called, but did not appear;
> But strait one whispered Apollo i' the ear,
> That of all men living he cared not for 't,
> He loved not the Muses so well as his sport;
> And prized black eyes and a lucky hit
> At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.
> And Apollo was angry, and publicly said—
> 'Twere fit that a fine were set on his head.

The goddess of his poetry was Lady Frances Cranfield, daughter of Lionel, first Earl of Middlesex, and wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset. As she was only seventeen at the time of her marriage, it is probable that her intimacy with Suckling commenced after that event; she was, indeed, scarcely twenty-one when Suckling died. As Lady Dorset survived till 1692, (at which period she must have been in her seventy-third year,) she became the contemporary of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, to whom she related some of the scandal

* Spence's Anecdotes, p. 89.

of former times. The duke told Pope, that so vain was she of her intimacy with Suckling, that she used herself to send to the printer the verses which he had addressed to her. He added, that she took a singular pride in boasting of the familiarities which had passed between them.*

Aubrey mentions a Countess of Middlesex, with whom Suckling had been in love, and on whom he had squandered several thousand pounds. This must be a mistake. There was only one Countess of Middlesex, a contemporary of Suckling, and, unhappily, that lady was the mother of his idol. As Lady Dorset, however, afterwards became sole heiress of her brother Lionel, third Earl of Middlesex, and as her son Charles eventually united the titles of Dorset and Middlesex in his own person, this close connexion of names probably led Aubrey into the error. Lady Middlesex and Lady Dorset are undoubtedly the same person.

Notwithstanding his campaign under the great Gustavus, Suckling was but little formed for a soldier. A quarrel is recorded to have taken place between the poet and Sir John Digby, brother to Sir Kenelm, of which the origin was either a mistress or a dispute at a gaming-table. Suckling, supported by two or three friends, set upon Digby as he was leaving the theatre; a dastardly mode of revenge not unfrequently resorted to at the period. The poet was of a slight figure, while Digby was one of the most powerful men, and one of the best swordsmen in England. The latter, with only the aid of his servant, gallantly flew at his assailants, and the affray ended by his putting them to a disreputable flight.

In a letter from Mr. Garrard to the Earl of Strafford, dated 10th November, 1634, the story of Suckling's adventure with Digby is differently related, but the circumstances are scarcely less discreditable to the unfortunate poet. The narration is a curious one, as throwing a light on the manners of the time. "I come now to a

* Spence, p. 90.

rodomontado of such a nature as is scarce credible. Sir John Suckling, a young man, son to him that was comptroller, famous for nothing before, but that he was a great gamester, was a suitor to a daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby's in Derbyshire, heir to a thousand a year. By some friend he had in court, he got the king to write for him to Sir Henry Willoughby, by which means he hoped to get her; for he thought he had interest enough in the affections of the young woman, so her father's consent could be got. He spoke somewhat boldly that way, which coming to her knowledge, she entreated a young gentleman, who also was her suitor, a brother of Sir Kenelm Digby's, to draw a paper in writing which she dictated, and to get Sir John Suckling's hand unto it; therein he must disavow any interest he hath in her, either by promise or other ways. If he would undertake this, she said, it was the readiest way he could use to express his affection to her. He willingly undertakes it, gets another young man, a Digby, into his company, and having each of them a man, goes out upon this adventure, intending to come to London, where he thought to find him; but meeting Suckling on the way, he saluted him, and asked him whither he was going; he said on the king's business, but would not tell him whither, though he pressed him, if not to Sir Henry Willoughby's? He then drew forth his paper and read it to him, and pressed him to underwrite it; he would not, and with oaths confirms his denial. He told him he must force him to it. He answers, nothing could force him. Then he asked him, whether he had any such promise from her as he gave out: in that he said he would not satisfy him. Mr. Digby then falls upon him with a cudgel, which being a yard long, he beat out upon him almost to an handful, he never offering to draw his sword; Suckling's two men standing by and looking on. Then comes in Philip Willoughby with his man, a proper gentleman, a man held stout, and of a very fair reputation, who was assistant to this Suckling in all his wooing business. Mr. Digby presses him also to avow by word of mouth, that Suckling had no such interest in his kinswoman as he

pretended. He denies to do it; whereupon he struck him three or four blows on the face with his fist. They then cried out that they were the king's messengers, and that they should have some other time to speak with them. This report comes quickly to London; Sir Kenelm Digby comes to Hampton Court before the king comes up; to his friends there avows every particle of this business. Since, Suckling and Philip Willoughby are both in London, but they stir not. Also Sir Henry Willoughby and his daughter are come hither, Lawrence Whitaker being sent by the king for them. One affront he did them more, for finding them the next day after he had so used them, in a great chamber at Sir Henry Willoughby's, he asked the young gentlewoman, what she did with such baffled fellows in her company? Incredible things to be suffered by flesh and blood, but that England is the land of peace."*

The world laughed at the poet, and the ill-natured were delighted at his discomfiture. At an entertainment, given shortly afterwards by Lady Moray, he was taxed by his mistress Lady Dorset with having run away, and, we are told, "some other ladies had their flirts." His hostess perceiving his discomposure, kindly drew towards him: "Well," she said, "I am a merry wench, and will never forsake an old friend in disgrace, so come and sit down by me, Sir John." He of course obeyed her. His spirits rose, and he again became the delight of the company, and his wit and good-humour sparkled as before.†

What man is there of so little taste or imagination, with whom the romance of the past has not at times predominated over the reality of the present. Who is there that has not dreamed himself into the society of former days! There is in the retrospect of every age a kind of literary oasis, a particular knot of gifted beings, to whose eloquence it would have been rapture to listen, or in whose social mirth it would have been delight to

* Strafford Letters, vol. i. p. 337.
† Aubrey's Letters of Eminent Men, vol. ii. p. 551.

join. To have drunk sack with Shakspeare and his brother actors; to have made a third with Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden; to have listened to the wild wit of Charles, Buckingham, Rochester, and Killegrew; to have dived into Will's and Button's; to have been with Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, or in later times with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick; who is there that has not imagined some such intellectual treat, and perhaps improved himself by the contemplation?

There are some who will consider it an affront to such names as the above, to speak of Suckling, D'Avenant, Lovelace, and Carew. But wit will always have its charms; and at a period when there was a more universal religious as well as political gloom than perhaps ever pervaded a country, when the people were sad because it was the fashion, and the court because it was in danger; the gay meetings, the wild humour and jollity of the cavalier poets, must have been in strong contrast to the moroseness of the age.

One of their frolics is related by the gossiping Aubrey. Suckling, D'Avenant, and Jacob Young had agreed on a journey of pleasure to Bath. They had provided themselves with a handsome carriage, a good supply of books, and several packs of cards, and travelled by easy stages. They passed the first night at Marlborough. As they were walking on the Downs they came upon some country girls, who were drying clothes upon bushes. Young was struck with the beauty of the prettiest of them, and persuaded her to an assignation at midnight. The agreement, however, was overheard by his friends from the other side of the hedge, and they laid their plans accordingly.

It was their custom every evening to play at cards: this night, however, Young pretended fatigue, and retired to his chamber. The landlady entering shortly afterwards with supper, Suckling and D'Avenant put on very long faces. Their poor friend, they told her, had his mad fit coming on him, and about twelve he would become outrageous. They beseeched her to lock the

doors of his apartment and to have a powerful ostler ready, to prevent him from destroying himself. About midnight they heard a tremendous noise. Young, finding himself locked in, had managed to break the door open, and was proceeding down stairs to his appointment when the ostler encountered him. The fellow, prepared at all hazard to prevent his egress, told him to bear God in mind and not to think of self-destruction. A good deal of bewilderment followed, which ended by the ostler actually forcing back Young into his room. In the mean time, the kind-hearted landlady, imagining him weak and dispirited, had brought a "porringer of cawdle" to comfort him; Young, however, was so exasperated at his disappointment, and at the ill-timed attention of the landlady, that he threw the porridge in her face. Suckling and D'Avenant are described as dying with laughter at the success of their joke.

Considering that his literary productions consist of the scattered and careless verses of a fine gentleman, Suckling has great merit as a poet. With the exception of the beautiful love-verses of Sedley, and the general and undoubted claims of Waller, there are none of his school that can compete with him. He has as much wit and poetry as either Rochester, Carew, Dorset, or Lansdowne, and he has more nature than any one of them. Though much of his Session of the Poets has lost its point with modern readers, it is still rich in wit and humour. His verses on Lady Carlisle are as smoothly versified, and have as much real beauty as any thing in the language; and his ballad on a wedding, supposed to be Lord Orrery's, has great merit:

> I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
> Where I the rarest things have seen, &c.

But what can exceed the description of the bride, as she is supposed to be represented by a gaping rustic to his friend?—

> The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
> For such a maid no Whitson-ale

Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck.
And, to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But oh! she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kissed her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do it in sight;
And then she looked as who would say,
I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do it at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red and one was thin;
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thoud'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not spent a whit.

His "Dream," besides possessing considerable merit as a poem, is perhaps the origin of a conceit which has since become extremely popular. The song, "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" is still a universal favourite. Of Suckling's prose, his "Account of Religion by Reason," addressed to Lord Dorset, is an extraordinary production. It will prove to the philosopher, that the most dissipated have their moments of reflection, and that the gamester, the drunkard, and the debauchee, have at least their conceptions of right and wrong. The letters, published as Suckling's, are without merit. The wit is over-strained, and the sentiment frequently unnatural.

At the expedition against the rebellious Scots, Suckling raised a spendid troop, at the expense of twelve thousand pounds, for the service of the king. We are told that it was one of the most gallant sights of the period. Their dress is described as "white doublets and scarlet breeches, scarlet coats, hats and feathers." They were well armed and horsed. But, alas! in an encounter with the enemy on the English border, in 1639, it was not their lace alone that was tarnished. Poor Sir John! the darling of the wits and the ladies—at whose departure from London, casements had been thrown open and white handkerchiefs had waved,—the hour of danger no sooner came, than he and his glittering troopers took to their heels. His former friend, Sir John Mennes, (the poetical admiral,) wrote his once celebrated ballad on this occasion, It was adapted to a gay tune; and not only became popular with the republicans, but for many years afterwards was sung by those, who had, perhaps, never so much as heard of Suckling or his disaster. The following is another song on the same subject. It is less known, but is not without its merit:*

Sir John got on a bonny brown beast,
To Scotland for to ride-a;
A brave buff coat upon his back,
A short sword by his side-a:
Alas, young man, we Sucklings can
Pull down the Scottish pride-a.

* Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie, 4to. 1641.

He danced and pranced and pranked about,
Till people him espied-a;
With pye-ball'd apparel, he did so quarrel,
As none durst come him nigh-a.
But soft, Sir John, e'er you come home,
You will not look so high-a.

Both wife and maid and widow prayed,
To the Scots he would be kind-a;
He stormed the more, and deeply swore,
They should no favour find-a.
But if you had been at Berwick and seen,
He was in another mind-a.

His men and he, in their jollity,
Did quarrel, drink, and quaff-a;
Till away he went like a Jack of Lent;
But it would have made you laugh-a,
How away they did creep like so many sheep,
And he like an Essex calf-a.

When he came to the camp he was in a damp,
To see the Scots in sight-a,
And all his brave troops, like so many droops,
They had no heart to fight-a;
And when the alarm called all to arm,
Sir John he went to —— a.

They prayed him to mount and ride in the front,
To try his courage good-a;
He told them the Scots had dangerous plots,
As he well understood-a;
Which they denied, but he replied,
It's shame for to shed blood-a.

He did repent the money he spent,
Got by unlawful game-a,
His curled locks could endure no knocks,
Then let none go again-a:
Such a carpet knight as durst not fight,
For fear he should be slain-a.

The lampoon of Sir John Mennes commences—

Sir John he got on an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to go,
With a hundred horse, without remorse,
To keep ye from the foe.

No carpet knight ever went to fight,
With half so much bravado:
Had you seen but his look, you would swear on a book,
He'd conquered a whole armado.

About two years from this event, we find Suckling taking a very active part in Lord Strafford's projected escape from the Tower. The plot reached the ears of the Commons, who, after an investigation of the circumstances, voted him guilty of treason.* Suckling fled into France and survived his escape but a few days. According to Spence, who quotes Pope as his authority, his death was attended by some singular circumstances: —"Sir John Suckling died about the beginning of the civil war. He entered warmly into the king's interests, and was sent over to the continent by him, with some letters of great importance to the queen.† He arrived late at Calais, and in the night his servant ran away with his portmanteau, in which were his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately inquired which way his servant had taken; ordered his horses to be got ready instantly; and in putting on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him; but as the horses were at the door, he leaped into the saddle, and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly, that he overtook him two or three posts off; recovered his portmanteau, and soon after complained of a vast pain in one of his feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems, his servant, who knew his master's temper well, and was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villany should be discovered, had driven a nail up into

* Rushworth, Trial of Strafford, pp. 746 to 755. For Suckling's share in Strafford's projected escape from the Tower, see Maseres's Select Tracts, vol. i. p. 28.

† This is a mistake. The queen did not quit England till the 23d of February, 1642, more than nine months afterwards. According to May, in his History of the Parliament, Suckling left London on the 5th of May, 1641.

one of his boots in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first, and his pursuit hurried him from the thoughts of it for some time after: however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it flung him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a very few days. This incident, strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection."

Oldys had the same story from Lord Oxford himself. In his MS. notes on Langbaine, in the British Museum, there is the following insertion: "Recollect where I have got down the story my lord told me he had from Dean Chetwood, who had it from Lord Roscommon, of Sir John's being robbed of a casket of gold and jewels, when he was going to France, by his valet, who, I think, poisoned him, and so stuck the blade of a penknife in Sir John's boot to prevent his pursuit of him, as wounded him incurably in the heel besides. 'Tis in one of my pocket-books; white vellum cover, I think; the white journal that is not gilt." Aubrey's account differs materially from those both of Pope and Oldys. He says, that Suckling went into France, and being in the most destitute condition, destroyed himself by taking poison. He adds, that he died "miserably with vomiting," and that he was buried in the Protestant churchyard at Paris. In how deep a mine is truth concealed! From these conflicting accounts we can glean little more, than that the once brilliant Suckling died under peculiar circumstances of distress in a foreign land. His death is generally placed on the 7th of May, 1641, only two days after his flight from England. There is a portrait of him by Vandyke.

SIR JEFFERY HUDSON.

Sir Jeffery Hudson, whose name has been immortalized by the great genius of modern times, was born in 1619, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire,—"the least man in the least county." His father was a broad-shouldered, broad-chested person of the common height. Jeffery himself was only eighteen inches high in his eighth year, and is said to have grown no taller till he was past thirty, when he shot up to be three feet nine inches. Notwithstanding his inferiority in stature, he was well proportioned and not ungraceful.

His father, who had charge of the "baiting bulls" of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, presented his son to the dutchess when he was in his ninth year, and about his nineteenth inch. The duchess dressed him in satin, and had two tall men to attend him. Charles the First and Henrietta, soon after their marriage, paid a visit to the Duke of Buckingham, at his seat, Burghley on the hill. At one of the entertainments, the little fellow was served up to table in a cold pie. As soon as he stepped forward, the duchess presented him to Henrietta, in whose service he ever afterwards remained. He was twice painted by Vandyke in attendance on the queen.

Fuller says: "It was not long before he was presented in a cold baked pye to King Charles and Queen Mary* at an entertainment; and ever after lived, whilst the court lived, in great plenty therein, wanting nothing but humility, (high mind in a low body,) which made him *that he did not know himself, and would not know his*

* Henrietta Maria.

father; and which by the king's command caused justly his sound correction: he was, though a dwarf, no dastard." At one of the court masques, the king's gigantic porter drew him from his pocket, to the astonishment of the guests.

Sir Jeffery, as he grew older, forgot that it was merely his deformity which had brought him into notice. As Fuller tells us, he despised his father, the bull-baiter, and began to consider himself a personage of importance. Probably he was really clever, and he was undoubtedly trustworthy. Previous to one of her accouchements, Henrietta despatched him to Paris for a midwife. He was much petted by the Queen-Mother of France, and the ladies of her court, who heaped presents on him to the amount of £2500. On his return to England, in company with the midwife and the queen's dancing-master, he was seized by the Dunkirkers, and stripped of all he possessed. Sir William D'Avenant wrote a poem called Jeffreidos, or the Captivity of Jeffery, on the occasion. The scene is laid at Dunkirk, and describes a fight between the little gentleman and a ferocious turkey-cock, from whose fury Sir Jeffery is snatched by the midwife. The poem is protracted to a considerable length, and is not conceived in the happiest style of the poet. The actual encounter between Jeffery and his feathered foe affords, perhaps, the best specimen of the merits of the poem.

——Jeffery strait was thrown; whilst faint and weak,
The cruel foe assaults him with his beak.
A lady midwife now, he there by chance
Espied, that came along with him from France.
"A heart nursed up in war, that ne'er before
This time (quoth he) could bow, doth now implore
Thou, that deliveredst hast so many, be
So kind of nature to deliver me."
But stay! for though the learned chronologer
Of Dunkirk, doth confess him freed by her;
The subtler poets yet, whom we translate
In all this epic ode, do not relate
The manner how; and we are loth at all
To vary from the Dutch original.

There is in the British Museum a little work entitled, "The New Year's Gift, presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jeffery." It was printed in London in 1636. The volume is one of remarkably small dimensions, with a view of adapting it to the subject. After a number of indifferent jokes and some wretched pedantry, it concludes with some slight humour:—"In *short*, who desireth not in debt to be as *little* as may be, and what a rare temper is it in men of *descent* not to be ambitious of *greatness*, even in the *highest* matters which men attempt, how commonly the most do come *short*, and in their *greatest* business effect but *little*. And, therefore, as it was said of Scipio, that he was *nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, never less alone than when alone; so it may be said of you, excellent abstract of greatness, that you are *nunquam minus parvus quam cum parvus*, never less little than when little. I hope you will pardon me if in my style I have used a *little* boldness and familiarity, you knowing it to be so commendable, and that it is *nimia familiaritas*, great boldness only, which breedeth contempt; especially since you are no stranger, but of my own country; though some, judging by your stature, have taken you to be a *low*-countryman. Many merry new years are wished unto you by,

"The sworn servant of your honour's perfections,

"PARVULA."

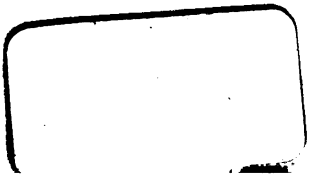
At the commencement of the civil troubles, Sir Jeffery accompanied his royal mistress into France. He had long been the butt of the court, and even of the servants of the royal household. The gigantic porter was his especial horror. But whether he had acquired an accession of dignity from his important mission to bring back the midwife, or whether he particularly disliked being laughed at in the presence of foreigners, his irritability at this period was productive of fatal consequences to one of his tormentors. Mr. Crofts, a young man of good family, having teased the little gentleman beyond bearing, Sir Jeffery sent him a challenge. Crofts

appeared at the place of appointment with a squirt in his hand. Sir Jeffery was so extremely enraged that a real meeting was agreed upon, at which both parties were to appear on horseback, armed with pistols. At the first shot, this Elzevir Achilles shot his persecutor dead. He was imprisoned in consequence, but probably escaped with a short incarceration.

Soon after this he was taken prisoner by a Turkish vessel, and sold as a slave among the Moors. His captivity must have been of brief duration, for we find him a captain of horse in the civil wars. When the royal cause became hopeless, he again followed the queen into France, where he remained till the Restoration. He had probably embraced the religion of his royal mistress, for in 1682, in the decline of life, he was implicated in the absurd Popish plot, and was committed to prison. He died shortly afterwards, in the sixty-third year of his age, a prisoner in the Gate House, Westminster.* In Newgate Street, over the entrance to a small court, on the north side of the street may still be seen (1839) a small sculpture in stone, on which are engraved the figures of William Evans, the king's gigantic porter, and by his side the redoubtable Sir Jeffery. There is an engraving of the sculpture in Pennant's London, and, at Hampton Court, an original picture of Sir Jeffery by Mytens.

* Fuller's Worthies, vol. ii. p. 243; Walpole's Works, vol. iii. pp. 152. &c. &c.

THE END.

RA

APR 27 1955